

DRUMMER

ISSUE 147

\$5.95

THE *MEN* OF EUROPE

CHRISTIAN DREESEN

Mr. Europe Drummer
& Mr. Germany Drummer

GLENN MARSH

Mr. United Kingdom
Drummer

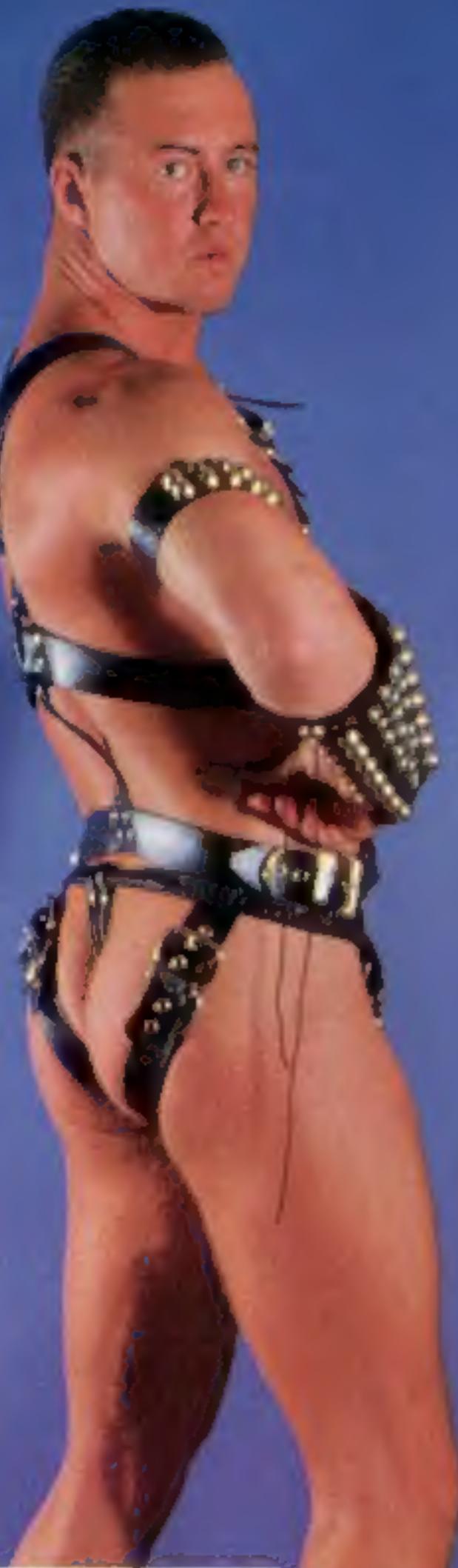
REAL

Dungeons of Europe
A LEATHERMAN'S TOUR

Thomas Karasch
IML 1987 in
SLAVE WORKSHOP
HAMBURG

Selections from
Jack Fertig's
EUROPEAN DIARY

Classic Fiction by
FLEDERMAUS
Illustrated by
SEAN



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“If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away.” —Henry David Thoreau

DRUMMER 147

SPECIAL FEATURES

10

DUNGEONS AND CASTLES OF EUROPE

An experienced tour guide gives us the armchair version of his Leatherman's Tour of Europe. Tour and photos by *Peter Manson*.

18

SECRET EUROPEAN DIARY

A record of the kind of European vacation we all like to imagine by *Jack Fertig*, illustrated by *B. Clarke*

23

SOUVENIR OF AMSTERDAM

An American leatherman brings back an outstanding token of his visit with *Mr. Ronald*, photographed by *Jaime L. Valdez*

24

GREAT DANES!

From Denmark, where you can legally marry the construction worker, bodybuilder, or cop of your dreams, a report by *Hyder*

27

SLAVE WORKSHOP HAMBURG

Photographs from the hot, real-action video featuring *Tom Karasch*, IML 1987, by *Close-Up Productions* and *EuroMen*

33

ROB OF AMSTERDAM

A few words in memory of the man who was so important to so many European and American leathermen with a portrait by *Tom of Finland*

34

HOT POKER

A new torture fantasy written by *Jeff Kincaid*, illustrated by *Etienne*

36

DANCEMASTER

A classic work of SM fantasy set in a Czechoslovakian castle by *Fiedermaus* illustrated by *Sean*

44

EUROPEAN MR. DRUMMERS

Christian Dreesen and Glenn Marsh, of Germany and England, in photographs by *Jim Wigler, J. C. Collins, Marathon Films, Satyr, and S. Savage*

DEPARTMENTS

4 OFF THE TOP

When Bashers Wear Badges
by *Joseph W. Bean*

5 MALE CALL

6 LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by *Larry Townsend*

7 DRUM

by *Bill Ward*

57 LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

59 CLUBLIST

Europe

60 LEATHER CALENDAR

63 DRUMMEDIA

by *Joseph W. Bean*

66 DEAR SIR

The Drummer Classifieds

96 TOUGH CUSTOMERS

COVER: Glenn Marsh by Jim Wigler
and Christian Dreesen by S. Savage.

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DRUMMER is published monthly for \$70 per 12-issue subscription by Desmodus, Inc., 22 Shotwell St., San Francisco, CA 94103. Application to Mail at Second Class Postage Rates is Pending at San Francisco, CA. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to DRUMMER, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

CUMLINES, CUMMING UP, DEAR SIR, DRUM, DRUMMEDIA, DRUMMER, DRUMMERBOY, DRUMMER DADDIES, DRUMMERMEN, GETTING OFF, IN PASSING, LEATHER NOTEBOOK, MALE CALL, MR. DRUMMER, REAR VIEW MIRROR, SANDMUTOPIA, T.O. TALES, TIEB THAT BIND, TOUGH CUSTOMERS, and TOUGH SHT are registered trademarks of Desmodus, Inc.

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OFF THE TOP

...and then they came for me.

by Joseph W. Bean

If you are an SM man and you don't yet feel the walls closing in on you, wake up. You know you don't have the approval of society at large when you flog or piss on your partner, or when you beg your Master to beat or humiliate you. Still, you may naively think you are at least safe under the law. After all, what you do is done in private with the consent and active participation of all parties. What could be illegal? More to the point, what could get you arrested, prosecuted, and jailed? In short, any and all of it.

Let's back up a bit and get a running start here. The problem is not society's approval. Only a fool would imagine that John Doe, American, will ever do more than tolerate people as different as we are from the cramped lives called "normal" and "mainstream." The problem is When Bashers Wear Badges, to borrow a phrase from a current situation in Boston which will be discussed below.

The most famous US case of lawmakers, police, and judges prosecuting SM continues to be the Mapplethorpe photography fiasco and its Helms-initiated fallout. That is yesterday's news. Both in England and in the USA, bigots with badges, elective offices, and judicial appointments have shifted their attention to direct attacks on SM men.

LONDON: PERVERTS SENT TO PRISON FOR PRIVATE SEX ACTS

The Times of London has been running stories lately under headings such as "Leaders of vicious and perverted sex gang jailed," "Rights protest at 'dictated morality,'" and "Sado-maso-

chists jailed for 'degrading' sex acts." Much to the credit of the highly-respected newspaper, the actions of the police and judge were condemned in an unsigned editorial as well. More on the editorial later. First, the facts.

In a covert operation code-named Spanner, police discovered 43 gay men who practiced SM and recommended that they all be prosecuted. For whatever reason, despite the Wolfenden Act which guarantees the privacy of all Englishmen, the Director of Public Prosecution decided to carry out action against 16 of the men. Of these, 15 were found guilty. Sentences ranging from probation to four and a half years in prison were handed down.

What had these men done? Probably nothing you and I wouldn't be glad to do at a good party or in the privacy of our own homes. Although there was an implication involving one man with a minor and the suggestion that one or more of the men had involved animals in sex acts, the crimes they were arrested for were private acts of SM between consenting adults.

The very aptly-named Judge James RANT explained the criminal acts this way: This is not a witch-hunt against homosexuals... nor is it a campaign to curtail the private sexual activities of citizens of this country. Much has been said about individual liberty and the rights people have to do what they want with their own bodies but the courts must draw a line between what is acceptable in a civilised society and what is not." He went on, according to *The Times*, to say



that the SM practices were "degrading and vicious" and that no one would say "men should be free to practise this kind of thing on one another."

Law is law, of course, but no law existed under which these men could be prosecuted. No problem, when bashers wear badges the law complies with their prejudices. You don't have to break the law. The officials will bend it to the breaking point to accommodate you.

In the editorial mentioned above, *The Times*--actually writing about the manipulation of crime statistics by public officials-- says: "Next quarter's crime statistics will now presumably reveal an increase in sado-masochistic 'sex crime'. Although the accused at the Central Criminal Court were consenting adults acting in private, the jury made a subjec-

OFF THE TOP CONTINUES ON PAGE 62

CAUTION

Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic--others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers. While *Drummer* hopes to educate its

readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that--fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should--or often could--actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases, and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities, and will try to point out all activities which deviate from recog-

nized safe-sex and safe-and-sane play activities.

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MALE CALL

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

Did you notice that the Leather Pride Flag on the cover of issue 146 looked a little different? It is the Australian Leather Pride Flag, created by Laurie Lane of Leather World in Melbourne. It takes the



Photo by Marcus

CLIVE PLATMAN PRESENTING THE AUSTRALIAN LEATHER PRIDE FLAG

basic Leather Pride design and adds the six stars of the Southern Cross from the Australian national flag. This one was presented to me by Clive Platman, Mr. Australia Drummer, on behalf of his sponsors, Leather World and Jayar Leathers of Sydney, at a reception the Aussies sponsored a week before the 1990 Mr. Drummer Contest.

I'm sorry that the proper identification of it, and credit for it, did not appear in *Drummer* 146.

AFD

MR. UK DRUMMER IS OK

I don't care what you ever print again, if you'd run a photo feature (and film a video) featuring Glenn Marsh. I'm scouring *Drummer* 144 and am afraid I'll have to beat my meat using only three pictures of that all-out stud. I want to see his tits, his body, his cock and balls.

Think he could be persuaded to bare it all and get off for your cameras? I'd WORSHIP him. Please pass this bit of craving along to this A-1 Prince Stud. Do you have a photo you could send?

JK/Gloucester Point, VA

We're glad you asked about Glenn just now when, as you will have noticed, he is featured on the cover of this issue of *Drummer*. And, yes, he does bare it all in the pictures you will find on pages 44 and 52 through 56.

CURIOS ABOUT RAGE

As a long time fan of both *Drummer* and Christopher Rage, I was delighted that you featured an interview with him. Just two questions: First, the interview ends rather abruptly. We never get to find out which video, in Chris' opinion, is his best--and that's coitus interruptus! Which one is it? Also, who took the photos that accompanied the interview?

ST/New York, NY

We, too, were pretty perplexed by the way the Christopher Rage/J. D. Slater interview (*Drummer* 142) seems to stop in mid-air. On the other hand, thinking about it from the point of view of the video artist (and video marketeer!), it makes perfect sense that the text stops right where it does. You get to decide for yourself what Rage's best work is. How generous he is to let us decide that.... The photos are stills from the video sessions, provided by Rage.

MORE ABOUT WHOLE BOOTS

In issue 142, a letter from D. M. S. of St. Louis talks of boots not being usually shown from top to bottom. I agree with his complaint. Would you mind forwarding my enclosed letter to this fellow Boot fetishist?

Done! But, believe me, I am as eager as you to see boots (and other gear) shown in its entirety. Most usually, the photos we have to work from are not our own, or yours. So, they reflect the tastes and priorities of the photographer.... Hear that photographers? We all want whole men in whole boots whenever possible. Thank you.

JWB

FRITSCHER IN JAIL

I've been familiar with Jack Fritscher's writing for many years and with its (his) potent potential for palpitating my prostate, but his recent feature on Incarceration for Pleasure (*Drummer* 145) set some kind of precedent (for me) by blurring the boundaries of fact and fiction.

I wasn't sure at first if the whole piece wasn't just clever fiction, since I'd never heard of the outrageous idea of paying for prison (what a concept!). When I realized it was for real, I went back and started from the beginning. It was more exciting than the first segment of "Rescue 911" and as immediate as CNN in Baghdad!

I guess I'm chicken because I doubt if I could actualize a favorite fantasy quite as

completely as Fritscher evidently did, but as with his best fiction, he made it very real and vivid.

God knows what front-line scenario he has in mind for us armchair (bedside?) readers in the future, but I wish him well!

RAN/New York, NY

For years I have enjoyed reading *Drummer* magazine, and especially the many articles written by Jack Fritscher. He's intelligent and sexy at the same time. I especially liked the action/adventure story and article about the Training Center (*Drummer* 145). Keep giving us stuff like that, it gives both your head and dick excitement. Also, how about a little less of the Mr. Drummer contest shit. It gets boring!

Keep up the good work.

Phil/USA

We'll keep up the good work, Phil, but you have to realize that what is boring to one leatherman (yourself, for example) is the stuff that wet dreams are made of for another (JK of VA, above, for example). Thanks for your letter.

FACTUAL FICTION?

I recently came across a copy of the latest issue of your magazine, *Mach 21*, with the story about cattle prods being used on a group of police officers. As a former drug enforcement officer in the border area around El Paso, Texas, I can tell you that the descriptive parts of the story were quite accurate. Several of our enforcement officers were waylaid by drug smugglers and tortured with cattle prods. They said it was as close to hell as they ever wanted to be. It might be added that several other officers realized the worst nightmare of all: Their testicles were cut out, as a warning. Needless to say, that caused quite a change of attitude among the other law officers.

Unsigned/Los Angeles, CA

BUYING = POWER

It's not often that I get sufficiently "moved" to put pen to paper (or finger to keyboard). I am, after all, just another of Australia's apathetic majority. (In case you hadn't heard, the last "Apathetic Majority" Meeting was cancelled because no one showed up.)

Reason for writing: Your "Off The Top" in issue 145 of *Drummer*.

Spot on! Absolutely! Couldn't agree more! And others similarly strong supportive statements. Just how long is it going to be before members (open and closeted) of the Gay world realize just how potent their "Gay Dollar" is? (Especially in "luxury" goods and services.)

Enough! I have scratched my "itch".

Brian/NSW, Australia

LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

Dear Larry,

It is very clear from your remarks in the last several issues of Drummer that you do not approve of scat. I think you're behind the times. As one of your earlier correspondents pointed out, a good 20% of the Drummer advertisers are interested in these activities. You have also made reference to diseases other than AIDS which can be transmitted by fecal material. We all know about hepatitis, and try to be careful not to expose ourselves to it. I'd like you to name just one other microorganism that can commonly be transmitted by fecal material.

Party-goer, NYC

Dear Goer,

The fairly obvious fact that I dislike scat still leaves me with the 80% majority who are also disinterested in it. To say that I "disapprove" of these activities is to state the case more strongly than it really is, however. I am accepting of the circumstances—namely that a lot of guys enjoy scat activities. If that's their bag, it's their business. In other words, if I had the power to stop them, I wouldn't. Lots of people disapprove of SM, and I don't want to be told I can't engage in these activities anymore. (As recently happened in England; read on.) As to diseases transmitted by fecal material, the medical journals have recently done several articles on shigellosis. This is a bacteria commonly transmitted by "poor toilet hygiene," and is rivaling salmonella as a health threat. For more detailed information contact the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, Georgia.

Dear Larry,

I don't know how much of this you can squeeze into your column, but I am enclosing an account from a London newspaper. They have actually put eight men in jail for having private SM sex! I think this is outrageous, and I think your readers should be warned about it.

Concerned Reader, U.K.

Dear Reader,
The clipping you sent is indeed a

shocker, but I suppose it can best be understood as an end result of Mrs. Thatcher's neo-nazi attitudes. I was especially disturbed, because one of the victims is an old friend of mine. And make no mistake; these eight men are victims, in every sense of the word. The judge described their sexual activities as "degrading and vicious," and sentenced several defendants to jail terms of four and a half years. Even the newspaper which carried the story (The Independent) felt compelled to run an editorial in the same issue, criticizing the court's action. These men were not child molesters, nor were they even accused of any active proselytizing. The youngest was 37, the eldest a man in his 60s. By the time they reached this stage in their lives, one would think they should be entitled to engage in whatever private, consensual sexual behavior they wished. But you see, this is why I am very reluctant to condemn another person's activities, unless I think they are a danger to life and limb. If we do it to them, someone is going to do it to us. And in contemporary England, Maggie's Gestapo already has. Amnesty International, where are you when we need you?

Dear Larry,

In your answer to A.C. in Drummer Issue 143, you cautioned that oral sex carried a risk of HIV infection, although of a lower order than many other activities. I note that the Drummer editor felt compelled to add his own note, indicating that "many knowledgeable health officials are adamant that oral sex is safe as far as HIV infection is concerned." Is it? Would you do it with a partner whose health status was unknown to you?

Horny & Hopeful, Los Angeles, CA

Dear Horny,

All through this epidemic, I have been uncomfortable with the assertions of some "authorities" who have told us that cocksucking is perfectly safe. There has never been a consensus on this, but the latest study coming to my attention was from UC Berkeley last October. Out

of 82 men who were HIV positive, 17 percent indicated no sexual contacts other than oral sex. On October 1 of last year, the San Francisco Health Department reported two cases of men becoming infected with HIV solely through oral sex. Four years ago, our former Surgeon General C. Everett Koop warned of the potential danger. Last year I watched two of my closest friends wither away and die of this wretched disease. I am not about to advise anyone to engage in behavior that I am not completely sure is safe.

Dear Larry,

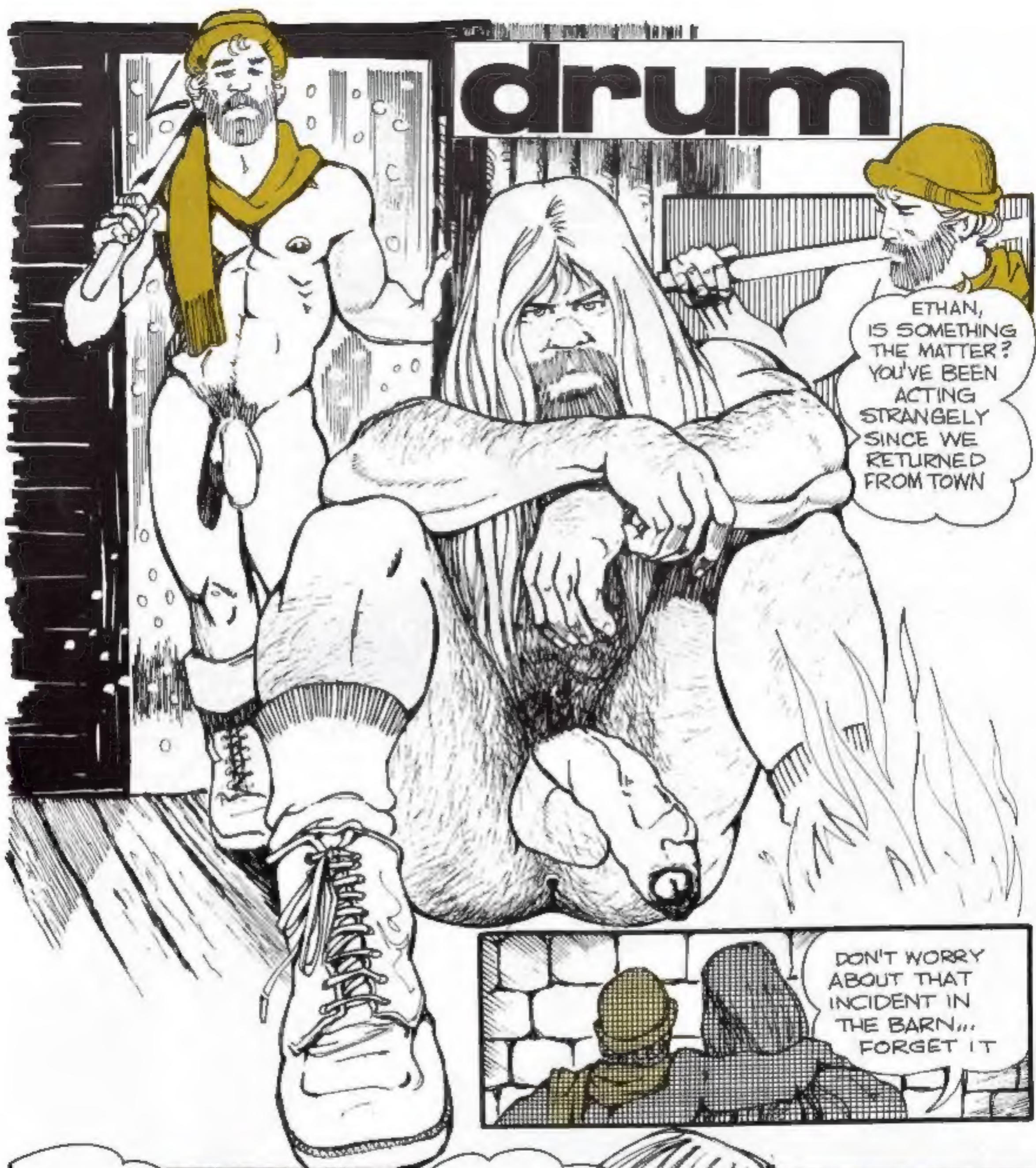
I'm a reservist who is likely to get his ass shipped over to Saudi Arabia if there is another round of escalation—as seems probable. I have heard a lot of stories about Arab hypocrisy vis-a-vis gay sex, and also that many of them are still active slave owners. Can you give me any advice on what I might be able to do once I get there, and do you have any contact with Saudis who might be into our scene?

Lawrence, soon to be in Arabia

Dear Lawrence,
From the little I know about the Saudis, I would not expect you to be allowed much contact with them unless you are a senior officer. You are going to be advised by the (our) military not to intrude into the lifespaces of our "generous hosts," nor to engage in any activity that is going to offend them or violate their laws. Whatever an Arab may do in the privacy of his tent or his mansion, his laws provide extremely severe penalties for homosexual behavior. As to any kind of intro into whatever secret worlds exist there, I can't be much help. Saudi Arabia is one of the few countries outside the old Iron Curtain where I have no contact whatsoever.

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook, Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

drum





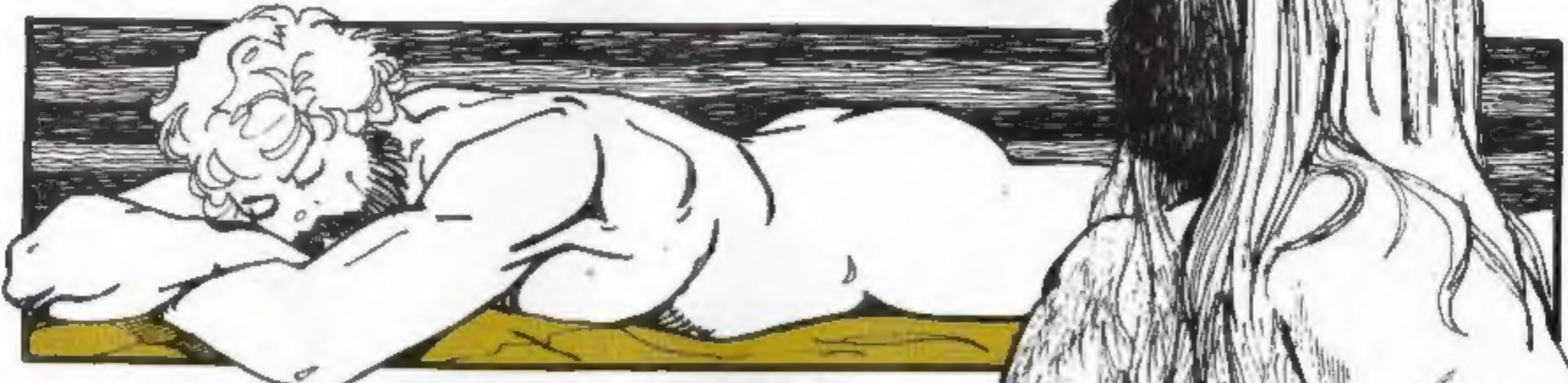
THERE IS SOMETHING BOTHERING ETHAN! IT CAN'T BE THAT EPISODE IN THE BARN! HE MUST REALISE THAT I'VE BEEN AROUND TOO LONG TO LET A THING LIKE THAT WORRY ME! THERE MUST BE ANOTHER REASON FOR HIS ODD MOOD!

IF IT IS SOMETHING TO DO WITH ME, ETHAN, SAY SO! I'LL LEAVE... I WILL RETURN TO THE CITY... LEAVE YOU IN PEACE WITH YOUR MOUNTAINS. I WILL BE SAD TO GO - BUT I WILL DO AS YOU SAY! DO YOU WANT ME TO LEAVE?

NO, BOY. I DON'T WANT YOU TO GO - BUT YOU MAY HAVE TO LEAVE!

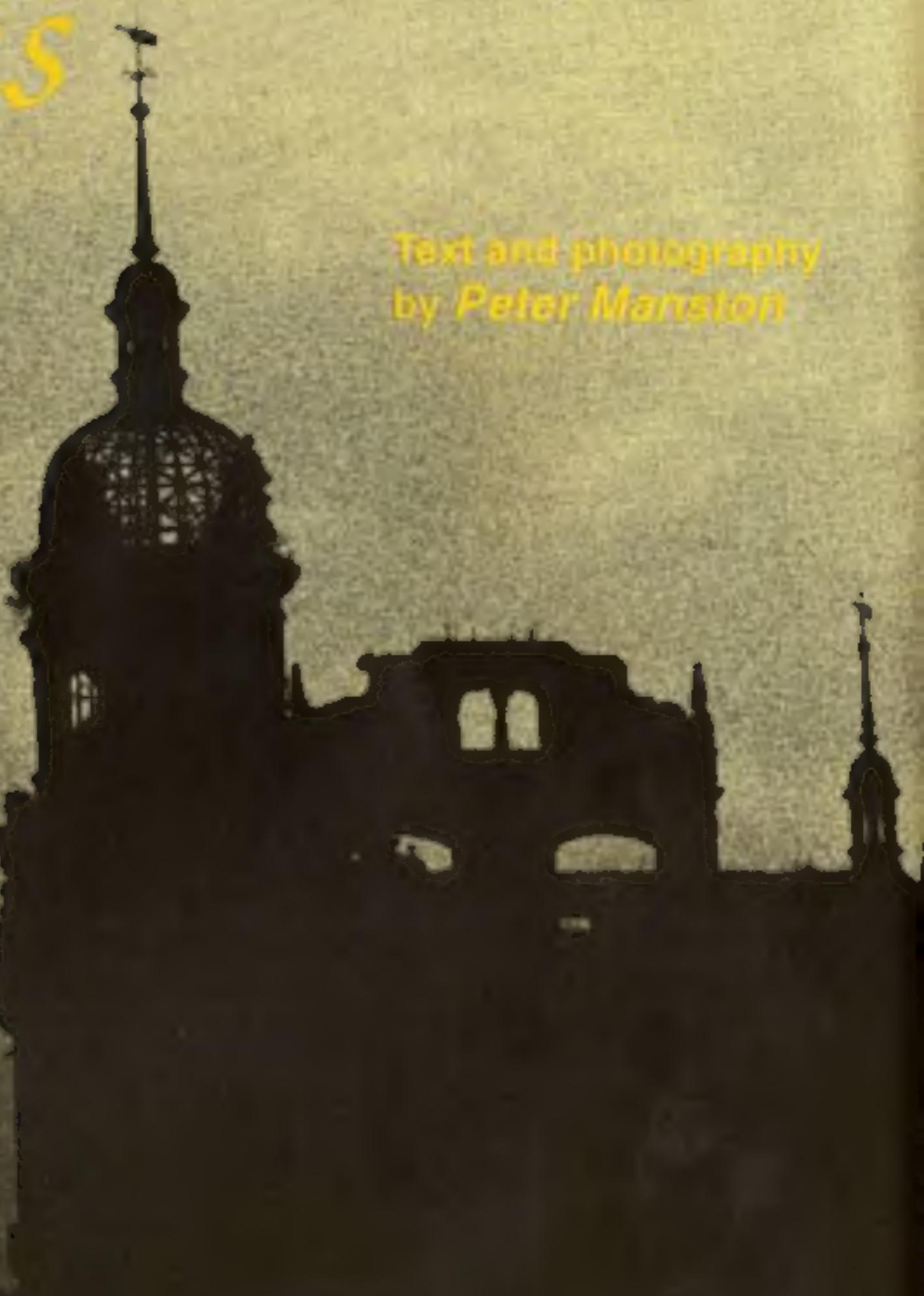
YOU ARE TALKING IN RIDDLES, ETHAN. IF YOU WANT ME, I'LL STAY - NOW, NO MORE TALK. LET'S HAVE SOME ACTION.





Dungeons & Castles of Europe

Text and photography
by Peter Manston



You're restrained by tightly knotted ropes, or by permanently riveted-on chains, collars, and irons. You barely have any natural light in your cell; thick stone walls, heavy iron-studded doors, and air shafts capped with forged, heavy gratings keep you in almost total darkness. You're a prisoner in a 13th-century dungeon.

How would you feel as you were riveted into a collar and irons, dragged by a chain to a dark, musty cell or just a spot along a wall in a passage, and anchored to bolts built into the stone wall, knowing you might just stay there for years or even the rest of your life?

The history of man's confinement of his fellow man goes back into dim antiquity. In each part of the world, in each era, if you were captured, you'd get different treatment, different torments, for different so-called offenses against society, or against political or religious orthodoxy.

However, with your first, almost unconscious thoughts of the words "dungeon" and "torture," you'll likely envision a European dungeon, dating from the Middle Ages until about 1800. You'll see—in your mind's eye—horrific criminal dungeons in the large cities, sometimes underground stone vaults crammed with any number of men (and sometimes women, too). You'll envision endless days and long-term tortures devised by the religious fanatics of the Inquisition.

Perhaps you'll envision your last seconds before the executioner's axe slices your head off, or you're pulled apart by horses (one attached to each limb), or broken under the wheel. You might imagine being tied to the stake, literally roasting alive as the flames licked at your innards. Or you could be unchained, then dropped through a trapdoor into a deep pit, to be left unattended until your agonizing death from thirst and starvation.

But one thing that wouldn't happen often is that you would be in a playroom with another man just for enjoyment and release. Here are more realistic tales of what might befall you in particular times at particular places:

Slave to a Barbarian Chieftain

During the Dark Ages, from about 450—1000 A.D., buildings were few and far between, therefore prisons per se didn't exist. It was during the 800s that Germanic tribal laws were first codified. Justice for you was a pay-back "eye-for-an-eye, tooth for a tooth" system based on unwritten custom. Since government almost didn't exist, punishment existed for you to make good your trespass to the victim, his family, or his tribe.

What would happen to you depended on the seriousness of your offence: in some cases, it could be in the form of fines (either cattle or other valuables), money (scarce and hard to find), or personal service or slavery,

either for a term of years or for life, or, in very serious cases, your death.

If you were made a slave, you were taken along, tightly tied if your new masters believed you'd try to escape, but perhaps not tied at all if your spirit had been so crushed or you showed such timidity that escape was judged impossible.

Your service was labor as your master ordered: backbreaking work in the fields, pushing a dull wooden plow, breaking up soil with wooden digging hoes (why waste iron on a slave?), even picking the highest apples in a 40-foot tree. If laboring in the domestic area, you might be dragging logs for the fire or for building. Imagine building up a sweat hacking up wood for the fire with a crude axe, or squaring an immense log destined for a beam in the great hall with a bevel-handled adze. The lord required water, and you were the conduit: you bent over under heavy wooden or leather buckets, stumbling as you brought in your assigned liquid to the kitchen.

Your food was usually merely the leftovers, which you might have to wrest from the dogs on the floor. You'd be fortunate to get the lord's trencher, originally a half-loaf of hard-baked bread, hollowed out to serve as a bowl for the master's stew. Over years, your teeth would be ground down by stone-ground, gritty bread. But, you only got *anything* after your master and your superiors in the house had eaten their fill.

Your bed was rushes on the floor, along with the dogs.

Failure to work—or failure to please your master—brought up further punishments. In keeping with the age, these were crude but effective: beating, sometimes with heavy oak cudgels and deadly effect, or whipping with home-cured hide whips, always with painful, and, sometimes, deadly effect.

Release came only after you had satisfied the term of slavery—sometimes a term of years, most often when you died, or when your care was more expensive than the income you were likely to give your master. If freed, you were on your own—and if you had no family nearby, you became a wanderer, or, if sick, you probably died shortly thereafter.

A Medieval Lord, but a Prisoner of War

As lords, kings, and bishops built fortresses to maintain and increase their domains, they took care to build in each castle places to keep those whom they wanted to have close by and under control but certainly not free.

You, a knight in battle, felt lucky as you avoided being hurt by an enemy's battle sword. But your horse's front hoof stepped into a rabbit hole, the horse stumbled, and you were cast aground, weighed down by 70 pounds of full armor—helmet, breastplate, greaves, and all the rest.

At the same time, your companions

were routed and you were compelled to surrender to the phalanx of enemy peasant infantry. Barely able to stand, you were shoved along and taken to the count, another lord, your enemy. Stripped of your armor (it probably would be given to one of your captors' squires), chances are you'd be bound in one way or another as you were led back to the castle, to be held as a prisoner to keep you from fighting again or held for a ransom.

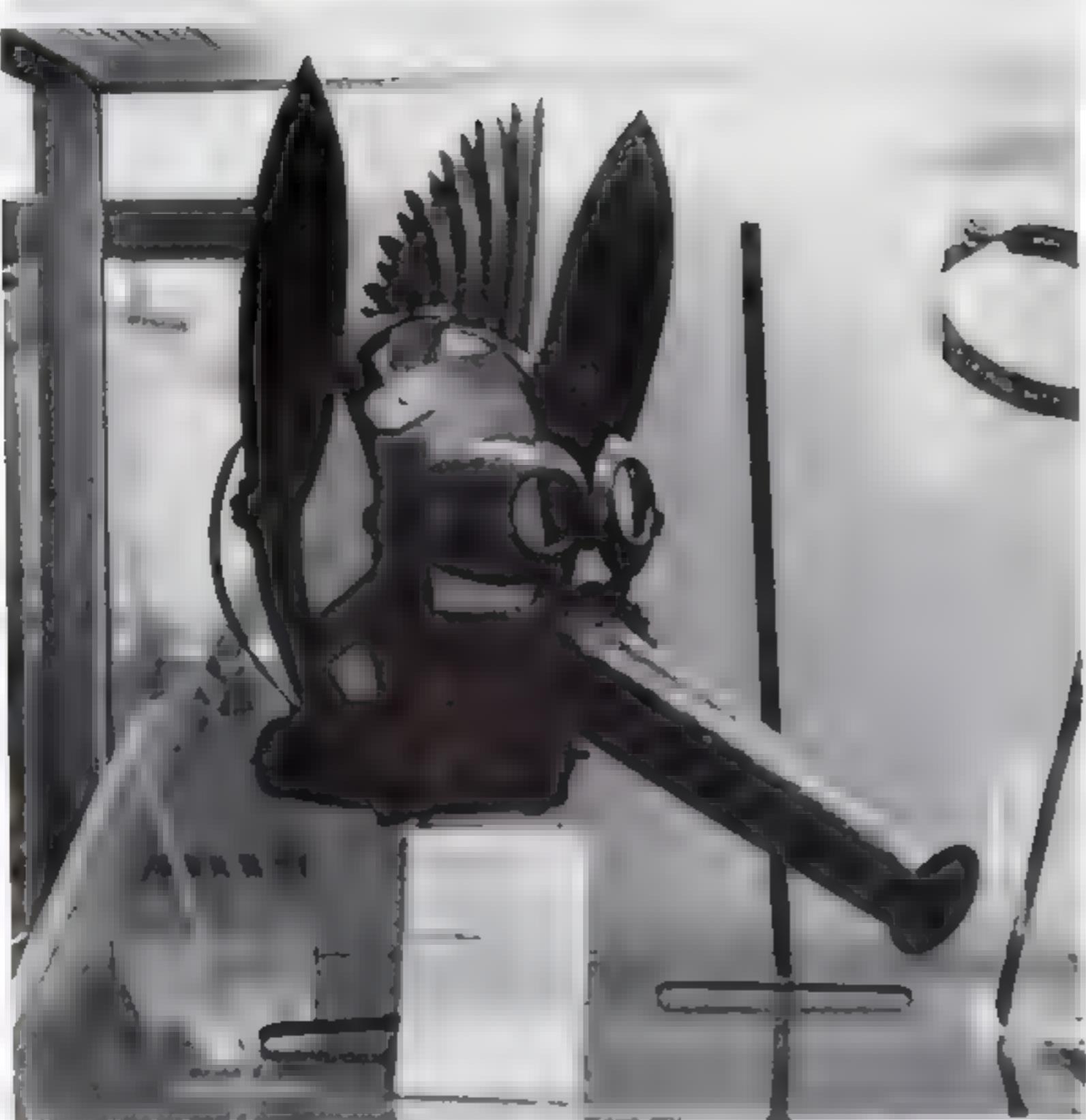
All the ideals of chivalry and noble behavior counted for not much more in the Middle Ages than to dictators and chieftains in the Middle East today. As a captive, you stayed where you were put. Even imprisoned Richard the Lionheart, kept by German Emperor Frederick Barbarossa for a year in



the German mountaintop castle of Trifels, was freed only on payment of an immense ransom.

Where in the castle you were lodged depended on how valuable you were. If of great value, you were carefully guarded but kept alive, usually without bonds, most often in a room at the top of a tower. Here, though exposed to the weather (the small windows had bars but no glass, and not always wooden shutters), at least you had a view and fresh air. If of lesser value, or your captor's spite against you was strong, you'd be shoved down into the dungeon, there to wait the seemingly endless hours in permanent twilight or total darkness.

Down, down the spiral staircases you stumbled, the steep steps lit only by the pitch torches of the guards, and the small bits of daylight passing through arrow-slits and other



openings far too small to fit a body through.

Roughly pushed at the bottom, you almost fell onto the uneven flagstones of the passage, off balance because your arms were pinioned behind your back. The passage, dim and shadowy, with walls built upon layer of heavy, carefully laid stone, passed through the foundations; here and there you stooped through or passed by low doorways.

At one door, the lead guard stopped, took out a long key, and fumbled with the lock before—not without strain—the thick door creaked open on its heavy, unoiled hinges. Solid slabs of wood were bound by iron rods, and the entire door hung on forged iron hinges. At the center, there's a small peephole, with a little door barely a foot square, with its own hinges and its own iron lockbolt. In all, the door weighed more than a good sized man, even though barely five feet high and less than three wide.

Would you be freed of your bonds before being shoved through under the lintel? Depends...on your actions since capture, the perceived likelihood of your escape, and, most importantly, your guards' orders given from their captain.

Just as the door closed behind you, you got a short glimpse of the damp-walled cell. After the door closed, you got to feel your cell—not very lucky, because there wasn't any natural light except a vague dimness from an air shaft high above. The floor was stone, with damp, moldy straw in lumps here and there. The thick walls are cold, cold stone, each massive block your weight five or ten times over.

For a bed, the straw on the floor. For clothes, just what you had on. For cleanliness—well, no one took baths in those days—but rats, mice, fleas, lice, and other vermin abounded. You'd use your fingernails to try to crush the insects' little hard bodies for relief and entertainment. Since toilets hadn't as yet been invented, if you were lucky, you'd find a wooden slop bucket in some corner. If not, you'd just have to use the floor—hopefully you'd guess which the lowest corner was—fast.

For food and drink, just hope they didn't forget about you. Since you had value, you'd probably get enough to survive, but it's hardly gourmet fare. At odd intervals, the peephole door opened, and onto the ledge just inside, they shoved a leather bota bag of water or flagon of beer or ale, chunks of loaves of bread, once in a long while even an apple or some other fruit of the season, and not ever much else. If there wasn't any fruit, some or all of your teeth could fall out, as the result of an inadequate diet.

There wasn't much companionship here; you were in your living tomb alone. Time passed ever so slowly; it was an event when food arrived. Nothing to read (chances are you didn't know how), but then it was so dim you couldn't see anyway. No one to talk to except yourself; even your guards weren't any help, since they didn't speak your language and didn't care to learn.

As the endless-seeming time passed, you turned inward, you devised little games to help fight the immense, heavy boredom. You counted the number of stones on each side of the cell, as high as you could reach. On account of the vision-stealing darkness, you had to do it by feeling the joints mortaring each stone in place. Exercise was whatever you could squeeze in this cell, hardly ten feet square. Even the stink of shit you learned to ignore, like the perfume you used to wear.

Then one day (was it months or years later?), the guards opened the door, and led you back up to the main hall of the keep. You were barely skin and bones. And what skin, covered with sores and bites, completely without color. The light was so bright you couldn't see, your eyes hurt with its intensity. But you were freed at last.

A Man-Lover, Caught in the Clutches of the Inquisition

So early in the morning the sun hadn't yet come up, as you nuzzled your man, your sweetheart, together in bed in your garret in 16th-century Rome, the door was broken in and the soldiers of the Inquisition found you together.

Without a stitch on beyond the blankets you hastily draped over yourselves, captured together, you were marched down to the Sant'Ufficio (Holy Office), just two minutes' walk from St. Peter's. The frowning gate had a wicket door barely the size of a man cut into the immense heavy main door, just as at most European churches and cathedrals, the small doors you enter are carved into the great ceremonial doors; these great doors opened only on great occasions. This palace of dread was a place, you'd heard, from which no one came out except dead or to die.

Just after you were pushed through the door, you were separated from your love, and the thought sank in, that you would probably never see him again.

Ready for you, they stripped you, searching for your money, leaving you only your blankets (since you had no clothes). They shackled you, hand, foot, and neck, then shoved you along dark passages, through interior courtyards, up stairs, down stairs, down into a black, narrow cell with a chain running along its length. They locked your shackles to a chain running between two iron bolts in the wall. Before you knew it, the door slammed shut and the outside bolt slid into place. A prisoner of the Inquisition, a "heretic" and a man-lover: a poor prospect for a long, happy, fulfilling life.

The Inquisition that took you was the result of an unholy alliance of Church and State first begun about 1200 in southern France. Its nominal purpose was to eradicate the Albigensian heresy and punish crimes of religion—among them love of another man.

Later it was spread throughout every Catholic country.

For both Church and State, the Inquisition was quite profitable: the Church got your body to torment in an attempt to get you to "confess," "repent," and "save your soul," while the State confiscated your lands, your possessions, all of your worldly goods. Already, even before you arrived at the palace of the Inquisition, the King's men had carried off all the goods and possessions with any value—except for that which the Inquisition's own guards had carried off.

Though you'd never be told, the Inquisition worked only within its own carefully crafted legalisms: all inquisitors had to follow scrupulously detailed rules and regulations sent by the Holy Office in Rome, and amplified in writing by local inquisitors.

Unfortunately, you never learned what the rules were—and they took care to conceal them from you. Also, the "holy officers" knew all the loopholes in this legalistic net, so that while the forms of their laws were meticulously honored in every way, you and your poor, lonely body were about to endure one of the most difficult processes ever devised by man.

Time was of no import to these serious, patient, humorless men, passionless except in the pursuit of souls and conformity. For months, you were left alone in your cell chained hand and foot to contemplate your fate. You never saw anyone; only food was placed in the shelf just inside the peephole when they brought it but you never saw the guards' faces, you never heard a word from them.

One day, the door opened and you found you had been assigned to a confessor, who visited you, trying day after day and month after month to get you to confess your "sins," to "repent," to "prepare for eternal life." He brought a candle for light; the single taper flickered its tiny point of light, reflected in a few places by the damp stone walls. But there were no days and nights down in these cells, not even light and darkness, aside from the confessor's slender taper. The passage of time was punctuated only by your confessor's visits and the food shoved in now and again.

Usually, the confessor came into your cell, sat down next to you, and, quoting from Catholic doctrine, tried for hours on end to get you to repent your "sins," so as to be better prepared for your fate, both here on earth, and on the final judgement day. But he never told you exactly what you were accused of—he just told you that you knew in your mind, your heart, and your soul.

You believed that there could be no sin in true love, and couldn't and wouldn't confess that your actions and your affections were a sin. He didn't give up; he was endlessly patient. At the end of each session, the confessor instructed you to search your soul. The confessor didn't visit according to any particular schedule; rather he came when he came, but when he did, he spent hours work-

ing you over mentally, using logic, emotion, even making promises he probably had no intention of keeping. But he never brought a whip, lifted not a hand, not even a finger against you.

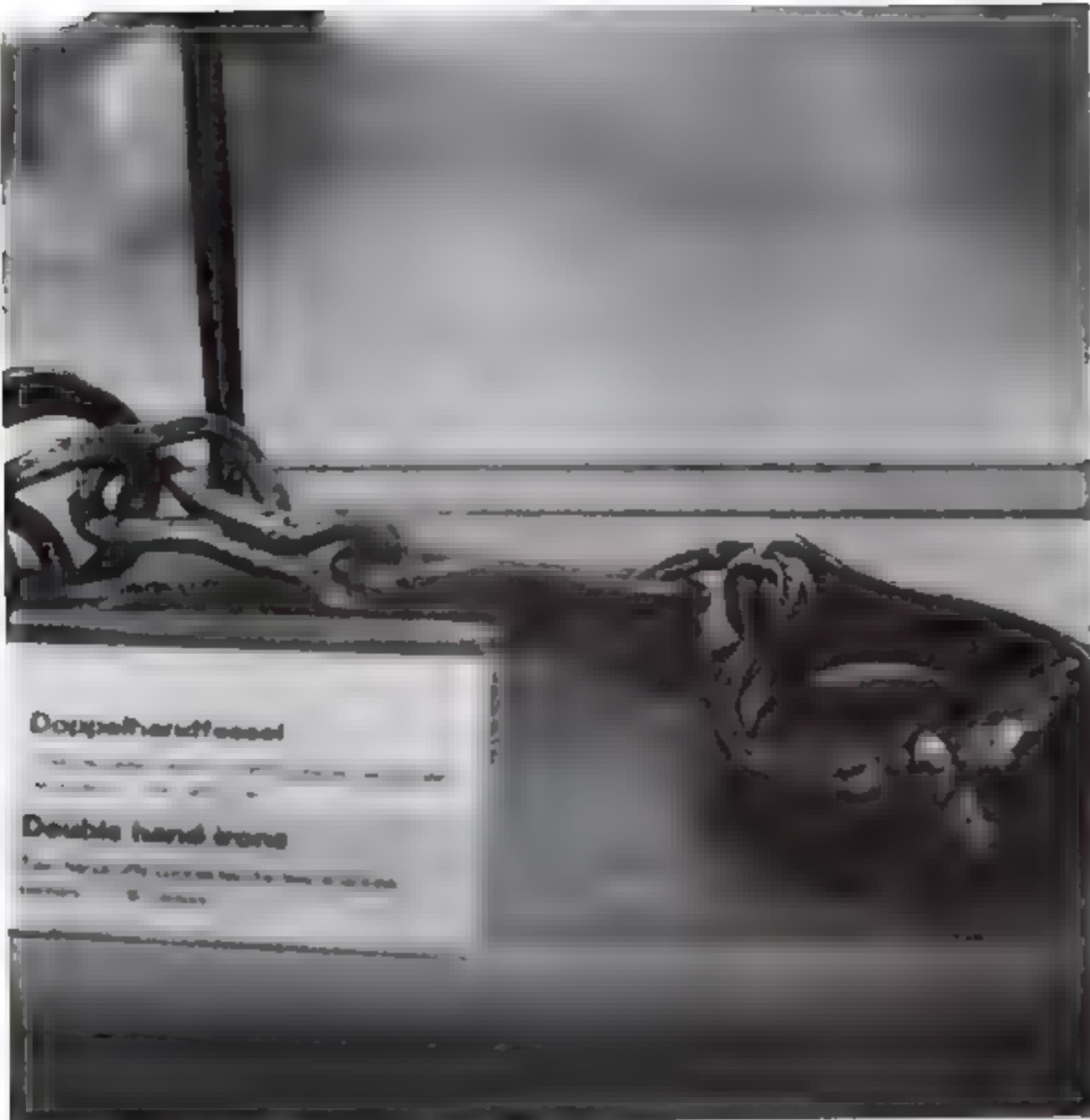
Remaining strong in your beliefs and your love, one day a new confessor came in, and finding you still "unrepentant," he threatened you with bodily torments, and described them in detail: the rack—a strong stretch might make you change your mind, he intimated. Or suspension by your wrists—which were tied behind your back while they attached weights to your leg irons. The Boot also awaited—a metal boot your foot was thrust in, and then it was held into a crackling fire. In short, any number of tortures awaited



you to get you to confess your so-called "sin"—and then to name names of other "sinners," so they could be brought in for the same "purifying" treatment.

Still finding you strong in your beliefs and your actions, one day the second confessor was joined by several guards; under his orders your arms were bound, and your shackles were unlocked from the chain bolted into the wall. You were led down corridors into the black room, the chamber of torture, lit only by flickering candles and an oil lamp that flickered only slightly less. The walls were muffled with black drapes, probably velvet—designed to absorb the shouts and screams your torments might lead you to utter. Assorted instruments of torment lined the walls, were laid on tables, themselves formed furniture of a sort.

Wondering which of the previously de-



Double hand traps

scribed torments could be your fate, you were set down on a wooden bench, while the confessor urged you to confess now, before it was too late. He, in great detail, explained each of the instruments and tools in this room. While you watched in horror (and a little shiver of anticipation as well), this confessor tried again to get you to confess. Finding you still strong in your belief, suddenly he suggested that you think it over and ordered the guards to take you back to your dank, dark cell; they locked you again to the chain bolted into the wall.

This confessor was back again before too long—though how long it was hard to tell as there was no day and no night, only endless darkness and waking and sleeping and discomfort of the heavy shackles. Finding you still stubborn in your beliefs, he ordered you put to the "Quaestio" (torture). Half-dragged and half-pushed, you again found yourself in the torture chamber, with a scribe, a doctor, several guards, and the confessor in attendance.

Finding you still unwilling to confess, "Let the interrogation begin" Your hands, already shackled behind your back, were attached to a rope. This rope, looped through a pulley in the high ceiling, lifted you by your arms, as your shoulder sockets turned in ways they never had before, and weren't designed for. Even worse, they attached heavy weights to your leg shackles, slowly pulling you and the weights almost as far as the

ceiling. As they pulled you up, the agony of stretching tendons and joints caused you to scream in pain.

Without warning, they let go—and you fell, only to be jerked taut, the heavy weights just a foot off the ground. Your scream as your arms were torn out of your shoulder sockets was heard throughout this underground part of the palace of the Holy Office. "Will you confess?" When you wouldn't, they lifted you again and repeated the whole procedure...and when your shoulders again were pulled apart, you fainted.

Waking after being splashed with buckets of water, your tortures were suspended...for now. The doctor reset your arm bones into your shoulder sockets and rubbed your shoulders with warmed wine and oil to comfort them. Still unwilling to confess? They took you back to that black cell and chained you to the bolt in the wall again.

"You must be guilty...confess!" They were certainly persistent! During further torture sessions, with your lips sealed—the agony was far too much and you'd cry out half-unconscious—but you never confessed, much to their amazement.

In the end, sure you must be guilty of man-love, they included you in the next "Auto da Fe" (Act of faith), during which they cleaned out the prisons for the next batch of poor wretches. They dressed you in a "Sanbenito," a yellow robe with a red cross on it, and flames painted on it, falling as far

as your knees. A high dunce cap was placed on your head, also painted with flames.

In this dress, both you and everyone watching the procession knew you were to be consigned to the flames, with no escape. Hands bound, now with rope, you were marched with dozens of others toward the piazza in front of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, an ancient church in the city center where such "Acts of Faith" had already taken place for centuries, and would for several centuries more.

Look, just in front of you, there was your lover with the same flames on his robe and cap—and you maneuvered yourself closer to him. Even though a Jesuit was on each side of you—and of each of the rest of these unfortunate victims—still trying to get you to confess—you called ahead your undying love. He answered that he still loved you too. Then the guards gagged you both.

In the brightness of the day, they tied you together on a stake—still accompanied on each side by those miserable monks. You could barely touch, and spent your last minutes as the guards heaped the dry faggots of twigs and sticks around the base of the stake. Then with ceremony, they placed a burning brand at the base of the pile of brush and wood. All too soon, you felt the agony of heat as the bright flames licked at your feet, as the pain of the burns burned through your minds, as you savored the smell of roasting men. And among the crackling flames and the crazed shouts of the large assembled crowd, you shared your last minutes on this earth—together.

A Suspected Sorcerer in Protestant Germany

Traveling through Germany about 1615, you thought you were on the road to adventure—and what an adventure it turned out to be. In Wittenberg, you had entered through the town gate and secured lodging in an inn near the main square. That evening, you befriended a redhaired man, and you drank plenty of that good German beer together, sang lots of songs, in general had a great time.

The next morning, the ground fog kept the morning fuzzy, and the beer the night before kept your mind a bit fuzzy, too. Finally after a morning meal, you started on a walk through the town, between the red-tile-roofed, half-timbered houses, along the cobbled streets, to the marketplace.

All of a sudden, "There he is—the sorcerer." Several watchmen accosted you, and, with mere threats and only one fist to the gut, brought you to the basement of the Rathaus (city hall). There, they bound you with a chain and took you into the small, basement room used in this little town as a lockup.

Only several days later—during which no one touched you but merely left bread and beer just at the edge of the length of your chain—they came and asked you about your

hexing a young boy, causing him to act crazily. As a traveling stranger, you were suspect. Were you in league with the devil? Who was the red-haired man you drank with the other night? Was he the devil incarnate? (In Germany in this time, red hair was a suspicious symptom of possible deviltry.)

You denied it, you had just met him and believed him to be merely another traveler, passing through on his way toward the north, you'd never seen him before. It appeared he hadn't paid his bill, and hadn't even been seen the next morning anywhere in town—and the town gates had been locked for the night. He seemed to have just vanished into thin air—a regular attribute of the devil, and certainly suspicious.

When they didn't take you away, you thought the worst was over. And for part of that day it was. Not until near dusk did they return, this time to take you to trial. They dragged you to the Rathaus steps, and there began reading from a specific list of questions. Who were you? Where did you live? Then, later, the sorcery interrogation: Had you caused storms? Had you made models of enemies and stuck them with pins? Had you flown? Had you stolen communion wafers? Had you made a pact with the Devil?

After the formal trial, your inquisitors couldn't decide if you were guilty, so they led you to the river's edge for a final test: You were to endure trial by ordeal. If you sank, you were guilty, since the devil would rather keep you. If you floated—quickly but not immediately—you were innocent. They bound you, and threw you in the water. Crouching, weighed down by clothes and bindings, you almost sank. Amazingly after sinking a few feet, close to drowning, your body slowly rose, and you broke the water's surface for the best breath of your life.

Eventually the assembled judge and townspeople realized you weren't going to sink, and hauled you out, and declared you innocent. But even though saved, you decided that your further adventures would be best found elsewhere.

Collared to Newgate

You were a struggling actor and juggler, trying to make a scanty living at the Globe and as a street performer in the City of London. You lived in a half-timbered old building not far from the old Gothic Saint Paul's Cathedral (later demolished after the Fire of London, 1666).

One sunny spring day, as you were entertaining a group of street urchins and the passing throngs, suddenly and much to your amazement, a thief-taker (an early version of the bounty hunter), pushed the yawning jaws of his Thief-Catcher (a pole to which was attached a spring collar) over your neck. It was useless to fight, since the collar had sharp-pointed spikes, which lacerated your neck if you moved much at all. You couldn't reach the man who did this to you, since the pole was longer than your reach.



The thief-catcher, accompanied by the baker in front of whose shop you had been juggling and a sheriff's "peace" officer, marched you along the rough, muddy street, as the people in the street jeered at you if they paid you any attention at all. After all, they didn't know what you'd done—and neither did you—but they were incredibly glad not to be in your shoes.

In less than ten minutes from your capture, you were led into the low, stone entry of Newgate Prison, feared as the most dangerous and filthiest place in the entire City. Why were you here, you demanded? Accused of theft of a loaf of bread, value 2d (two pence), came the surprising answer. Even though you were an innocent man, you were caught in the meshes of the 1540's English system of "justice."

Without further ado, the thief-taker collected his bounty from the baker, and turned you over to the tender mercies of the turnkey in the gatehouse. Your name was entered into the main book, and you were asked how much money you had, as that determined where in this jail you'd go.

In those far-off days, jails were profit-making institutions for their governors, called Head Keepers. The Head Keeper of Newgate leased his office, and you and everyone else who fell into his clutches paid in greater or lesser degree, to the point that the Head Keeper was one of London's richer men.

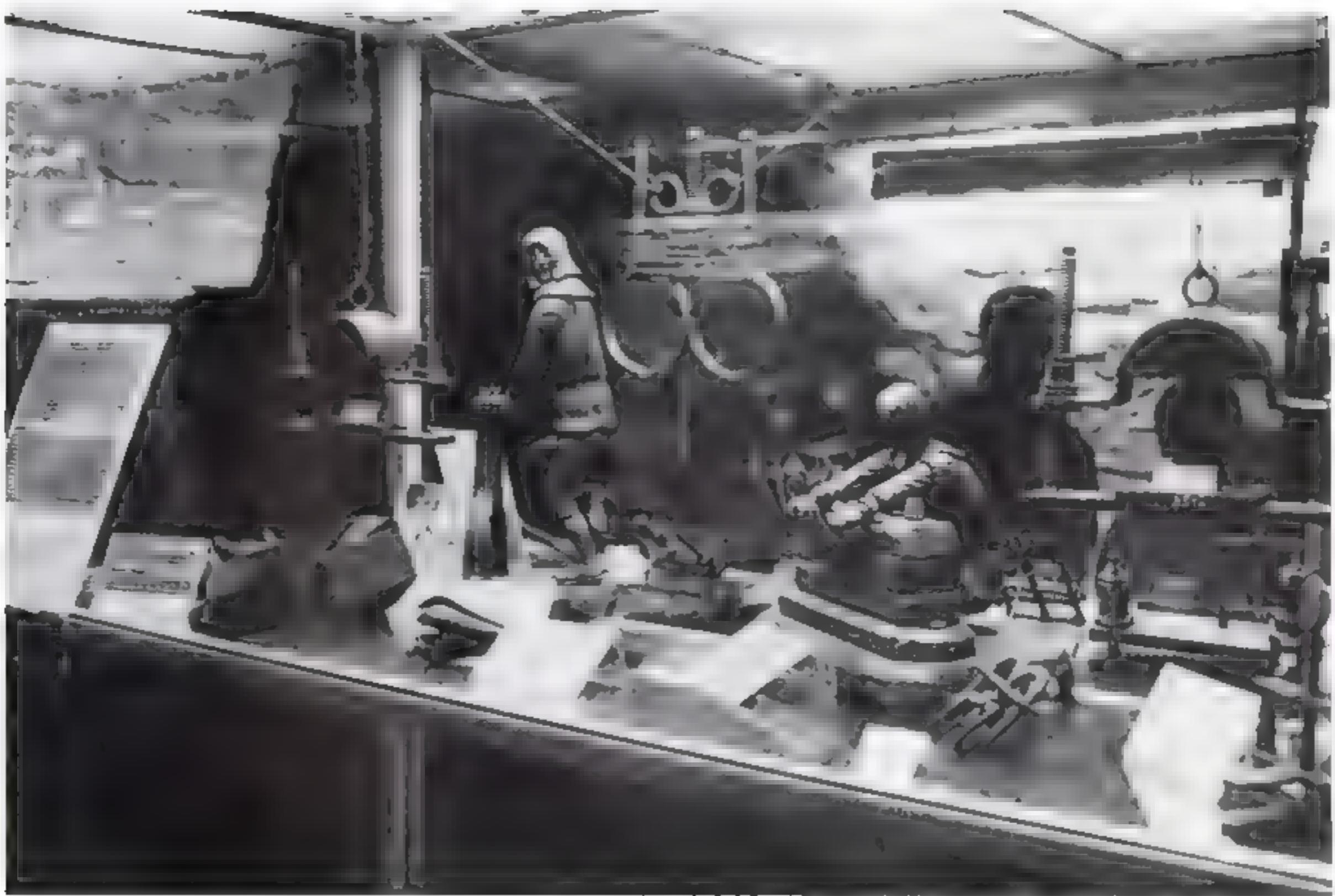
As a poor man, you had little cash on

you; therefore you were sent to the common side—eventually. But first you were entered onto the books—at a charge of 2 shillings and 6 pence (more than a week's income), even though you had no money. Then you got your constant companions for your stay there—a heavy set of irons. If you'd had 7 shillings 6 pence, you could have bought your way into light irons. Heavy irons were valued at only 5 shillings. They told you if you ever wanted lighter irons, you could get them any time—if you paid the 7 and 6.

They took you—none too gently—to an anvil set into a small alcove in the passage. The rattle of metal on metal produced a set of leg irons, fastened together by an 18-inch chain. Grabbing one ankle, three guards held it out on the anvil while a trustee prisoner put a hinged iron around it, then with three blows of a large wooden mallet mashed a fastening link permanently into the other side. Then the three guards and the prisoner did the same to the other ankle.

These irons were heavy—twenty-one pounds the pair, and you wouldn't run or even walk far, fast, or silently wearing these adornments. Not only that, they also ironed your wrists with manacles, also permanently fastened on in the same way.

Since you were poor, you were thrust into the Felons' Common wards. As you hadn't the money to pay entrance fees, you were tossed into the Stone Hold along with a hundred other men. This was a completely



underground, stone-paved dungeon. There were no beds, no blankets, no daylight, no toilets or even sewers. The stench you couldn't have imagined as recently as this morning if you'd tried; it was far worse than anything on the street above.

Food was a single penny loaf of bread once a day, brought in a basket to the door by a trustee and thrust in. You all had to fight for your share. Any other food you had to buy from the trustee at a price set by the Head Keeper, with a charge added by every person who had a hand in bringing it to you.

In this filth, lying on wet straw or cold stone, only a sweet youth also falsely charged gave you company. In this miserable hole, you could at least have companionship and raw sex. Some men had gone half-crazy, and they paid even more heavily than you; the trustees attached their chains to rings in the wall, limiting their freedom even a bit more than yours. Their constant cries mixed with your hunger and your fears kept you awake hour after hour. How long did you lie in this miserable hole, visited only after a long time by a dear especially-appreciated friend who brought you a blanket and a bit of meat and drink.

A month later—or was it two?—you were taken along with several of your fellow prisoners to the nearby Sessions House for your trial. At last called for your time in front of the bar, you were ready to plead.

No reading of your rights, no lawyer on

your behalf, still heavily burdened by all those irons, you pleaded innocent to the theft, and since several acquaintances had been with you when you'd been juggling in the street at the time you were accused of stealing the loaf of bread, much to your amazement you were judged innocent—but not set free then and there.

Your travail wasn't over; you had to come up with money to pay for the entrance fees and fettering (already incurred but not paid for), and for unfettering and discharge. With the unpaid fees you'd encountered so far, you owed 1 pound 4 shillings, until your fees were paid in full, you'd stay down in the hole. Here's where friends and lovers showed their mettle: if they loaned you money to help pay your way out, they were true friends indeed.

It took another two weeks for the money to be raised on your behalf. You were lucky, one man you'd met had been judged innocent, but for lack of money and friends had stayed in that miserable hole for six years after his trial was over.

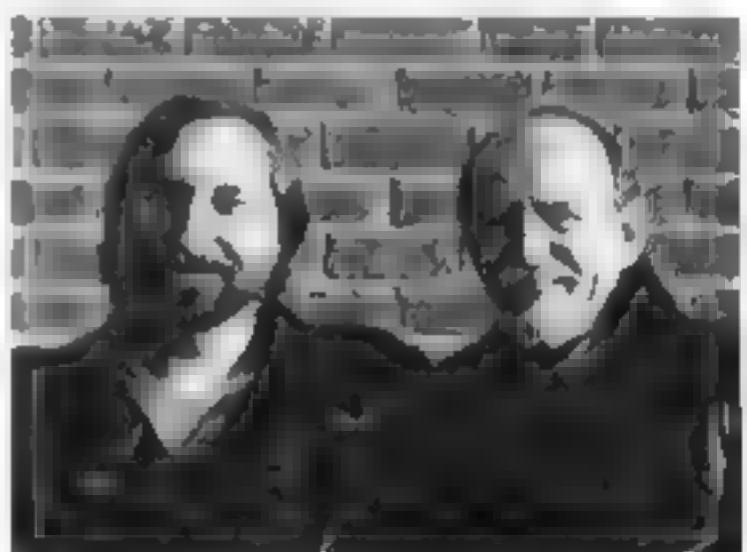
In all, it took three months to get in and out of that miserable place...and you were fortunate to get out so quickly. Now to see about earning money to repay those who'd loaned you money to get out...alive.

Today

These are but a few of the many pos-

sible things that might have happened to you in the days of long ago. But the restraints and torture devices used were not playthings. They were for real, and the end results were often lifetime imprisonment or death. Your imprisonment. Your death.

Fortunately for you and the rest of us, the devices and instruments of torture are still with us, to use in creative, consensual ways.

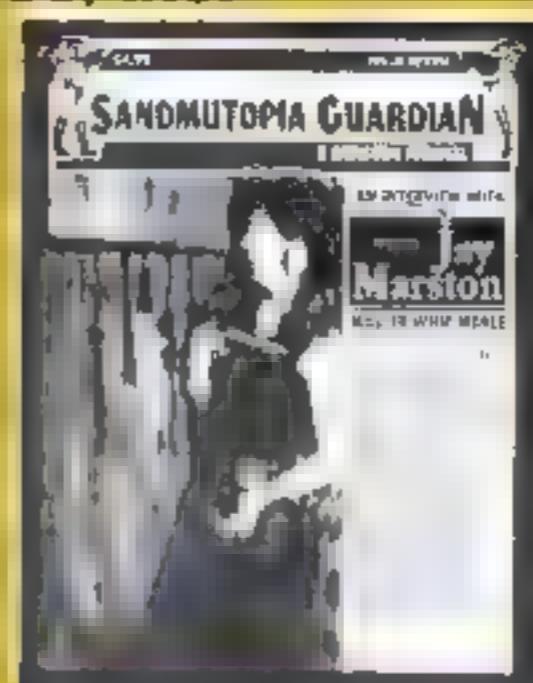


Author Peter Manston and his partner Bob Bynum

About the Author

Peter Manston has long been interested in restraint and torture, and has spent considerable time researching and experimenting. He'll be leading the "Dungeons & Castles of Europe: The Leatherman's Tour." Information from: Travel Keys Tours, P. O. Box 162266, Sacramento, CA 95816, Telephone (916) 452-5200.

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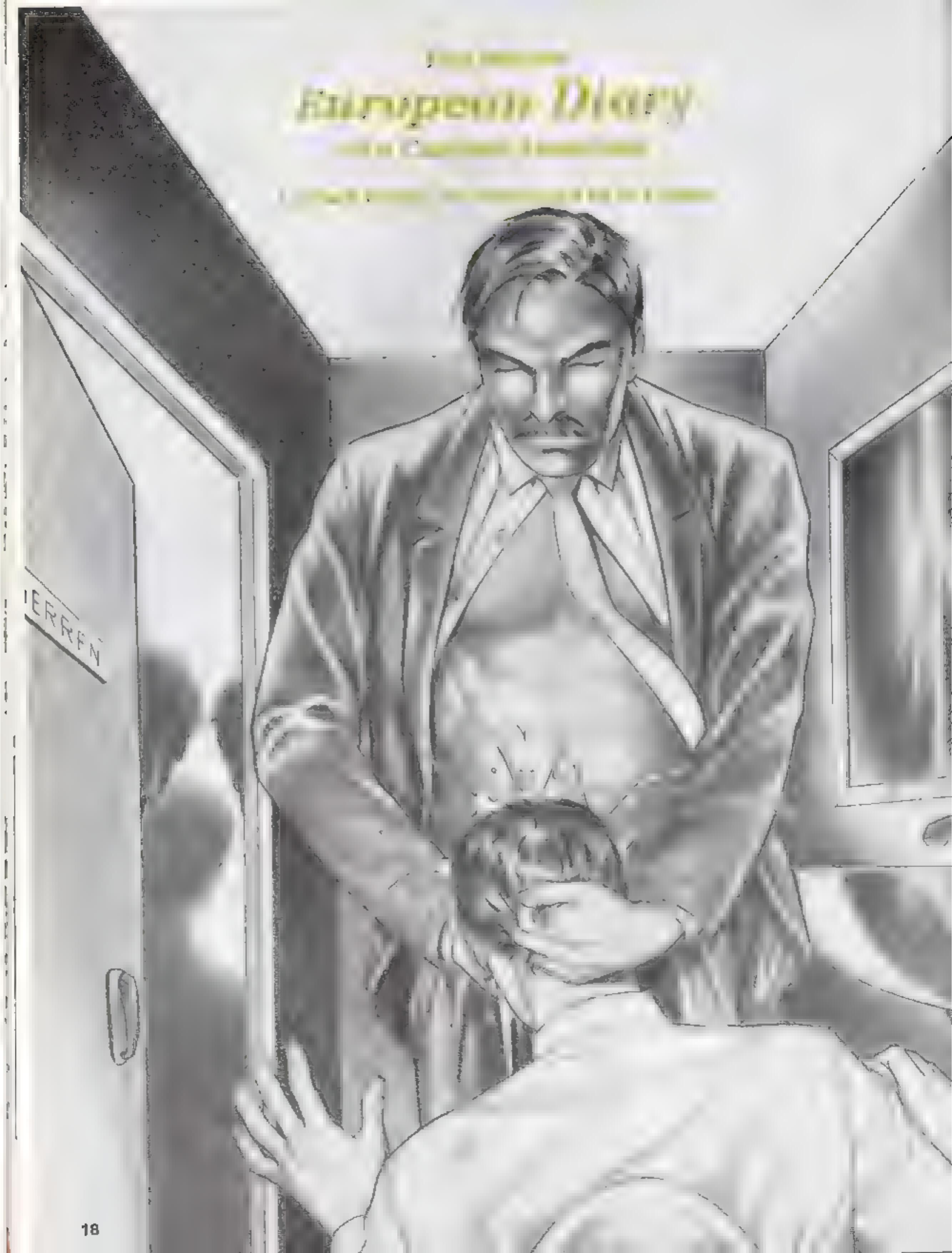
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EASTERN EXPOSURE

Part 1—Berlin

A lot of Berliners are tired of Americans who don't speak any German, so after a week in Berlin I was getting real tired of being another "nichtverstehung amerikaner." A lot of guys at the Knast are really friendly, but not all of them like tourists. I tried my best to *sprechen auf Deutsch*, but it's not really one of my languages.

I figured at the baths you don't need to talk much, so I left my hotel and walked up Kurfurstendamm, past the hookers -- quite legal in Germany and very eager to sell their wares. "Sie sind sehr schoen," I told them politely, "Aber ich bin Schwul." You're very pretty, but I'm Gay. Some of them didn't like hearing that. *Nicht mein problem*.

The crowds got thicker close to the Zoo Station and Europa Center. And Berlin men are quite handsome. They're a lot more relaxed, well groomed and "natural" than the typical tight-assed American heterosexual. To my American eye, all the men in Berlin looked Gay.

Past Europa Center I found Kurfurstendamm and walked another half mile to the address listed in my Spartacus Guide. Berlin is, by the way, the one city in the world where the Spartacus is entirely reliable. Of course, it's published there.

The baths in Berlin are pretty much like the baths anywhere in America (except that they were on the fourth floor). My hope rose with every landing that this was a huge place—but it was all on the fourth floor.) After the standard routine of checking my valuables and getting a towel and key, I found my room, slipped out of my clothes, explored a bit and came back to the standard bathhouse cubicle. It was quiet for a Friday night. Well, of course. Saturday was a discount night, but I was horny that evening and wanted some action right then and there.

A cute little guy walked back and forth past my room a few times. I usually like them bigger, hairier, and older, but this kid had his charms. Smooth and slim, with a tight definition. He'd make a great little boy.

He flashed some shy little smiles and as I could see nothing better coming by, my responses became more definite. My smile and my cock both rose, harder and firmer, nodding for him to enter.

After a few more hesitant passes he finally came in, extending his hand and saying something that sounded intro-

ductional, but I didn't understand a word he was saying. I just pulled on his hand and drew him down into my lap, my stiffening cock pressed into his ass while I pulled his lips to mine and slid my tongue into his mouth. All the better not to talk with you *mein kind*.

I held him firmly in my lap, just like a little boy and kissed him hard. He wrapped his arms around me as if he needed that kind of kissing from his daddy more than he needed air to breathe. Feeling his need, I held him even tighter with one



His dick was
hardening,
rising
towards my
face,
the head
poking out
through a long,
loose
foreskin.



arm as I began batting at his firm little butt with the other

He quivered hungrily, shifting his ass to give me a clearer shot. I spanked him harder and harder and each slap made him wriggle closer and more eagerly against my chest. Then I rolled him over, down on my knees and waled into his butt. His reactions told me to go harder. That little boy really loved my hands hard across his butt. He took a great spanking.

To make it a little more interesting, I reached across to my jacket and pulled a leather thong out of my pocket, rolled him over to face up and started wrapping the thong around his wrists. He looked at me a little nervously and spoke in a tone that indicated that he wanted some reassurance. Of course I didn't understand a word and I told him so, in American Sign Language. After my silent gesticulations I continued tying him and he nervously said something that I would guess meant,

What? You're deaf?" I gave him a curious look and repeated my hand signs. He gave up trying to talk to me, but the nervous look on his face said plenty.

Once his hands were secured, I pulled his face to mine and kissed him hard. He resisted just enough to show that he was scared. With my tongue still in his mouth, I slapped his face. He was a good boy, though, and tried to secure himself, holding on by his lips to mine while my flat palm struck his face. Satisfied so far, I tossed him down on the bed, face up and I fell upon him with a malicious grin. He instinctively put his hands up, but hooking the leather with one finger I drew them down to crotch level as I put all my 180 pounds onto his skinny frame.

He grabbed my cock and started stroking it with both hands while I pressed into him. I arched up with my head -- pressing my belly and chest into his -- smiled satisfaction at him and felt his fingers quicken on my cock. I dropped my face again hard into his, forcing my tongue into his mouth as I ground my cock and balls into his groin.

Arching up once more I grabbed his nipples and kneaded each one between a forefinger and a thumb, pressing heavily into his chest with the rest of my fists. He burbled something, but I "listened" instead to his body, the tension of his muscles and his twitching as I pinched him, slapped him and rolled him over onto his belly.

The boy had a fine little ass, a soft round butt that was a little too smooth, a bit too white.

I teased him a bit with a few light pats, some suggestive strokes to let him know what he was in for. Let the little fucker anticipate and let the pain build up in his head before I actually slammed the hard back of my hand against his ass. I hit him again -- and again, building up a rhythm and then cheating him, watching him twitch with anticipation -- and then landing a hard blow on his shoulder.

This kid was easy. It took very little to get to the point where he broke free and I could tell he was all mine, not "just" co-operative and horny, but really broken and mine. I opened my jaw wide and took a good healthy bite into an ass-cheek, bit hard, making him shudder. While my teeth held one side of his butt, my right hand beat the other. I rose up from his reddening bottom and reached again over to my jacket.

I pulled out some lube and rubbers, rolled a condom down on my dick and

squeezed some of the clear viscous goop onto some fingers. My dry hand swatted hard across his boybutt and before he released the clench of his reaction, I jabbed two lubed up fingers inside his asshole. I refused to hear his gasp, but I "heard" his body jolt and slowly relax down on my fingers. I played his ass open a bit and eased my fingers out, in again hard and fast, and then in and out, slow and easy. I gave him a moment to think about it and let the head of my cock graze slowly up and down his crack. Slowly rocking back and forth, easing the tip of my dick towards the hole, slowly, easily finding the spot, and gently finding just the right angle, then a hard plunge to the root, feeling his lungs fill as quickly as his sphincter tightened at my pubes. I pulled out almost all the way and pounded back in.

I fucked that boy hard, pressing one hand down on the back of his head, grinding his face into the pillow, while the other hand landed hard across his ass and his shoulders. He whimpered just enough to make it all the better—but of course I couldn't hear that. I fell onto his back with all my weight, ground my dick harder up his butthole, biting his shoulders and neck, slapping his hips, and licking the back of his head.

Arching back up I reached back and down to where his hands lay helplessly between his thighs. I pushed my nuts into his fingers and squeezed his hands into action. He began kneading my nuts while I kept fucking him with harder, slow strokes, wanting him to feel me all the way up inside him, but the way his ass was clenching at my dick, I was beginning to think I might cum too soon. I pushed myself all the way up and held my cockhead hard against his prostate while I chewed on his shoulders and neck.

Fuck his whimpering and moaning. I could tell he loved it. His fingers on my balls and every twitch of his muscles told me he was having as good a time as I was. I couldn't stand it any more and pushed his shoulders down hard into the mattress while I raised my upper body and pounded my load into him. My hands flew hard against his back while I filled the condom with my jizz.

My explosion felt like it could go on forever. I left his reddened shoulders alone and just grabbed his ass with both hands, pulling myself hard up inside him, pumping the last of my nut out, draining myself inside his hot little boybutt. Then I pulled him up so that his ass was

sticking in the air while I was still stuck inside him and then I started spanking his ass until he pulled away and jerked off of my dick.

Shoving his groin back down on the mattress I went back down to chew on his firm little asscheeks, and then nibbling and licking on his thighs, my mouth ran all the way down the length of his legs. He pulled back almost violently as I tongued the tender inside of the back of his knee, but with a hard slap on his butt, I reminded him to behave. After a long,



slow lick down his shin, I began to tease the sole of his foot with my tongue. I tightened my grip on his ankle and held his foot still while he wriggled and screamed, "NEIN! NEIN! NEIN!!!"

When I decided I'd had enough, I started kissing gently a line up his leg, took a long hard bite of his perineum, and licked at his balls. While his nuts were held snugly down in my throat, I untied his wrists.

As I backed up from him, he quickly jumped up and wrapped his arms around me, just like a lost boy finding his daddy. I held him and kissed his forehead, stroking his body and patting him gently. He slowly relaxed and after I gave him a long, deep kiss, he was ready. He got up and walked out.

For the rest of that evening as we walked around and saw each other, he would smile and wave at me, just a little bit nervously, like he was afraid of getting

any more of what I'd given him, but I could see he was grateful for as much as he got.

EASTERN EXPOSURE

Part 2—Towards Prague

My first ride on a "socialist" train line turned out to be pleasantly just like western service. I even got a lot of service that was a hell of a lot better than "peasant."

I boarded early, New to Europe, and knowing little German, I allowed plenty of time to ride over The Wall, entering through Friedrichstrasse Station and taking another train to East Berlin's Lichtenberg Bahnhof. It was fasted and easier than I expected. I found the six seat compartment and took my place, a window seat where I could later see the German plain roll by, almost as dull as an American prairie.

Still in the dusty grey of Lichtenberg Station, the scenery inside suddenly got more interesting. The other five seats of my compartment filled up—a couple of hausfrau types, a couple of others I don't remember and a very capitalist looking businessman with coal black hair and a moustache—not quite big and bushy, but neither the trim little lipshade that would conform to the rest of his conservative, executive look. I wanted to feel that moustache all over my body, but I knew I never would. He was a little over six feet tall and when he hung his long black overcoat on the hook behind the seat, I saw he was well proportioned. His dark blue pinstripe suit left everything else to the imagination. A most everything else.

He took the seat beside me, nodding a greeting and a polite German phrase to the woman across from him. She nodded back, briefly looking up from her magazine.

He opened a magazine and I noticed the thick dark hair on the back of his hand as he flipped the pages. I fantasized on the promise of that hair, imagining a soft, dark fur all over his chest and belly, and yes, a black down covering his ass.

A jolt of the train pulled me out of my reverie and as we pulled out of the station, I pulled out my travel journal to put down my impressions of Berlin. The blackfurred hand kept flipping magazine pages, stealing my attention from memories of the Brandenburg Tor, the TV tower, the Citadelle at Spandau, the . . . damn. He was so hot I couldn't concentrate. I just wanted to turn and stare at his handsome face, the big moustache, his deep

dark eyes, the broad jaw with the cleft chin, and the full sensual lips that I wanted to kiss me, but they never would.

I decided to take a chance. What the hell. Worst case scenario? No, he would be too proper to let on. I turned the page to start afresh in my journal, knowing perfectly well that if he chose to, he could see what I was writing.

This man sitting beside me is so fucking hot I wish I could take him right here and now. Just thinking about him makes my balls ache. I'll be going to the WC in a few minutes. It sure would be great if he follows me in.

I held up my prose at a slight enough distance to look as if I was studying it carefully. Actually I wanted him to be able to see it. Does he read English? How would he take it? Will he even look at it? I ripped the page out, folded it into a pocket, closed my journal and got up.

I made it through the corridor of the lurching locomotive and found the WC unoccupied. I tore up my "evidence" and flushed it into the tiles running along a collective cowfield. Leaving the door unlocked I stood over the bowl so that if anyone burst in, I would look as if I were there for the presumed purpose.

The door did open. He had gotten the message and he smiled as I turned my head towards the door. He locked it and unhooked his belt. With a wordless definite nod, he directed me to kneel. As I went down, so did his zipper. I drew his slacks down to his knees and stuck my face into his boxer shorts, inhaling the mancoent that seeped through the linen. Black curls and bulging fuckmeat pushed at the fly. I eagerly grabbed the elastic and slid it down, my fingers brushing against the black fur of his ass.

His dick was hardening, rising towards my face, the head poking out through a long, loose foreskin. Usually I like to tease a guy with my tongue, licking at his thighs (his darkfurred bearthighs!) sucking at his balls (big, low hangers in a thick black bush!) but I just opened my mouth wide and took his big, fat schwanz down my throat. He grabbed the back of my head, pressing my face into his pubes. His cock hardened and grew down in the back of my throat. I began to gag and he pulled out until his foreskin touched my lips and then he shoved his meat all the way back in, down and hard. Holding my head, he fucked my face with deep, hard strokes. Sometimes he would pull all the way out and let me see the head of his cock winking out at me from underneath its hood. I licked the tip and tried to slide

my tongue inside his foreskin. With the train's lurching, I had to keep a hand on the rail to steady us both (his hands never left my head), but with one free hand I was able to stroke his balls, pulling down the skin from the base of his shaft so his cockhead was exposed and I could massage it with my lips before he pushed it back down to the depth of my throat.

My one free hand explored his body, the fuzz that did cover his ass—a little full, a little wide, a businessman's butt,



but I would have been in heaven kissing his butt and worshiping his hairy crack. I reached up under his shirt and searched through luxurious, thick fur to find his nipples, soft fleshy buttons almost lost in the thickness of his hair. They stiffened a bit as I played with them, but as the train rocked, I needed both hands to keep us steady, so I just held on to the rails provided for that purpose while he kept his hands on the back of my head, controlling me as he fucked my face.

He loved holding his manmeat all the way down my throat, letting my larynx massage his dickhead while my lips worked the base of his cock. The undulating suction of my throat milked his meat while his pubes rubbed into my nose. Whenever I'd gag or choke, he'd push in a couple of times and then draw out so I could breathe and get a good look at the fuckrod that was pounding my face. And then he'd just shove it back in

hard and deep, taking long, hard strokes, pounding my face, fucking my throat like a machine and then he'd hold himself all the way down to feel my throat muscles massaging the length of his shaft.

With a short, almost inaudible gasp, he broke his rhythm and fucked my mouth with hard, short strokes in the back of my throat, my nose never more than an inch out of his thick, smelly pubes. I could feel the warm, wet gush of his cum in my throat and he pushed my head in close so he was all the way inside me.

I swallowed quickly to avoid gagging. His dick was so far down my throat it was hard to swallow his cum, but he swayed with the rhythm of the train, gently pumping his load down inside me.

Then once his dick was drained and softening he kept my head close into his crotch, but turned my face up by bringing down the back of my head. He spat in my face and then while I could still see him smiling down at me he let loose a flood of piss inside my mouth.

I knew I had to take every drop. If I spilled any it would be all over me and I would smell like a latrine the rest of the trip, going through passport control and customs. I might get the smell off my breath, but I could never get it out of my clothes in time.

I desperately swallowed, frantically keeping up with the golden flood and thank God I got it all. He finished and pushed me away hard. He looked down and spit into my face across the cramped little closet.

He pulled up his pants and pointed me to stay out of sight as he opened the door. As he left I heard a bit of conversation between him and another man. (Was he telling him the WC is out of order? A mess that couldn't be used? Giving me time to make a discreet exit later?)

Before the door could shut another man walked in. A few inches shorter than myself, but heavier. He must have been about thirty pounds "overweight." He grinned at me maliciously and opened a pair of plaid grey slacks.

I didn't understand what he was saying, but it wasn't German. Czech? Polish? He pushed me down to my knees and turned around sticking his big, fat ass into my face. "Nein" I said. "Nyet" I draw the line at scat and didn't want to take any chances.

He looked over his shoulder down at me. He said something threatening and grabbed my hair, yanking my head up close to his crack. I bit his ass and he reached back with his other hand forcing



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my head up to his asshole. I could feel his ass cheeks straining to open up and he let a big fart out into my face. He strained a little more and then gave up, letting me go with one hand, but turned around and looked at me with mock apology as if he was disappointed he couldn't give me what I wanted. He then pulled my face into his stubby little cock.

Almost before I could close my lips around it he pissed into my mouth. Steadying my head with one hand he slapped my face with the other. In protest I bit him once, but he just slapped all the harder and pushed my head deeper into his pubes.

After he drained his bladder into me he started fucking my face and his fat little dick grew, not very long, but thick enough to make me work hard to hold it. With crude, thoughtless pounding he just fucked my face. No rhythm, no style, just a mouthful of cock pounding into my throat. He held me down while he shot his load into my mouth.

He pulled his pants back up and walked out. I could hear some laughter outside and another walked in. A tall, lanky kid that I was not at all interested in, but he spoke a little English.

"You stay here and eat me

They all know you are here and you must have all. If you say no they tell the passcontrol and you cannot go to Czechoslovakia," he smiled, knowing he was in control. "Maybe you go to jail?"

In a minute his balls were slapping against my chin. His long, skinny cock pumping my throat and his smooth little belly pounding into my face. I worked his dick the best I could to get it over with and he shot his load into my mouth. Then he pissed into the toilet. Just as fucking well, I thought, getting back up to my feet.

As he stepped out there was some commotion and a uniform (conductor? train police?) came in. Was *machst du hier?* was all I could make out, what was I doing there? And then he spit out a torrent of German way beyond my comprehension. Fast and furious. He punched me in the gut and pushed me down to my knees. He stood against the door, and anyway where could I run? I was trapped. He slapped my face hard with the back of his hand and then drew it forward hitting the other side of my face. As he hit me I tried to back away, in the little room available, and I could see his fly was open! His dick hardening against his uniform pants. Hoping it would provide some refuge I dived into his crotch, rub-

bing my nose and cheeks into his growing manmeat.

He grabbed my hair, yanked my head away and hit me again, but this time he pulled his dick out of his pants, and pulled my head down on it. He fucked my face brutally, hitting the back of my head hard against the toilet, and opened his belt. He dropped his pants and then grabbed my hair again, this time forcing my head down so that my mouth was against his balls.

While I was sucking on his nuts he had a clear shot to slap my face again and again. He then turned around and said, *Leichtst du mein arsch*. I didn't dare refuse, but hoped he'd be happy with my tongue and lips working over his hairy ass cheeks. He wasn't. My face in his crack and said, "*Leichtst du!*" I fastened my mouth to his hairy hole and started licking it, opening it with my tongue, lapping at his relaxing sphincter. Soon I was tonguefucking his hole and admitting that, yeah, I really wanted it. I love rimming and hadn't felt safe enough to do it in years. Hell I didn't feel safe now, but there was just no fucking choice. I ate his ass out like my life depended on it, and who the hell knows... .

I didn't know if he was going to shit in my mouth or not. I gave up worrying about it and just dug my mouth deeper up into his ass. I could feel that he was stroking his cock while I was eating him out and he suddenly turned around and stuck his dick into my mouth. With a few hard strokes he shot a load down my throat

He hit my face again and shoved me away with his knee. He pointed to his pants instructing me to pull them up. I did, fastened his belt and zipped up his fly

He kicked my groin just hard enough to hurt, but not enough to damage. While I struggled to maintain my balance he pushed my head back so I fell against the toilet as he walked out telling the men outside, "*Das ist alles. Keine mehr.*"

As I wobbled back to my compartment I could see men in other compartments smirking insolently as they looked back at me. I entered my compartment, edging past the darkfurred businessman.

He was engrossed in his magazine and seemed not to notice me at all. As I sat down a woman asked me, "How was the wagon restaurant?". Seeing my confusion she tried to articulate the question in more prolonged absence. "The meat was tough," I smiled, "But for train service I can't complain." ■



Photographs by Jaime L. Vadez, San Francisco

GREAT DANES

or Some Rights Gotten in the State of Denmark

by Hyder

RITUAL. . . UNIFORMS. . . BLOND VIKINGS. . . SEX WITH COPS!! Sounds like committee-written porn or a wet dream born as a result of too much pizza, but, hey, it happened to Otto Bygso and Palle Heilesen and their friends Eddie Morris

Denmark's *The Act of Registered Partnership* has been hailed by gay rights advocates around the world as a major step toward full acceptance of gay lives and loves because it allows a gay or lesbian couple to obtain almost the same legal position



Palle Heilesen and Otto Bygso leaving their "wedding" under a spatter of caps held aloft by 11 of Otto's Copenhagen Police Department colleagues.

and Jens Boesen, all of Denmark. The two couples are among the more than 700 pairs who have formalized their relationships since the Danish Parliament passed the *Act of Registered Partnerships* in May of 1989. Otto and Jens are both cops and Otto's partner Palle made himself available to *Drummer* for an interview on Valentine's Day, 1991—a day when many gay couples in San Francisco (including *Drummer*'s own Joseph Bean and his boy Scott) were formalizing their own relationships under the new Domestic Partners legislation.

as a heterosexual married couple. In addition to gaining tax advantages, same-sex couples availing themselves of the two-year-old law will also obtain the automatic right of full inheritance, the same pension and insurance rights (both public and private) as married couples, the right to legal assistance in case of divorce (the same divorce regulations apply to all), and mutual maintenance liability, including public assistance and other kinds of social security. At least one of the partners must be a Danish citizen (Jens Boesen's partner Eddie Morris is an American).

Even in this most liberal of countries with its most liberal of laws, however, there are differences between how couples of gay men and women and heterosexual married couples are treated. *The Act of Registered Partnership* disallows the right to adopt either non-related children or each other's children; common custody of children is not permitted. Although the Lutheran Church is the state church of Denmark, no church sanction of the union is allowed. And the partnership is not recognized in other countries.

Palle is an attorney with the Social Ministry in Denmark and his position and experience have allowed him unique insight into both domestic and international implications of the new law. He feels that the law did not have an immediate impact on how Danish society at large relates to committed gay relationships. Still, he has sensed subtle and important changes in the public attitude over the past two years. The average Danish citizen is gently prompted, almost without being aware, that "marriage" does not necessarily equal "heterosexual." In this highly socialized country with its inherent abundance of legal documentation, there are constant reminders about the New Social Order. Record forms and public notices are being continually revised to reflect the change and Palle feels that this very mundane element might very well be the single most important factor in making the law real for John Q. Dane. Although the law promises to be a great equalizer, it hasn't eroded the rare and exceptional qualities that Palle feels are unique to gays and lesbians.

While other member nations of



August 23, 1990, in the Town Hall of Copenhagen. Eddie Morris and Jens Boesen take their vows. Jens had to propose to Eddie several times before they "tie the knot."

the European Economic Community do not currently recognize the law, Palle expects Sweden to pass similar legislation soon. And while the Mediterranean countries are expected to be hard sells, the law is on the books, and that, in itself, sets the stage for a continuing dialogue.

According to Palle, gay life in Denmark is quite different from that in the United States, not having attained

(or requiring) a sub-culture status. There are gay bars, but not in the numbers one might expect, and leather bars are practically non-existent. Palle attributes this to the Danish sense of justice and its attendant early social integration of gay men and women.

Palle Heilesen and his partner Otto Bygso met quite traditionally in one of the few aforementioned bars ten years ago. They own their own

home on one of the small islands that is part of metropolitan Copenhagen and interact freely and comfortably with their more heterosexually inclined neighbors. Much the same can be said of our American friend Eddie Morris and his partner Jens Boesen except that Eddie was accosted by Jens in one of Copenhagen's public parks, quite innocently of course and, if truth be told, also quite traditionally, Eddie writes that Jens was married to a woman for 9 years and for 2 1/2 of those years he was a First Lieutenant in the Royal Life Guard, the most rigorously trained unit of the Denmark's military, charged with the protection of the life of the Queen. Eddie adds that Jens is still very good friends with his ex-wife and her husband and that it is his opinion that the Danes are quite wonderful people. He echoes Palle's assertion that gay life is different, that there is a relaxed attitude about sexuality in general and homosexuality in particular. This attitude seems to be reflected in the wording of the certificate used for sanctioning same-sex relationships in Denmark. Eddie Morris provided us with the document below:

As you have made an application to the Copenhagen Cityhall in order to get your partnership lawfully registered. Your wish will now be fulfilled.

With this registration you will - with few exceptions - obtain the same social security as married people in the Danish society.

Before performing the registration, the Municipality wishes to remind you of the meaning and importance of the promise you are giving each other.

Registered partnership implies, in general, a pledge to live together in mutual affection, helpfulness and tolerance.

In recognition of this, the Municipality expresses the wish that throughout your partnership, with all its changes, you will preserve the good intentions, to live together in a harmonious and meaningful fellowship.

I ask you...

Do you take... to be your lawful registered partner?

Likewise I ask you...

Do you take... to be your lawful registered partner?

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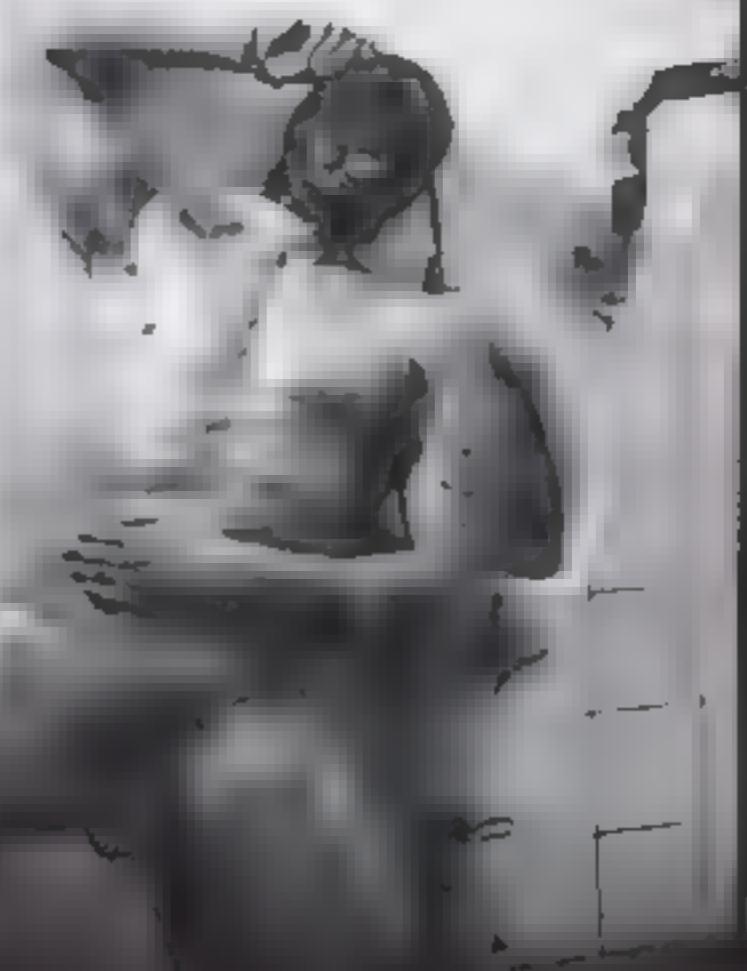
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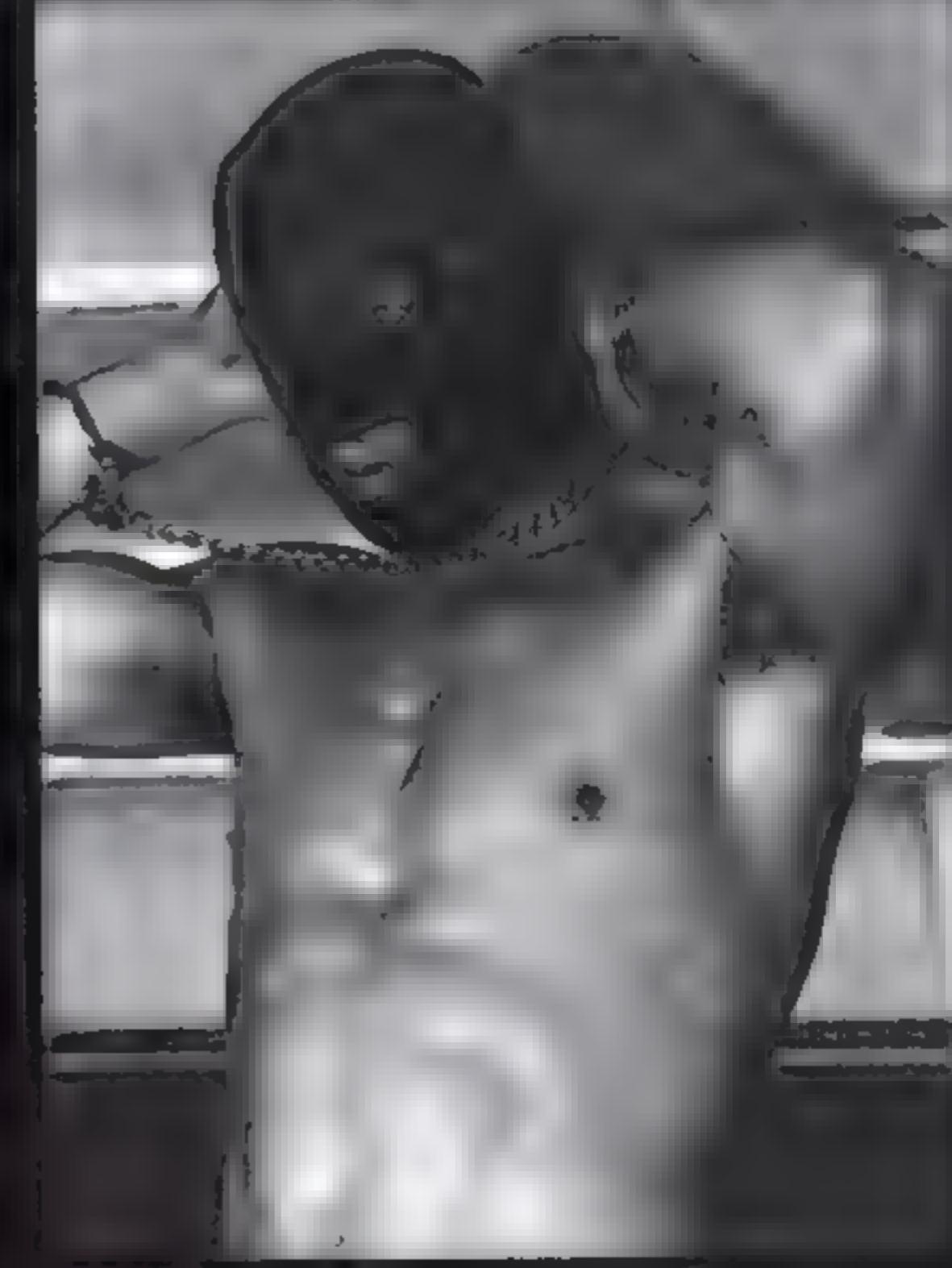
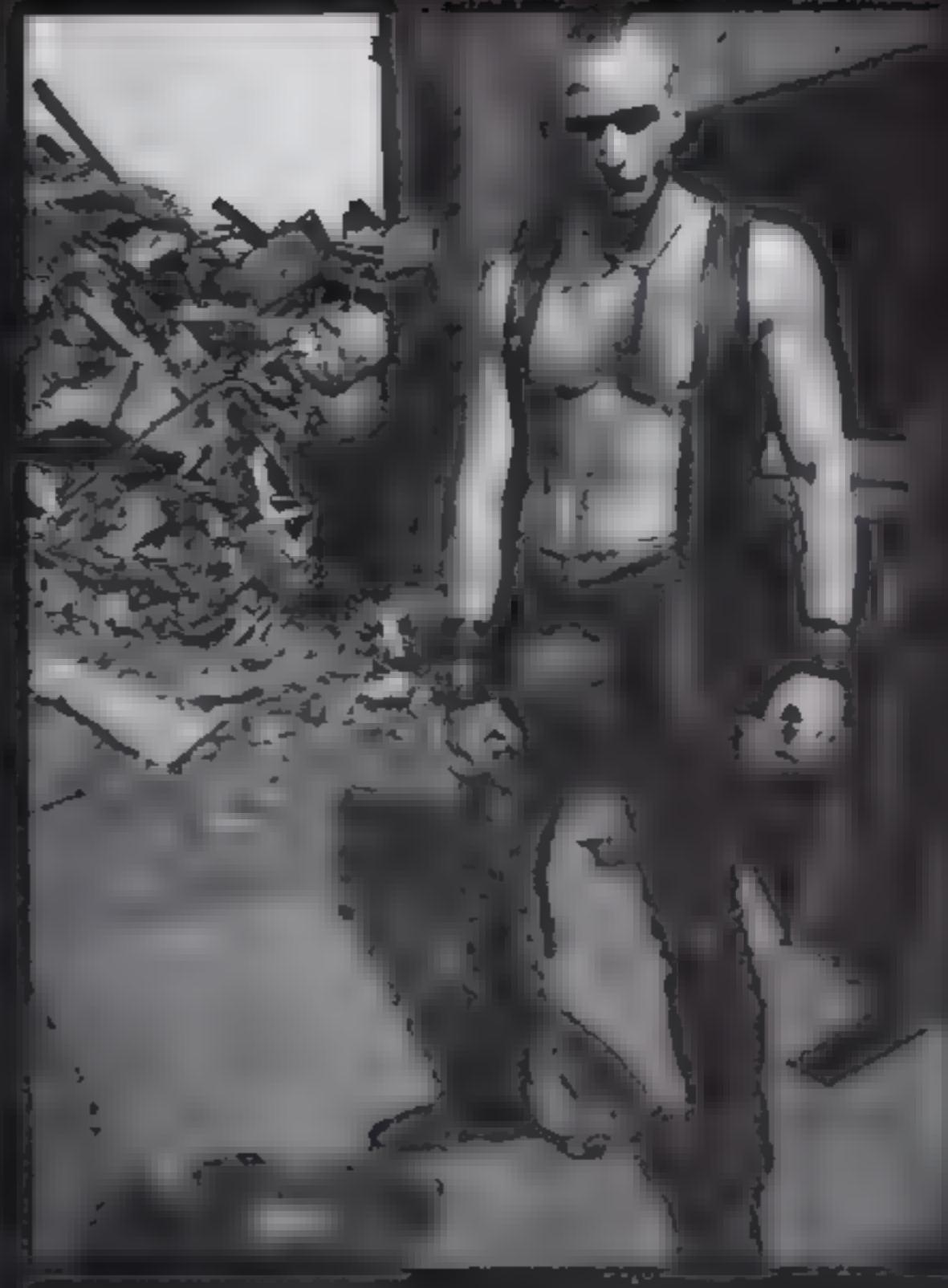
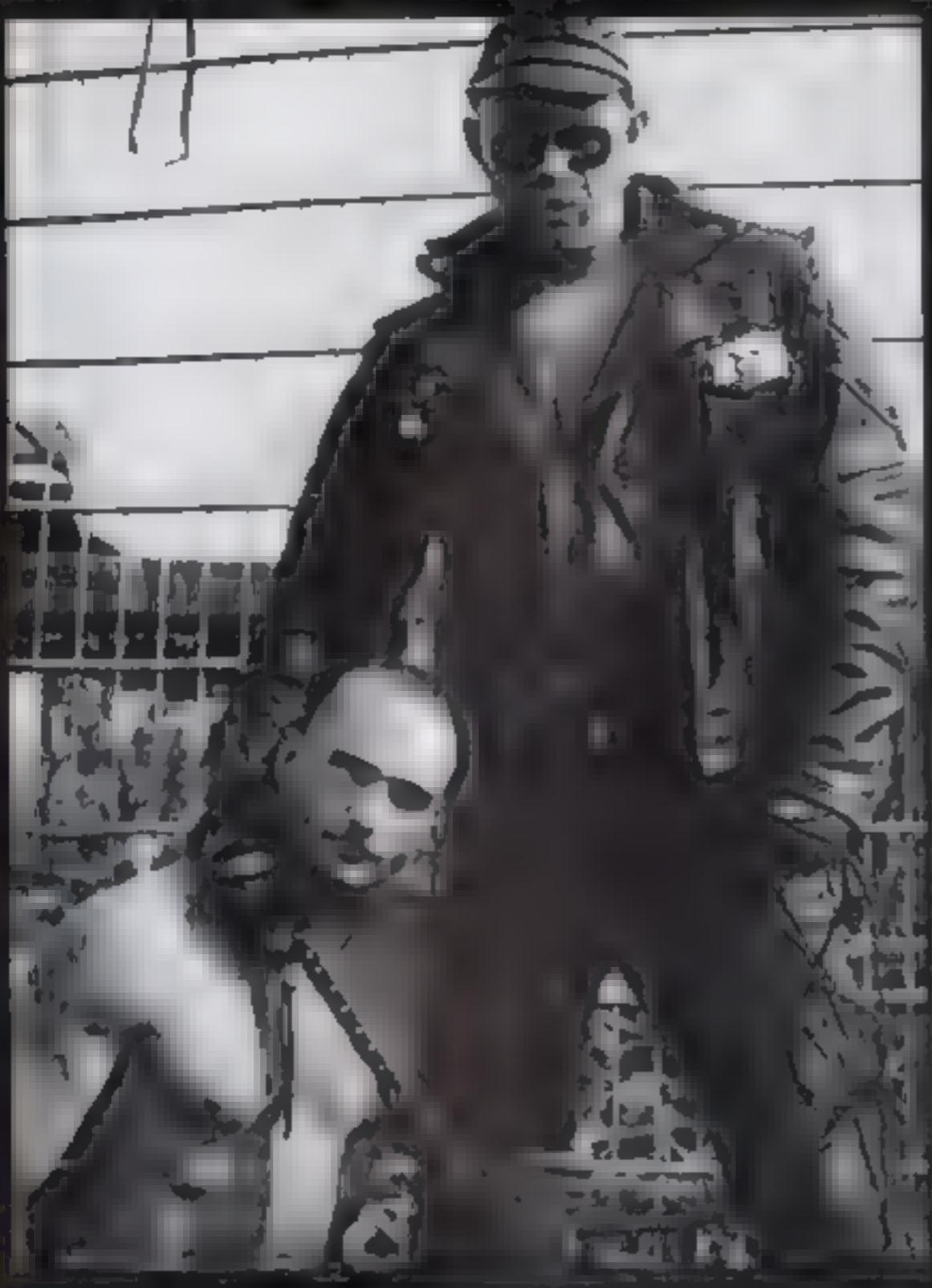
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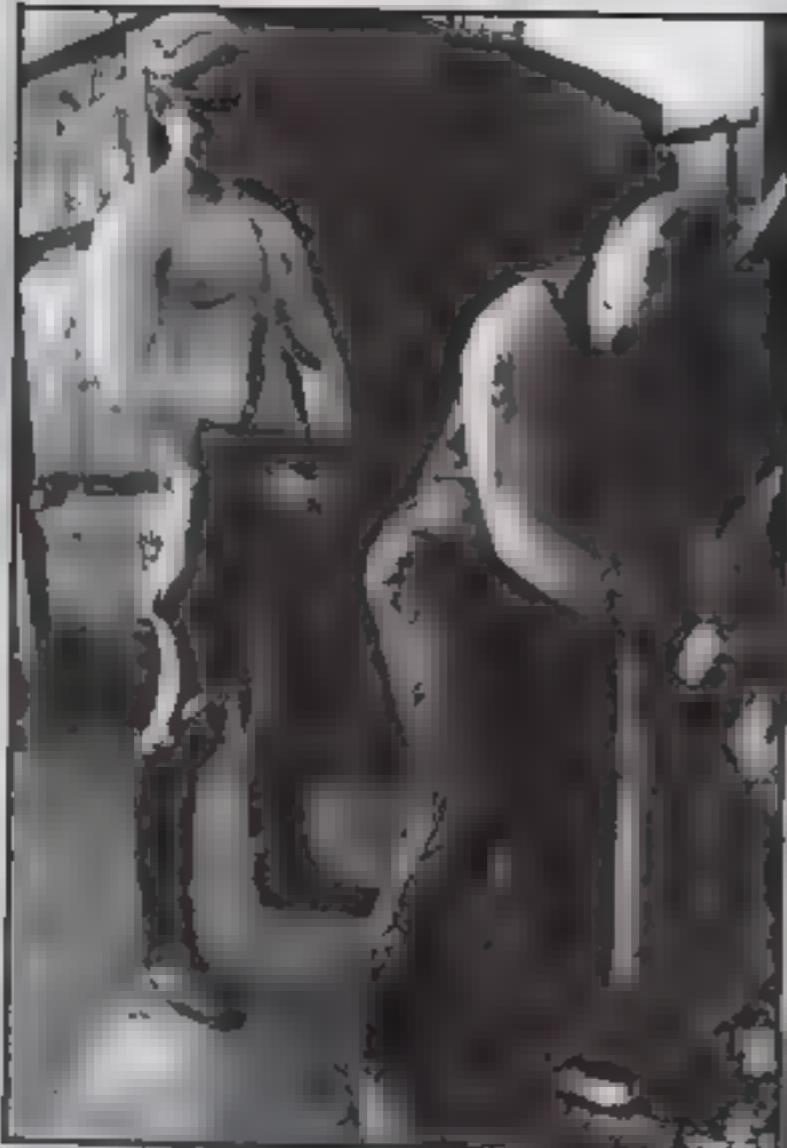
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1001 Ex Amsterdam

The Netherlands

Since 1973 American leathermen have been coming home from Europe with tales of the new wonders they have discovered at ROB, usually and aptly called Rob of Amsterdam, a leather gear store run by and for genuine leathermen. In 1978 a new dimension was added to those tales of wonder: Rob was also an art gallery. Or, more precisely, Rob and his partner Dai had become art dealers, operating a gallery for male erotic art along side the established shop.

When the gallery opened, artists--many of them already long-time friends of Rob and Dai--were happy to put their work in Rob's capable hands. And, as the name of the gallery became known, new talent emerged that might never have been known without the opportunities made available by Rob. In fact, Rob's 1979 catalogue is a virtual Who's Who of Europe's male erotic artists: Piet Jan Blauw, Keso Dekker, Marcel Joosen, Nigel Kent (a.k.a. James D.), Rex Lay, Hans Van Manen, Mark, Jan Ogi, Olaf, Orsen, Peter Pelz, Sibylle Ruppert, Tom of Finland, Igael Tumarkir, Jean Paul Vroon, Bill Ward and even art renderings of the poems of Jim Holmes, the American leatherman who lived and taught in Amsterdam.

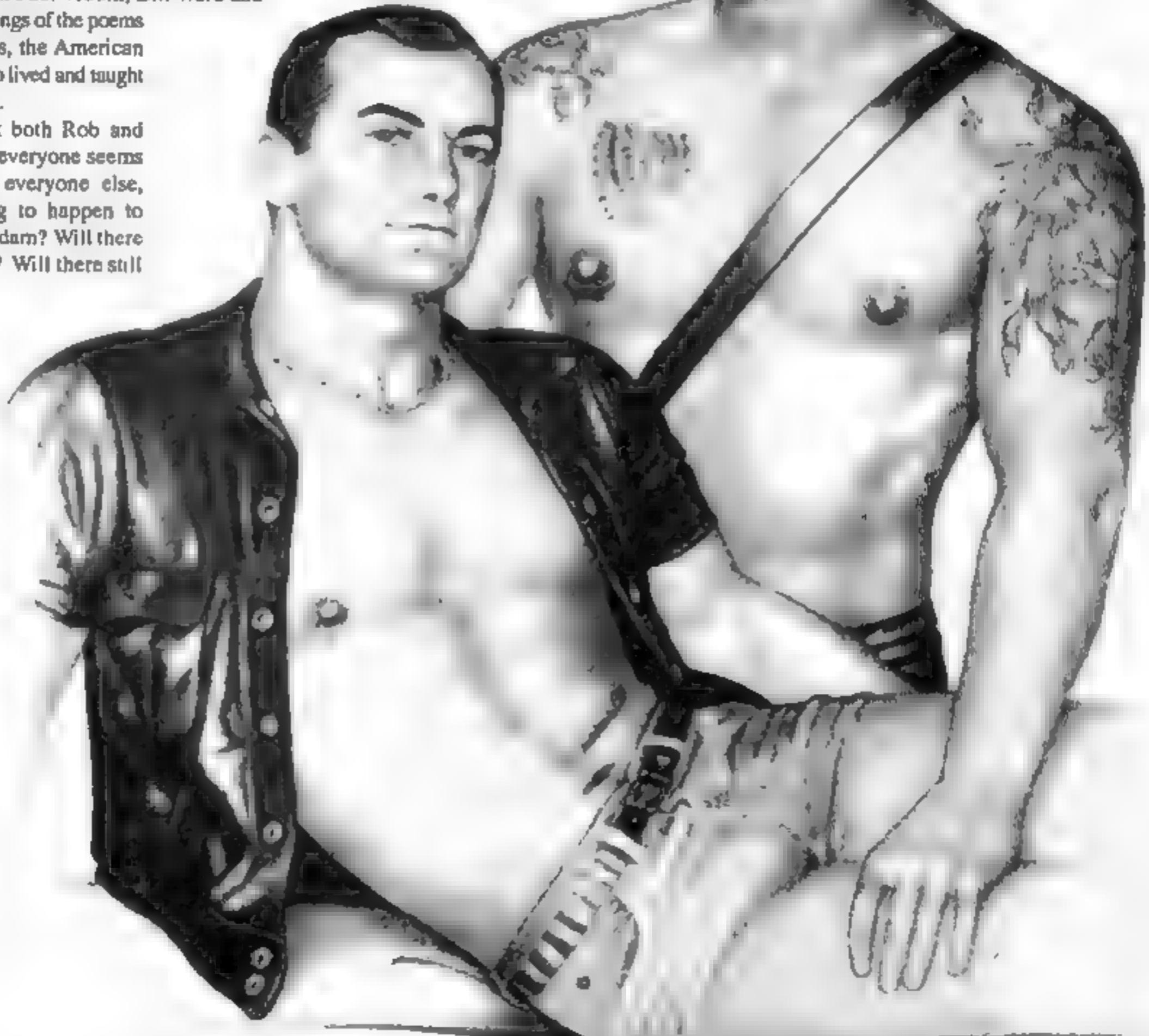
Now that both Rob and Dai are gone, everyone seems to be asking everyone else, "What's going to happen to Rob of Amsterdam? Will there still be a shop? Will there still

be a gallery?" Fortunately, the answer seems to be yes and yes. Shop and gallery continue to be operated by people who understand what Rob was about and how there could be a shop where a motto like Rob's is taken seriously: "Only the best is good enough for your body or for your friend's."

Rob was never just a leather seller or just an art dealer. He encouraged us to explore the pleasure we knew there was in leather and leathersex, and he encouraged artists and art collectors to make their most of their passions. Rob of Amsterdam is not just a business. It is an international meeting place, a standard of ethical interaction, and a stable institution in a rapidly changing world.

ROB is located at Wateringschans 253, 1017 XJ Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

The picture on this page is Tom of Finland's portrait of Rob (standing) and Dai. It is reproduced with the permission of the Tom of Finland Foundation.



ROB
AMSTERDAM

HOT POKER

A torture scenario

by Jeff Kincaid

based on a drawing by Etienne

Sometimes the human mind and the body

are belied by what man's mental and physical fears, his

are belied by what makes his cock snap to attention. and, then, sometimes mind, body and erotic nature work together perfectly.

The point of the poker, glowing red-hot from the coals in the brazier, fit snugly in the deep well that was Sgt. Howell's belly button, sizzling past the fuzzy bits of smelly gnarr to cauterize the sensitive flesh on the sides and at the bottom of the wrinkled crater. Try to suppress it though he would, the searing pain and the pungent stench of charred skin wrenched an ear-piercing shriek from the throat of the spread-eagled young G.I. tied in all his stark *macho* nakedness to the vertical rack in the stone-walled dungeon, the satisfying sound of his bellowing agony engendering a lewd smirk around the smoldering cigarette dangling insouciantly from the mouth of the sadistic Aryan torturer, hard-cocked in front of him, the boulder bicep of the German's immensely muscled left arm stretching the swastika'd Nazi armband encircling it from within.

"Your navel is more sensitive than either of your tits, Yankee bitch," the booted storm trooper observed in a low, calm voice betraying no emotion. "And I think your circumcised American dick is beginning to like it."

"Bullshit," Howell moaned, sagging against the tightly knotted thongs of rawhide binding his wrists to the upper corners of the rack, his naturally gigantic arms stretched almost out of the shoulder sockets, the gnarled tangles of the funky hair curled in the sweat-stinking pits exposed beneath, matted and lank. "No fucking way."

"Really. You're telling me that that's just perspiration oozing from the pee-hole, are you?" A denigrating chuckle of disbelief, the close-cropped SS *Oberfuehrer* replacing the poker in the coals of the brazier and stepping up to close his hand around the American captive's semi-erect prick, skinning the vein-gnarled length of its underside with feather-light dexterity.

Howell couldn't stop the gasp any more than he could stop the scream he'd been forced to scream before. "You Nazi bastard," he wept as he felt his fuckstick betray him, expanding. Hardening. Bonerizing. "You goddammed Nazi faggot bastard."

"Ja," whispered the goddammed Nazi faggot bastard hand-jobbing the cantilevering rod, the diabolical fingers of his other hand tickling the base of the hair-flecked scrotum, the forefinger sneaking into the crack of the sweaty, smooth-cheeked American ass. "Exactly. I will make you

spill your proud Yankee cum all over my palm and then I will make you lick it up like a dog, after which I will make you eat my unwashed German pork and fuck you in your cherry butt until you come again; I might even give your hunky stud body to my men for their own pleasure and I think you would like that, too, ja?"

"HHUNNNGGGHHKKK," Sgt. Howell husked, face screwing up, the muscles cording on his burn-tinted chest, the huge veins bulging blue along the length of his spasming biceps and forearms, the fingers clawing against the air; ditto for the toes free beneath the shackles holding his ankles in place "AWWWWW GGAWWWDDDD . . .!"

Immense clots of ropey gism burst from the captured G.I.'s masturbating pole, spraying up and splashing in shimmering pools at the center of the grinning Jerry's upraised palm, enough to almost overflow. All Howell could do was slump back, drained, trying again to catch what was left of his breath. Humiliated. Shamed.

"Good load," the blond punk said. "Worth at least the hundred bucks y' paid me for the session so far."

"Oh, yeah. Yeah." Man.

"Y' got another hundred I'll get back into character 'n let y' lap it up off'a my palm, Yankee dog."

"And make me suck your Nazi cock?"

"And then fuck your fuckin' G.I. ass like I said."

Sgt. Howell drew himself up as best he could in his naked bondage and looked at his tormentor with the defiance of the righteous. "Sgt. Joe Howell," he recited, following that with the serial numbers inscribed on the dogtags dangling from the chain around his thickly corded football player-sized neck. "That's all you're gonna get outta me, you goddam Kraut pervert, I don't give a shit what you think t' do t' me next."

"Oh," sneered the brawny re-creation of Hitler's Youth at its worst (and best), the grime-nailed fingers of his left hand reaching out to dig deeply into either side of the sergeant's handsome face at the hinges of the jaw, yanking it downward toward the mass of gelatinous nut-oysters quivering in the palm of his right. "I wouldn't be so sure of that, *schweinhund*. I wouldn't be so sure of that at all."



DANCEMASTER

by Fledermaus
illustrated by Sean

Once upon a time, in Spielberg Castle,
in Brno, Czechoslovakia,

Fledermaus was inspired
to write this now-classic tale
of a very strict dance master.

It was first published
by Larry Townsend
in *Anthology of S&M*, Volume 4 (1978).

Twelve young men leaped simultaneously then landed with grace. Muscles bulging under tight fabric, they leaped again and caught the twelve young women...slowly lifted them above their heads as the music reached a crescendo. From his seat at the rear of the empty theatre Anton watched these movements with an unwavering eye. He noted each slight deviation from the prescribed uniformity, each bit of costume a centimeter out of place, each gesture not up to his own rigid standards. And as he watched the men he also noticed each ripple of steely muscle under skintight cloth. Inevitably, he felt a prideful joy at the perfection of their movements, just as any of their imperfections angered him.

The woman seated beside him said, "Ah!" in a disgusted tone and nudged his ribs with her elbow. No further comment was needed. Anton had seen Gregor's hand slip as he caught Katrin, but he had hoped that Anya had been so intent on her girls as to miss the error. The slip had been minuscule; only a trained eye would have noticed it. But both he and Anya had superbly trained eyes. He added Gregor's error to the mental list he had been tallying throughout the rehearsal.

The final chords sounded; the dancers froze in their final poses and the curtain closed. When reopened they had regrouped into curtain call formation, but took no bows. Instead they waited in silence for orders from their coaches. Anya stood and motioned with her arm. "To the practice room," she said.

As the women left and Anya began to walk toward the stage door, Anton watched her fat, departing rump, marveled at how easily she still moved her great bulk. Once she had been his

country's prima ballerina and had been recognized as one of the best in the world. She was still graceful and amazingly agile but she was also grossly fat. Undoubtedly she was the second best ballet coach available, second after him, that was.

He waited for Anya's wide rear to disappear through the door before turning his gaze to the stage. There his twelve personally selected male dancers stood frozen, awaiting his order. He sat quietly for a moment watching them. He always enjoyed looking at his men even when they were standing still. He saw the perspiration roll from their foreheads, knew they were tired and hot from rehearsal; but he also knew they were apprehensive.

He was the best coach in the world. Most dancers would have given anything to work under him, but he accepted only men and he selected these very carefully. Each had to be an excellent dancer with a perfect body and handsome face. But most importantly, each had to submit absolutely to Anton's authority and control.

"To the practice room," he said, then began to follow Anya's trail. His own body was as solid and lithe as any of his dancers'. Only his white hair suggested his nearly fifty years. But his limp made it obvious why he was not still what he had once been--the highest paid and youngest ballet star in all of Europe.

When he reached the men's practice room the dozen dancers already stood in their places, spaced two arms lengths apart. All were naked, their dance costumes hanging on pegs near the door. Costumes were necessary for the stage, but in the practice room no one was allowed to wear clothing except the master. He watched to see every detail of their bodies as they moved. Anton did not allow the men of his ballet to shave



their legs or chests. While he liked watching muscles ripple under skin he also wanted the emphasis on masculinity that body hair provided. While only the Master wore clothes here, even he would have preferred the freedom of nudity. But he had resolved long ago that his charges should never see his scars. He only exposed limited portions of his body to them, and then only individually, never to the entire group.

He stood before them and enumerated the errors they had made during the dress rehearsal. None had been major, but for Anton nothing other than absolute perfection was acceptable. He delivered verbal tirades against each of them by name and made them repeat sets of steps over and over again. Finally he ordered them to repeat the last half of the second act, and motioned for the music to begin. They began to dance for him as their audience of one, each moving with lithe grace unique to Anton's dancers. He watched their nude bodies directly and in the mirrors that completely surrounded the room. From a rack at the front he selected a long, slender switch of supple whale bone covered with thin black leather. It had been presented to him years ago by an admirer. In the mirrors all of the dancers saw him take up the switch and all of them tensed in spite of themselves. Each had tasted this and others in his collection, and they knew it could inflict anything from a mild sting to a blood cut depending upon the temper of its wielder.

The dancers moved into their final positions as the last chord sounded--this accompanied by the crack of leather on flesh as a red welt appeared on Gregor's back. The music ended and the twelve stood at attention. Eleven looked intently at the Master, but Gregor stood with eyes clenched from the pain in his shoulders.

"This miserable excuse for a dancer," Anton said, knocking the handle of his switch against Gregor's hairy chest, "is missing the last movement by at least a quarter of a second. You know that I will not tolerate such imprecision: You will all repeat this section as many times as necessary until Gregor gets it right." He signaled for the music and the dancers to begin.

By the sixth repetition all twelve of them were drenched in perspiration. Their bodies glistened in the strong lights and reflected in the mirrors as they danced until it resembled the effects of the mirrored ball in a western disco. Six long red welts crossed Gregor's back, and as they began the seventh repetition all other eyes in the room were on him. His fellow dancers looked at him in anger as the source of this grueling endurance test to which they were being submitted. But those who could still conjure a measure of sympathy within their exhausted bodies had to concede their inability to flaw his dancing. For the seventh time the music drew to a close and Gregor tensed in anticipation of another painful streak across his back. But this time it did not come.

"Finally," Anton said to the group, "he has managed to get it right. I know that all of you have suffered because of his mistake. If he fails in this again I shall allow each of you to avenge yourselves on him with this." He held up the whip. "Now you are dismissed for the day."

They remained in place until he had left the room, then moped toward the showers and locker rooms, too exhausted for conversation. The door opened and Anton reentered. The dancers all froze in position. The master nodded to a large hairy man about to enter the shower area. "Jiri," he said, "I want to give you special instruction tonight. Any problems with that?"

"No Sir," he said. "If I may please phone my wife to let her know I will not be home for dinner?"

"Just report to my quarters in twenty minutes," Anton said

and left the room again. All eyes were on Jiri and all were full of sympathy. Jiri received their sympathy silently. He had had "special instructions" three times and each session had been worse than the one before. He wondered again if subjecting himself to this was really worth working under the great Anton Hanac, and he decided again that it really was.

Anton responded to the bell almost immediately and admitted Jiri to his dwelling, adjacent to the Ballet Theatre. In his private studio he ordered the dancer to strip and watched with unveiled interest as the lithe, beautifully muscled body was exposed before him. He remembered when Jiri had first auditioned for him two years before. He had admired the nearly two-meter frame, the light coating of curly blonde hair over broad chest and taut abdomen, and the long slender cock. Now, after two years under the Master's rule the dancer's body was tuned to perfection, radiating more grace and strength than ever.

Jiri stood naked and at attention. "You're married?" Anton asked.

"Yes Sir," Jiri replied.

"Do you fuck your wife?" Anton asked with characteristic bluntness.

"Yes Sir."

"How often?" Anton asked, taking Jiri's cock in his hand.

"Once a week, Sir," Jiri answered, trying to ignore the motion of fingers gripping his cock and peeling back the foreskin.

"Do you have sex with others?" the Master asked.

Jiri did not answer immediately and the hand on his genitals began to tighten. His cock responded by beginning to harden and grow as the pressure increased. "Yes Sir," Jiri said finally.

"Who?" the Master asked without releasing his grip. When Jiri failed to answer immediately he further tightened his hold on the throbbing cock. "I asked you who, besides your wife, enjoys the pleasures of your penis?"

"Several of the dancers," Jiri said, wincing at the strangely pleasurable pain in his cock.

"Male or female?" Anton asked and again tightened his grip when the response was not immediate.

"Both, Master Hanac," Jiri answered, "both men and women have known my penis."

Anton released his grip and the cock stood straight out, hard and pulsing. "When you were accepted as a part of my company did you not agree to place your body entirely into my care? Did you not agree to refrain from using your body in any way I did not specifically approve?"

"Yes I did, Sir," Jiri said.

"And did I give you permission to have sex with anyone other than your wife?" Anton asked.

"No Sir," Jiri replied, his voice shaking slightly. "I did not realize that..."

"Silence!" Anton shouted. "You acted without my permission, in violation of our agreement. For that you must be punished. I shall administer this punishment at the end of tonight's session. As for the future, if you wish to have sex with anyone you will request my permission to do so. If I find you have again done it without my permission you are out of the company. Do you understand?"

"Yes Sir."

Anton stepped back and looked down at the man's body at his still rigid cock. "Did I give you permission to have an erection?" he demanded.

"No Sir," Jiri said, glancing down at his hard cock at the same moment Anton's hand slapped hard against the side of the

sensitive rod. As a reflex to the slap Jiri pushed his ass back and leaned forward in an attempt to protect himself.

"Stand up straight!" Anton bellowed. Jiri obeyed, holding his body rigid at attention as the Master slapped his cock four more times, until it became soft enough to nestle between the dancer's muscular thighs.

"Now we can begin tonight's lesson," Anton said. "A dancer's job is to move. Always it is the movement of the right parts of the body, in the right sequence and at precisely the correct instant. But movement can be taken for granted, tonight you will experience what it is like to want to move but to be unable to do so. Stand there before the grate."

Then he fastened a very wide band of leather around Jiri's neck and another around his forehead so that his head could not move.

The dancer thought he was supporting his weight on the tips of his toes, but when Anton gripped his ankle and moved it way from the floor his body did not sag at all. The master spread his legs and bound them to the grate, even tied his toes to prevent their being moved. When he was finished only Jiri's eyes, mouth and cock were capable of movement. Even his chest and abdomen could expand only minimally as he took shallow breaths.

Anton produced a large feather and began to move it lightly along the side of his captive's chest, just below the armpit. It tickled and Jiri laughed in spite of himself. "Now do you begin to appreciate the ability to move?" Anton asked as he continued to torment the bound man. Anton enjoyed seeing the man's muscles expand and contract as they tried in vain to escape the quickly moving feather. Slowly and deliberately Anton worked his way from Jiri's collarbone to the soles of his feet. By the time he stopped Jiri was laughing and squirming hysterically, begging him to stop.

Anton did, but only long enough to exchange the feather for a small brush with stiff, sharp bristles. As he rubbed this across the bound dancer's skin the laughing ceased, but the squirming did not. As the bristles abraded the tender skin of his inner thighs, Jiri cried out. Anton enjoyed the screams and pleas almost as much as he did the sight of the writhing body. He used the brush in all of the places he had used the feather and in others, that were sensitive but not ticklish, as well. By the time he had put it down Jiri was nearly incoherent.

Anton waited patiently for his victim to recover. When Jiri was again rational Anton asked, "Do you appreciate the ability to move?"

"Yes, Sir," Jiri responded. "Like I have never appreciated it before. It is unbelievably frustrating not to be able to avoid your torments at all." Jiri relaxed, believing his torments to be at an end but he tensed again when Anton produced a small atomizer and began to spray him. The white powder looked innocuous enough, but gradually Jiri's skin began to crawl. Wherever the Master sprayed the powder over his legs, arms and torso it felt as though thousands of tiny insects were burrowing into his skin with a single-minded determination. He wanted to scratch. He jerked at the bindings on his hands with an effort greater than any yet extended, but even this proved inadequate. He longed to scratch to relieve the irritation. Everywhere the powder had touched him his skin itched. He became frantic in his efforts to alleviate the irritation. The feather and the brush had been nothing compared to this.

Anton put down the atomizer and stepped back to admire the sight of his big, naked victim writhing as much as his bonds permitted. His own cock was hard in his pants. He withdrew it

and stroked repeatedly as he watched Jiri struggle. Then he took his victim's cock into his mouth and began to suck on it, massaging the sensitive head with his tongue. In spite of his frantic struggles, Jiri responded and his cock grew in Anton's talented mouth. Without moving his face from Jiri's crotch, Anton removed the cap from a jar of creme and began to apply it to spots of skin near where he had applied the itching powder. As he rubbed the creme directly onto Jiri's nipples the naked man's struggles became even more violent. He rubbed a finger full of the creme into the cleft of Jiri's ass, then relubricated his finger and plunged it up his victim's asshole. Jiri's moans changed to screams as the creme felt like acid burning into his skin. Anton knew how the creme would burn and where it would hurt most.



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He removed his mouth from the now hardened cock and coated its entire length with the creme.

Jiri went wild. His entire body itched and burned. His desire to touch his places of irritation, to move at all, was overwhelming. He strained at his bonds, screaming in agony and frustration, begging to be released.

But Anton only watched his naked struggles. The sight of Jiri's firm, twisting body pleased him more than the greatest choreography; the sound of his screams and pleas was better than any score. He let the sight and the sound envelop him as he pumped at his own cock. His body vibrated like that of his victim and he shot a spurt of cum onto his captive's chest.

Jiri could not control his writhing body or his screams or pleas. He watched his master enjoy his agony and when he saw Anton cum he nearly climaxed himself. He grew silent, expecting the man who had now satisfied himself to release him. Instead the Master limped to the French door, opened it and stepped out onto the balcony. Again Jiri began pleading for relief.

begging to be set free.

Anton's body still tingled with the excitement of his climax. The warm spring air felt good as it evaporated his perspiration. Up the hill he could see the floodlights glow on the walls of Spilberk castle. The warm spring night, the sight of the castle, and Jiri's pleas reaching him through the open door reminded him of another night, the night that had changed the entire course of his life, that terrible night more than thirty years ago.

He had been the foremost dancer of his time. His name was known across Europe and even in America. When the Nazis took over it meant little to him. He had only two loves: his dancing and Petr, first violin in the ballet orchestra. The pair had been lovers for over two years, both were young and passionate. One night after a performance the warm spring breezes had made them even more horny than usual. They were walking home arm and arm through the fresh smells of the park surrounding the castle. The night was clear and bright and they had decided to climb the hill for a better view of the city. From high on the slope they watched the moon through the twin steeples of the cathedral and they began to fondle one another.

Petr opened Anton's pants and pulled out his expanding cock. Anton did the same to his lover and soon they were on the grass with each other's penis thrust into their mouths. But before they could reach climax they heard the sounds of harsh German speech above them and blinked under the glare of flashlights shining into their eyes. When Anton could perceive beyond the light he saw the muzzle of a gun pointed at him and noted the leers of two Nazi soldiers.

He and Petr were both marched to the castle and only as they entered its gate did Anton remember that in the real world functioning outside his sheltered sphere, the castle was being used by the Nazis as a prison. This was only natural. The place had served this same purpose for hundreds of years and its dungeons had housed a succession of prisoners, enemies of the Austrian Monarchy ranging from Swedish soldiers to Italian freedom-fighters. Its torture chambers were infamous.

All this registered on Anton's memory as the soldiers pushed the door open and shoved them down the stairs into what were obviously dungeons. Two other soldiers looked at them with curious interest and asked their captors a question. Anton had never taken the trouble to learn German, so he could not make out exactly what the soldiers were saying. But it was obvious that his two captors were explaining the circumstances under which they had found the prisoners. All four were laughing and one of them reached for Anton's cock, still hanging outside his pants. Anton knocked the hand away and began to curse them in his own language, but one of the soldiers seized Anton's arms and held them firmly behind his back while another grabbed his balls and began to squeeze hard. The pain hit his lower abdomen like a clenched fist. They all laughed as his expression of rage turned to one of agony, but his tormentor did not stop squeezing until Anton had collapsed to his knees and was retching. Petr had tried to come to his lover's aid, but had been knocked to the floor where a Nazi boot had ground into his own still exposed organs.

Anton was still in a daze of shock and pain as they dragged him to his feet and pushed him forward. He was barely conscious of moving past men chained to centuries-old walls by shackles of similar age. Some of the men were fully clothed, others partially so; still others were naked. Many showed scars and the

marks of torture. Further on they passed obviously new masonry where the Nazis had subdivided the large old dungeon chambers into equally inhospitable small cells with iron barred doors. At the end of the passage they reached the room that had served as the torture chamber for hundreds of years. Implements of torture hung from pegs on all of the walls and a ladder rack stood at one end of the room next to the niche in which a fire blazed. The soldiers ripped the clothing from the two young men, leaving them standing naked and shivering in spite of the heat in the room.

The four soldiers laughed at their naked bodies and talked to each other constantly, always in their own language that Anton could not understand. One of them had produced two bottles of slivovitz from which the soldiers drank deeply and frequently. They cuffed Anton's and Petr's hands behind their backs and began to play with their captives. They shoved the bound men back and forth between them, grinding their boots into bare feet, pinching nipples, punching abdomens, slapping faces and kneeing crotches.

The largest and most vicious of the soldiers grabbed two handfuls of Anton's hair and forced the beautiful young dancer to his knees, then ground the youth's face into his crotch. Through the coarse black fabric Anton could feel the soldier's hard cock. He opened his mouth and bit into the cloth covered rod as hard as he could. The soldier bellowed in pain and rage and threw Anton across the room. After a short conversation they dragged him to the ladder and stretched him on it, binding his wrists and ankles to the far ends. The big soldier pulled his bitten cock from his pants and examined it for damage. Anton was in pain from the beating he had received so far and was terrified of what they would do to him next. But he was also very much aroused. He could not understand it, but his own cock was almost hard. As he watched the stud he had bitten handling his long thick rod, he could feel himself becoming even harder. He got harder yet when the soldier stripped off his shirt, exposing well defined pectorals under a light haze of curly blonde hair. But his arousal was overcome by fear as the guy selected a short length of rubber hose from the wall and grinned at his bound captive while he slapped it sharply into the palm of his hand.

Anton heard the rubber hose against the soldier's palm, then both heard and felt a similar blow to his tightly stretched abdominal muscles. Repeatedly, the truncheon slammed into his body from shoulder to knee. With each blow the pain travelled deeper into him penetrating his tortured body. He bit his lips to keep from screaming and tasted blood. But he couldn't tear his eyes from the leering face and heaving chest of the man torturing him. His cock never went completely soft and as the beating progressed it became even more rigid than it had been before. The soldier noticed the change and began to direct his blows at the erect penis. Anton lost control and screamed as the hose beat against his rod, but never softened. He screamed even louder when the hose slammed into his balls, and after a few more blows to his testicles he succumbed to the pain and passed out.

While Anton was being beaten on the rack two of the soldiers had bent Petr over a table and were satisfying themselves by fucking his ass and mouth. When they finished, the other two took their turns until Petr was filled with the cum of four Nazi soldiers.

For a while the room was quiet except for the sounds of heavy breathing from the exhausted men and Petr's moans of pain. Then the big one noticed that Anton was again coming around and that his cock was rising with his returning consciousness.

ness. The soldiers appreciated his endurance and decided to reward him. They forced Petr to his knees before the rack and made him take his lover's joint into his mouth; then they tied his head in place so that he could not pull away. They tied his wrists to the side of the rack and his knees to its base. Anton was now fully aroused and watched with fascination, throbbing inside Petr's throat.

The big soldier took a vicious looking whip with three long tails from the wall, looked at Anton, and grinned as he raised the scourge. He brought it down sharply across Petr's back. Anton screamed in surprise as Petr reacted to the biting lash by sinking his teeth into the hard rod that filled his mouth. Repeatedly the sweating soldier lashed at Petr's back, shredding the tender flesh until the once white skin was crimson with blood. Anton occasionally felt the whip across his chest, but usually it struck his lover. He was mesmerized by Petr's unfailing attention to his cock and by the sight of the soldier's muscular body, sweat drenched, and glistening in the firelight, wielding the whip against Petr's bloody back. With a great burst, Anton came into his lover's throat and shortly thereafter the soldier dropped his whip.

Petr was ripped away from his lover's crotch and was tossed bleeding into a corner. The big soldier climbed onto the rack and waved his huge cock before Anton's face. Although he said something menacing in German, Anton did not understand the words until another tormentor gripped his balls tightly. He took the hard, foul smelling cock into his mouth and caressed the glans with his tongue. But the soldier was too excited from the flogging to want this teasing. He shoved his hips forward, ramming his cock down Anton's throat, pumped himself hard and fast until he nearly drowned his victim in his cum. One by one the other three climbed onto the rack and took their turns in Anton's mouth.

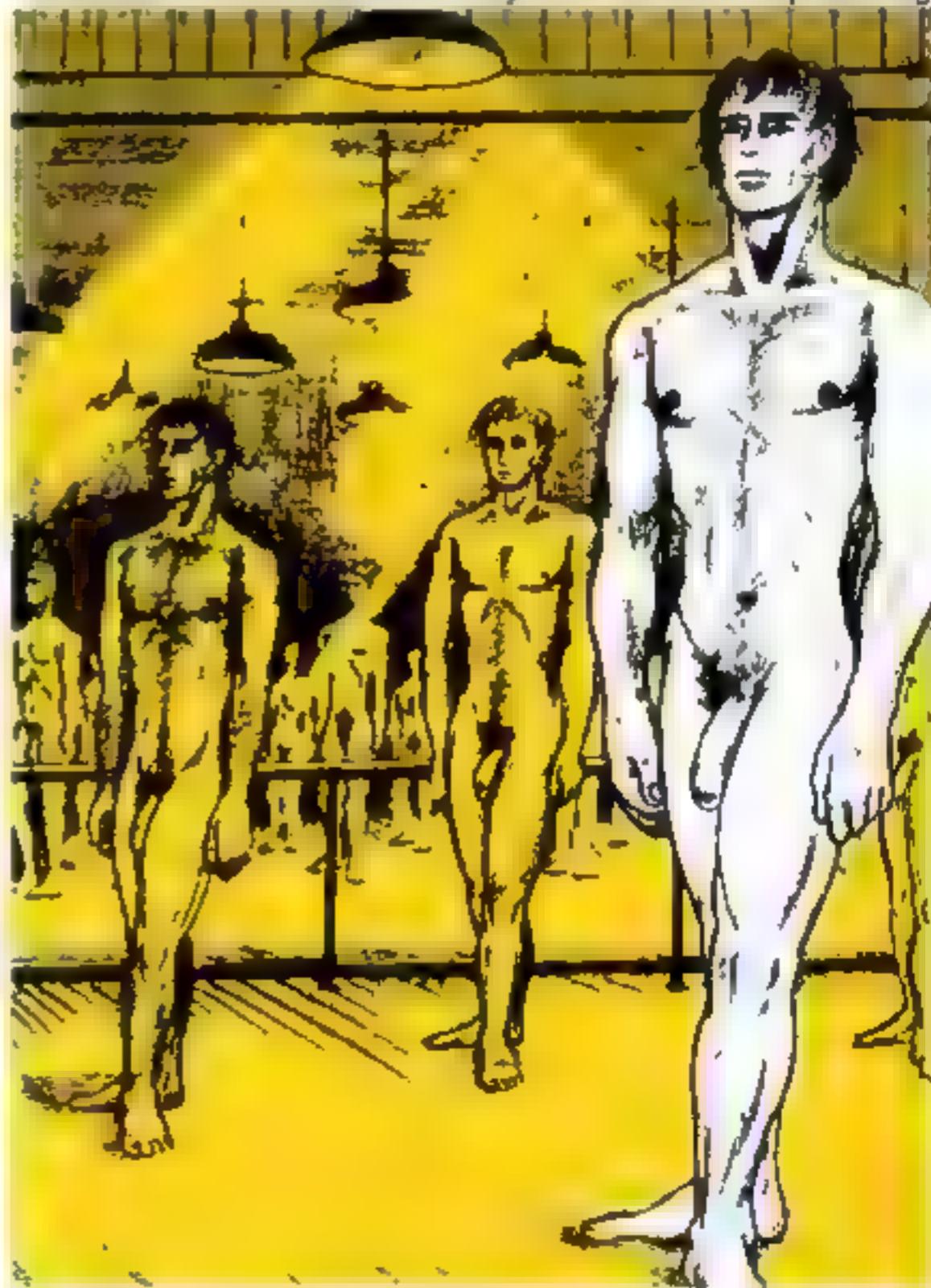
Later Anton and Petr lay in each other's arms on the wet floor of one of the new small cells. They hugged one another as tightly as their beaten muscles would allow and they both moaned softly with every moment. Petr's whole body shook uncontrollably with fear and pain and cold; he sobbed constantly. Finally both of them fell into a coma-like sleep.

During the next few weeks they were dragged repeatedly from their cells and made to service the soldiers who staffed the prison. Their mouths and asses were on call to all who wanted to use them and on occasion they were even made to service other prisoners. Usually their sexual favors were rewarded with kicks, fists, and whips. Petr grew steadily weaker. His body had been much truer than the dancer's to begin with, and he suffered greatly under the vicious treatment they received. As they clung to each other in the cell, Petr told Anton over and over that he wanted to die and by death escape the hell he was enduring. Anton tried to comfort him and was sympathetic to his feelings. But he could never tell Petr of his own emotions, because he was certain that his lover would not understand. He did not really understand himself.

He felt the same pain that Petr felt. The whips cut into his flesh, he was constantly bruised and tender. He ached from the damp and chill of the cell and he was constantly hungry after finishing their meager rations. But somehow he was enjoying the agony. He liked being the sex slave to a group of rough, mean masters. He loved the sight and smell of their bodies, he liked the taste of their cocks and asses and he even liked their kicks and slaps and punches. Petr was so totally involved with his own agony that the pleasure his lover was receiving from the same punishing situation was thankfully lost to him. Anton tried

to comfort him and when they were taken out to service their masters, Anton tried to protect him. But Petr continued to weaken until one morning, only a month or so after they had been taken prisoner, Anton awoke to find Petr cold and still in his arms. He clutched the lifeless form to him and cried. He felt greater anger toward his captors at that moment than he had yet experienced during his period of captivity. When the soldiers pried Petr's body out of his arms and dragged it away he cried as he had not under the worst punishment they had inflicted.

But for Anton life went on. Weeks stretched into months and months into years. He lost all sense of time in this dungeon where light never penetrated and where meals were provided on such an erratic schedule that they were useless for predicting



time. Occasionally he wondered what was happening in the world outside. He knew from the talk of the other prisoners that the war was now going badly for the Germans. He wondered if he had been missed. Did the others at the Theatre know what had happened to him? Did the public that loved to watch him dance know that he was now in the dungeon of their municipal castle? He doubted that they knew; he doubted that his captors knew who he was. He was not like the other captives. They were political prisoners or prisoners of war. They had all been brought to Spilberk for the same reason--torture. Spilberk was the area's interrogation center, and prisoners were not brought merely for confinement. The torture chambers were occupied nearly twenty-four hours a day. The miserable cells, built in the 15th century, were intentionally kept dark, wet, cold and full of rats and vermin. In these the prisoners rested between sessions on the rack or hanging from the strappato. Their bodies were quickly converted to living canvases of scars, welts, cuts, bruises, and burns inflicted by both new and ancient implements of pain, as

well as by bare human hands. But Anton was not interrogated. Sometimes one or more of the soldiers would use one of the torture instruments on him but no one ever bothered to ask him questions. He was not a political or war prisoner. His cell door was marked with a lavender triangle. He was merely a queer that a couple of the guys had found fucking off next to the prison and had brought in for fun. He was kept around for the same reason. He was almost the prison guards' mascot. Certainly he was their pet...a pet to be cruelly used and abused for their pleasure and gratification.

Usually he was brought to the guard room to service his captors, although they sometimes would take a quickie from him in the hall or in an empty cell. But sometimes they took him to the torture chambers to torment him for their own enjoyment or, more often, to service them while they worked on one of the regular prisoners.

One particular time stood out in his memory. An uncommonly handsome, well built American pilot was stripped and tied to the rack. Schmidt, the soldier who had flogged Petr on their first night in Spilberk, was torturing the American with hot irons. As the guards brought him into the room Anton saw the white hot metal touch the airmen's left nipple. He smelled the burning hair and scorched flesh, saw the man's handsome face contort in agony and he heard the awful shriek of pain. Schmidt ripped open his pants and pulled out his hard thick cock. Without further instruction Anton knelt before him and took the cock in his well-practiced mouth. He buried his face in Schmidt's smelly crotch and savored the hard man flesh down his throat. But in his mind's eye he retained the vision of the beautiful man writhing on the rack and this vision was reinforced by repeated shrieks as Schmidt continued his torture. Anton's cock grew erect as it always did when he was servicing one of his masters; but this time, as he pictured the tortured American and listened to his screams, he also shot his wad. It was the first time he had done that and for the first time he realized that he enjoyed the sights and sounds of tortured men almost as much as his captors. After that he would watch out from his cell as the prisoners were led to the torture chambers. If the man was particularly good looking he would be there in the dark and wait for the screams. Then he would jack himself off to the music of the man in agony.

He was so occupied on the day that it all ended as suddenly as it had begun. A tall slender Russian was led past the cell by a cord tied around his large nuts. Shortly Anton heard the creak of the strappato's winch and pictured the good looking stud hanging from his wrists. He stroked his cock as he heard the man's gasp of surprise when the winch was released and he began to fail. He heard the shriek of agony as the captive was jerked to a stop inches from the floor, wrenching his shoulders nearly from their sockets. He heard the torturer order his assistant to tie weights to the man's feet before raising him again. (Anton had learned a lot of German in his nearly three years at Spilberk.) And his cock jumped as he heard the torturer also give instructions to hang a weight from the prisoner's balls. He was so lost in his own pleasures that he did not hear the approach of the guard who was coming to get serviced. The Nazi opened the cell and saw Anton violating one of the rules by handling his own cock. He dragged the prisoner to the rack room and tied him to the ladder. Then he and another guard tightened thumbscrews onto the dancer's nuts. Anton's screams drowned out those of the Russian hanging from the strappato down the hall, until one of the guards shoved his hard, rancid cock into Anton's mouth, cutting off the screams.

The guard had just cum into Anton's throat when the room

was rocked by a rapid series of blasts. Anton felt white hot agony in his right leg and he saw the chest of the soldier who still straddled his face explode, sending bits of flesh and blood out across the room. When the echoes of the sound died, the two Nazi jailers lay dead on the floor. Anton's right leg had been shattered by the machine gun blast and a Russian soldier stood grinning in the doorway, clutching the still smoking gun. Spilberk castle had been liberated and Anton had been freed from three years of sexual slavery, but not before the Russian who had ruined his leg took his own pleasures from Anton's well trained mouth.

Months in the hospital had repaired his various minor injuries. But his splintered leg refused to mend properly. A limp remained. The blast that had freed him had also made it impossible for him to resume his career as a dancer.

Anton stood on the balcony looking at the castle as he had many times over the past thirty years. He hated the Russian who had shattered his leg more than the Nazis who had kept him a prisoner. He wondered what had happened to Schmidt. He had seen the mutilated bodies of many from the Nazi garrison, and he had heard about the death or capture of others. But he had never found out what had happened to Schmidt. He closed his eyes and again pictured the huge German, stripped to the waist flogging the bleeding back of a well built stud while Anton knelt sucking his Master's cock and relishing the tortured man's screams.

"Oh God! Please, Master Hanac. PLEASE free me! PLEASE I beg you." Jiri's screams and pleas penetrated Anton's memories. He left the balcony and returned to the room, taking delight again at the sight of the handsome naked man securely bound to the grate and obviously suffering. Jiri's screams and pleas penetrated Anton's memories. Jiri's cock still protruded stiffly from his crotch. Anton took another scoop of the burning creme and began to massage his captive's throbbing rod. His hands id over the hard meat fewer than twenty times before a wad of thick white cum shot out across the room. As he came Jiri stopped screaming and begging and only moaned softly. Anton knew that both the itching powder and the burning creme had dissipated considerably and only slight remnants of the original irritations remained. Anton slapped Jiri's face repeatedly until the bound man returned from his pain and frustration-induced delirium. His eyes focused on his tormentor, recognizing him as an entity rather than just a disembodied source of agony.

"Do you know me?" Anton asked.

"Yes Sir," Jiri answered. "You are dance master Anton Hanac. My Master."

"Do you remember the lesson you have just been taught?"

"Yes Sir, I have learned the importance of the ability to move by being prevented from doing so when I wanted to move beyond any desire I have ever felt before."

"Good," Anton said, "you have learned your lesson well. Do you also remember that you were to receive punishment and why?"

Jiri looked puzzled for a moment, then his face brightened and immediately clouded with fear. "Yes Sir," he said in a trembling voice, "I dared to have sex without your permission. For that I am to receive punishment."

"And do you know what that punishment will be?" Anton asked.

"No Sir," Jiri responded. "You are my Master; the punish-

ment is up to you."

"You are damned right it is," Anton responded sharply. "You have violated your contract with your sex. I could beat your cock and balls until they were nothing more than a bloody pulp. Do you think that would be appropriate?"

"No!" Jiri shouted with alarm. "No, Sir, please do not do that. Please leave my sex whole. I swear that I will never again use my cock without your permission. Please, I beg you, Sir, please do not beat my sex organs."

"With which other dancers have you had sex?" Anton asked. Jiri did not answer immediately and Anton picked up a short, three-tailed whip and lashed his genitals.

"No!" Jiri screamed. "I have fucked two of the women and have had sex with four of the men!"

"Which men?" Anton asked, following his question with another taste of the cat to Jiri's cock.

"Josef, Jaroslav, Frantisek, and Oldrich," Jiri answered.

"I shall deal with them later," Anton said. "I have decided not to punish you directly for this transgression."

"Thank you for your compassion. My body is racked with pain. I do not believe I would have been able to endure more. I..."

"Hold your thanks until I have finished speaking," Anton snarled. "I said that I would not punish you directly. Instead I have chosen to make it impossible for you to repeat the offense." He took what looked like a small slender-bladed knife from the drawer of the table and Jiri began to scream hysterically. As Anton gripped his penis he had visions of his severed genitals lying on the floor. He felt the sharp instrument pierce his flesh and his screams became even more virulent. His cock burned in agony. His voice gave out and his wildest attempts to scream only resulted in hoarse whispers. He gave way to uncontrolled

sobbing.

Anton called the hysterical man's name several times before he responded. When Jiri became aware of his surroundings again he was reluctant to look down at his crotch, fearing what he would see, or rather what he would not see there. Anton stood some distance away looking at him and speaking gently and soothingly. "I have not maimed you, Jiri. I have only fixed it so you cannot have sex without my permission. You are still capable of using your cock on men and women. But only after I have unlocked it."

Jiri finally gathered the courage to look at himself and was surprised to find that the source of his pain was two small holes on either side of his foreskin. Through the holes passed the hasp of a small padlock. His cock was literally locked closed.

"The pain you feel is mainly from the sting of the antiseptic I used to cleanse the wound. In a few hours it will not hurt much. In a few days it will not hurt at all. But it will be effective in seeing that you do not again violate your contract agreement in that way. You must move the hasp of the padlock back and forth frequently until the holes heal. This lock has adorned some great dancers before you."

Jiri looked surprised at this last comment, and Anton explained that his violation was not unique and that others before had worn this same padlock or others like it, and for the same reason.

The dance master untied his pupil, and, when his limbs were strong enough, sent him to the showers to remove the last vestiges of the powder and creme and the ample layer of his own perspiration that his ordeal had produced. When he had dressed and left, the dance master headed for bed after again looking up the hill at the castle. ■

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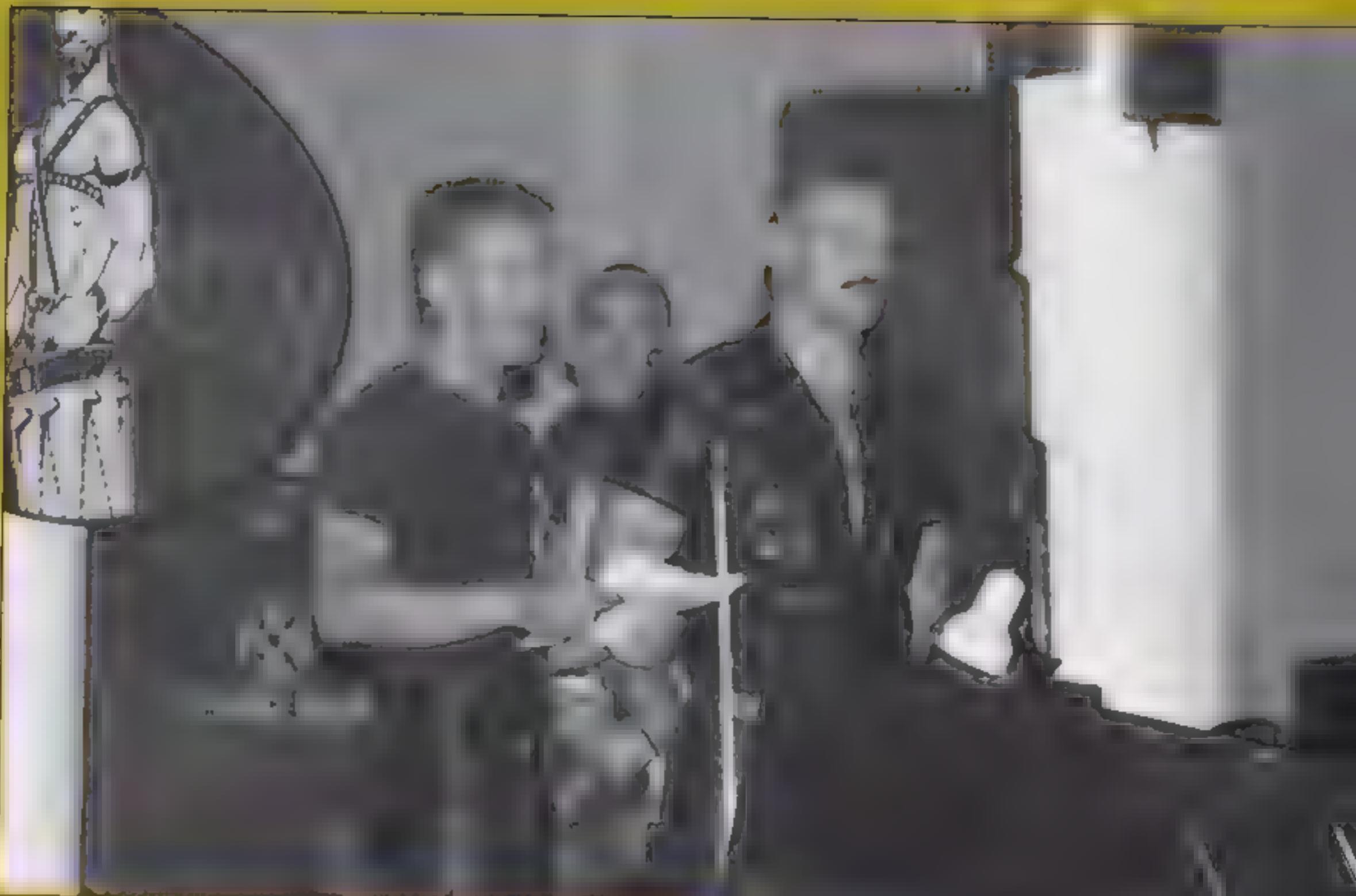
European MR. DRUMMERS



Two European countries sent national Mr. Drummers to the Finals last Fall, and both of them did very well. Mr. Germany Drummer, Christian Dreesen, was chosen Mr. Europe Drummer. And Mr. United Kingdom Drummer, Glenn Marsh, was awarded the *Golden Whip*, an honor given by the other finalists to the contestant they feel has contributed most to the spirit of the ensemble during the trying days surrounding the Finals.

Christian and Glenn seemed to get along nicely from the very beginning. At left here, the two European titleholders are taking a break together. Below left, Christian gives Glenn some lip and, below right, Glenn returns the favor.

(All photos on this page are by Satyr.)



Language was definitely an issue for Mr. Germany Drummer, Christian Dreesen. But, it was not a problem: His lover, Carsten, was travelling with him, and heroically translating everything. Imagine translating the kinds of things photographers, event producers and backstage assistants *have* to say to Mr. Drummer finalists.

Above, Carsten translates Christian's Finals speech. At right, Christian speaks the universal language of leather title contests.

(Photos this page are by J. C. Collins)



CHRISTIAN DREESEN

Mr. Europe Drummer

Christian Dreesen competed in the Mr. Drummer Finals as Mr. Deutschland Drummer. He is from what we so recently thought of as West Berlin, but he arrived representing *all* of Germany. He is 34 years old, 182 centimeters tall, and weighs 85 kilograms. He was sponsored by Connection Bar, Berlin, and Marathon Films, Los Angeles.

Christian works as a cook and enjoys body building, wrestling, running and reading both science fiction and romances. He has worked very hard with the Connection Bar to "bring the Jesse Helms issues to Berlin" and to support the Philip Morris boycott. His work resulted in the banning of Marlboro in many Berlin bars. He has also worked on the Christopher Street Day Committee and has been able to secure cars for the parade so that "everyone doesn't have to be a foot soldier."

After attempting to climb over the Berlin Wall, Christian was imprisoned in East Germany. He escaped his confinement and eventually got into the West, and was there the day The Wall came down.

As Mr. Germany Drummer and Mr. Europe Drummer, Christian intends to continue working for the "actual freedom of the gay and leather communities of the eastern part of Germany, and to educate people in the Western lifestyle in order to bring about a unity between the US and European gay communities."

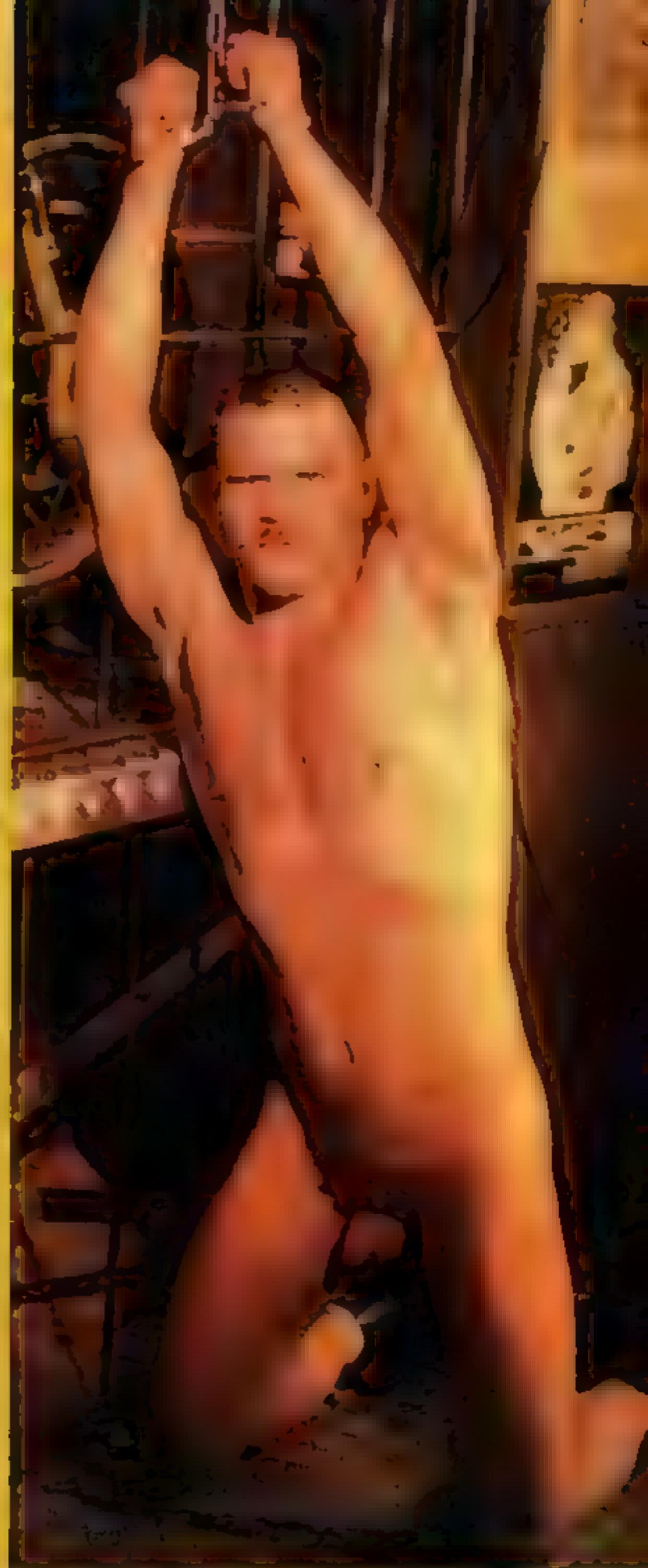
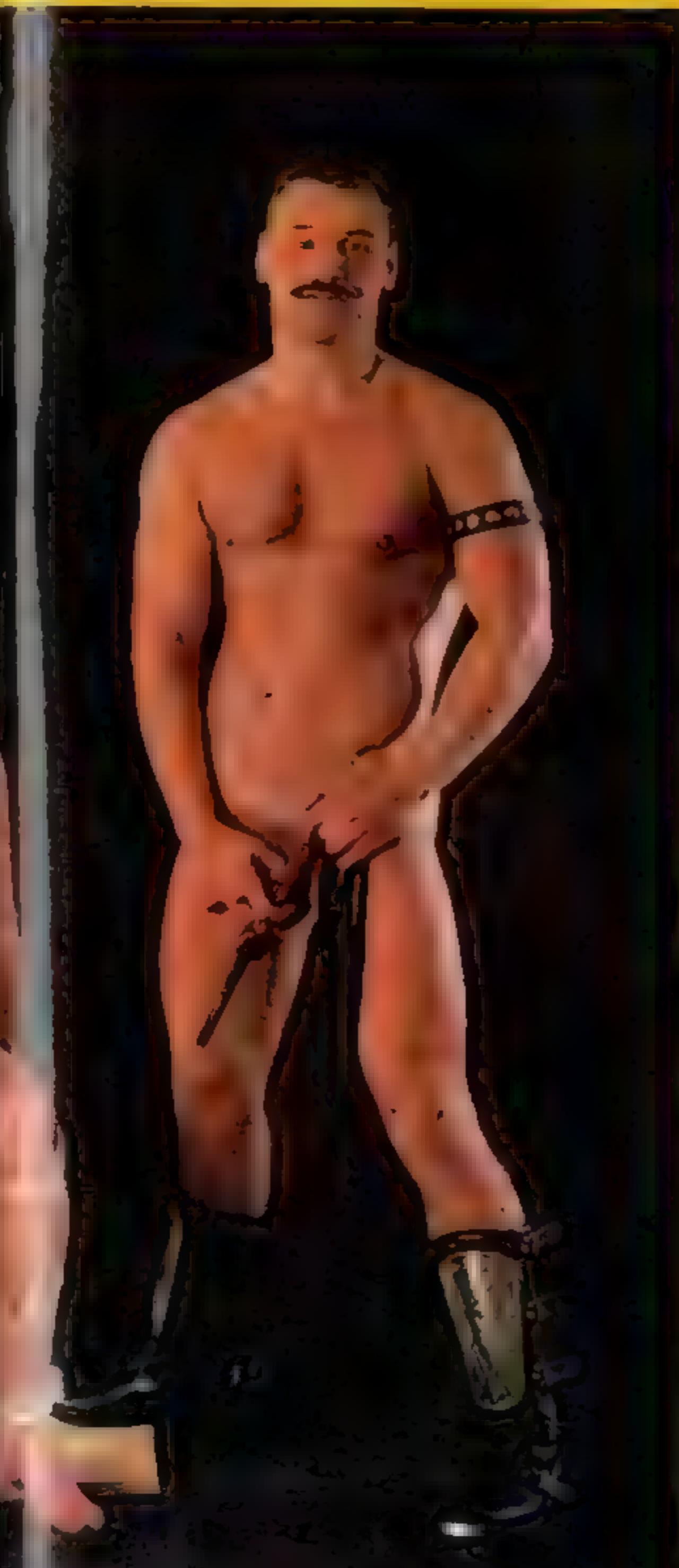
(The photo on this page is a still from one of Marathon Films' forthcoming "Bound for Europe" videos.)

Color Photographs of
Christian Dreesen
on Pages 48 and 49 are
by S. Savage.



TOP &

(photo by S. Savage)

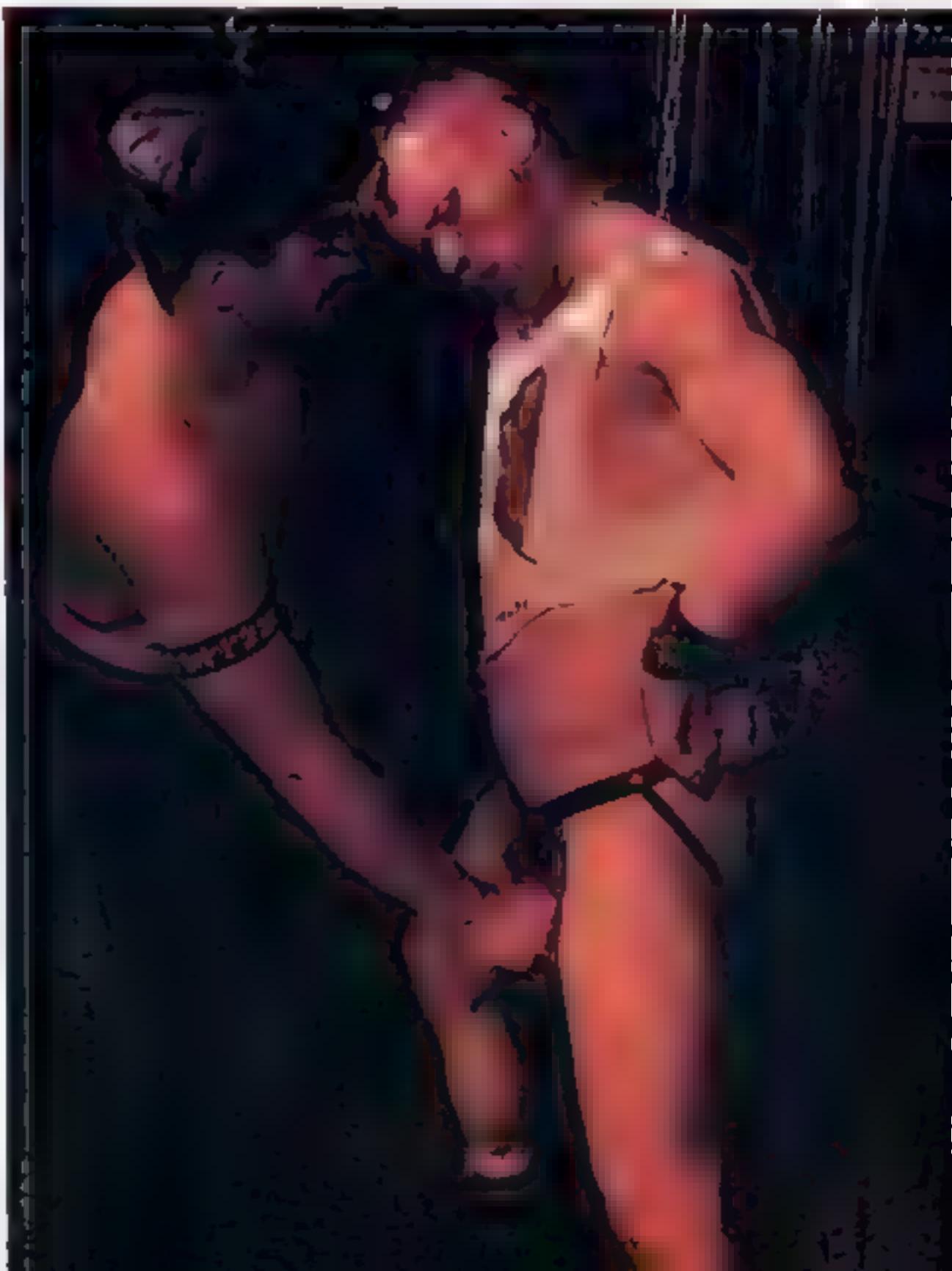


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(photo by Marathon Films)

CHRISTIAN DREESSEN

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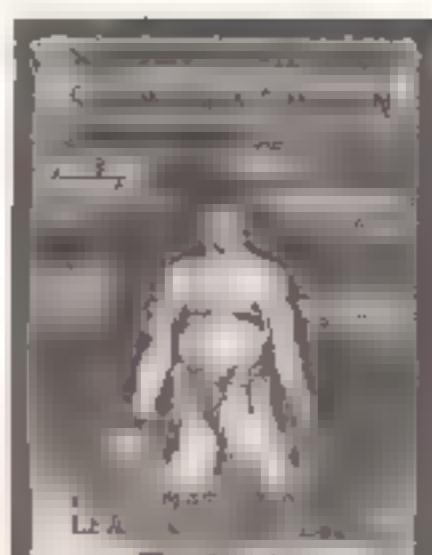
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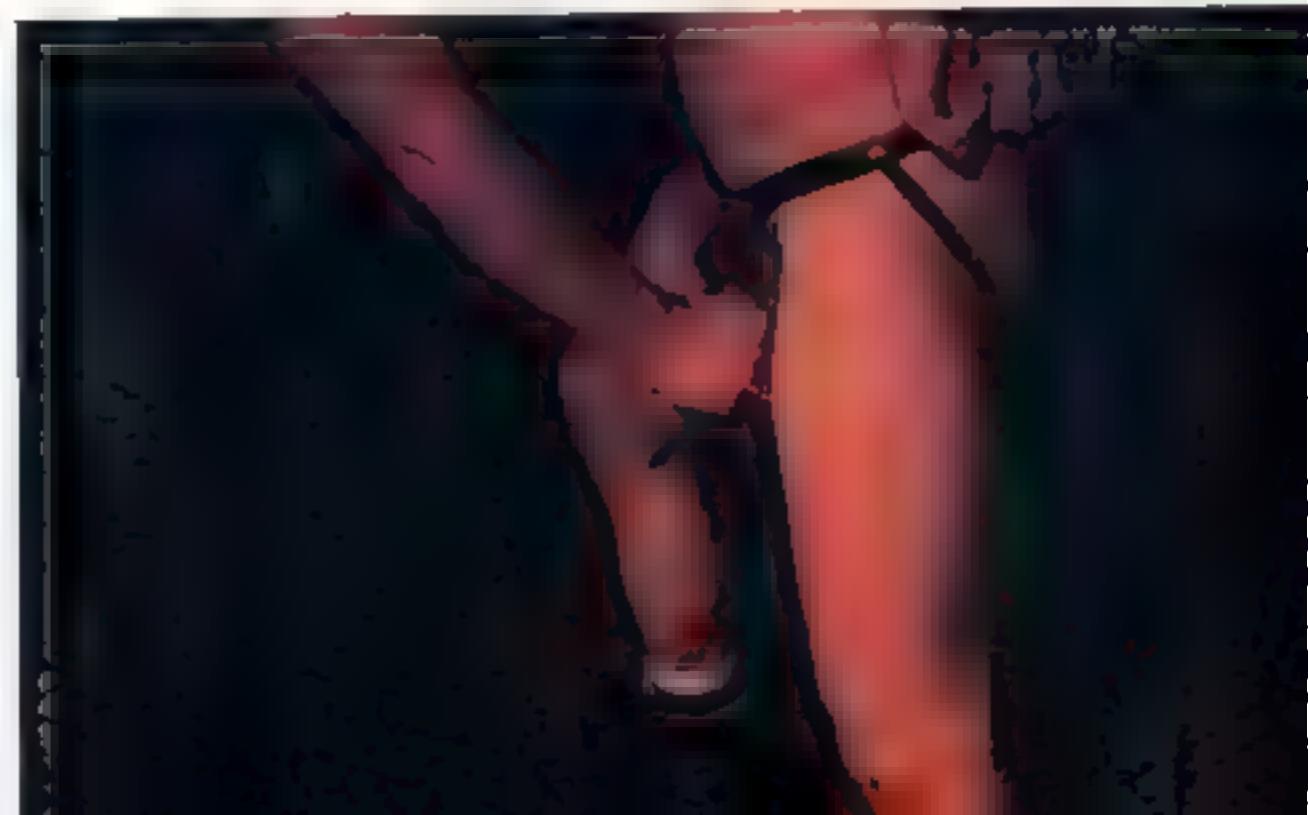
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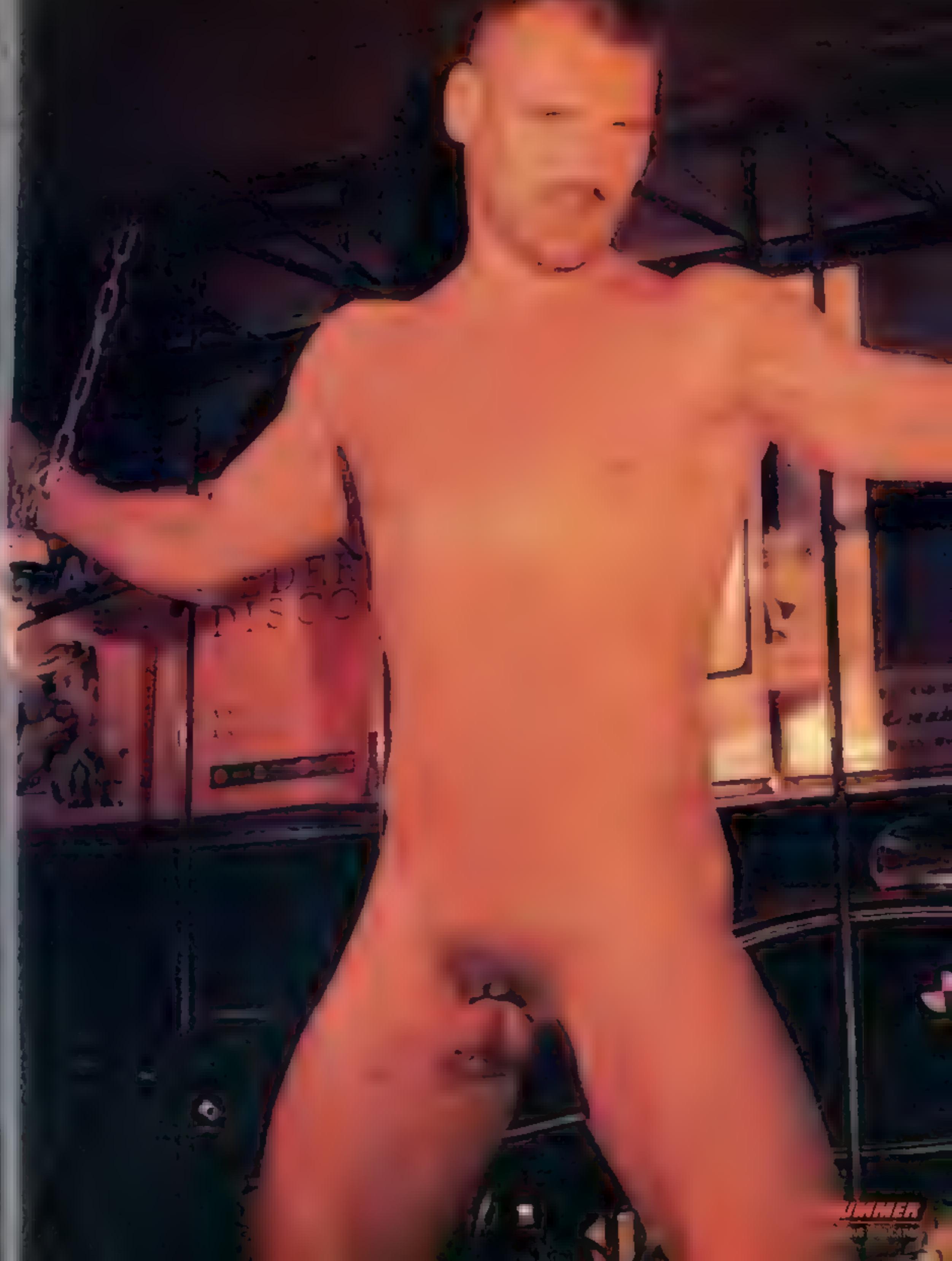


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GLENN MAHAN

Mr. U.K. Drummer
Photos by Jim Wigler







GLENN MARSH

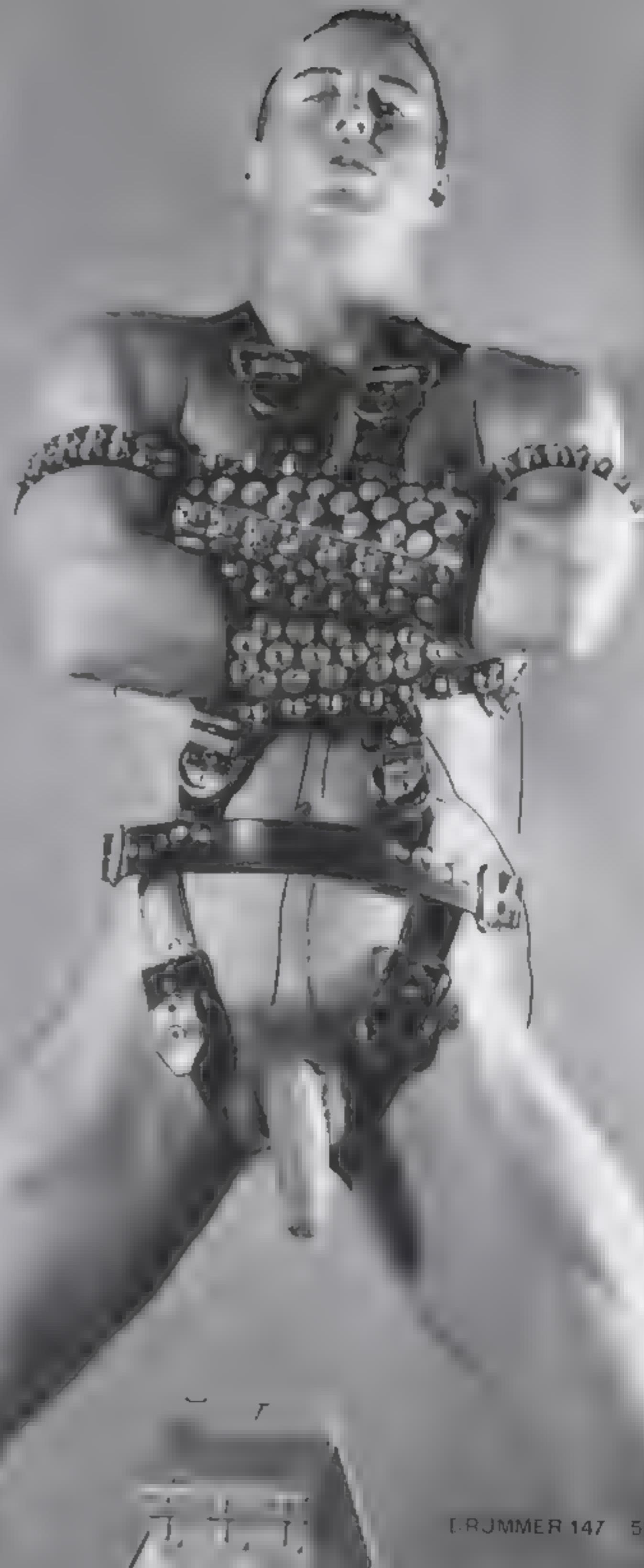
Mr. UK Drummer

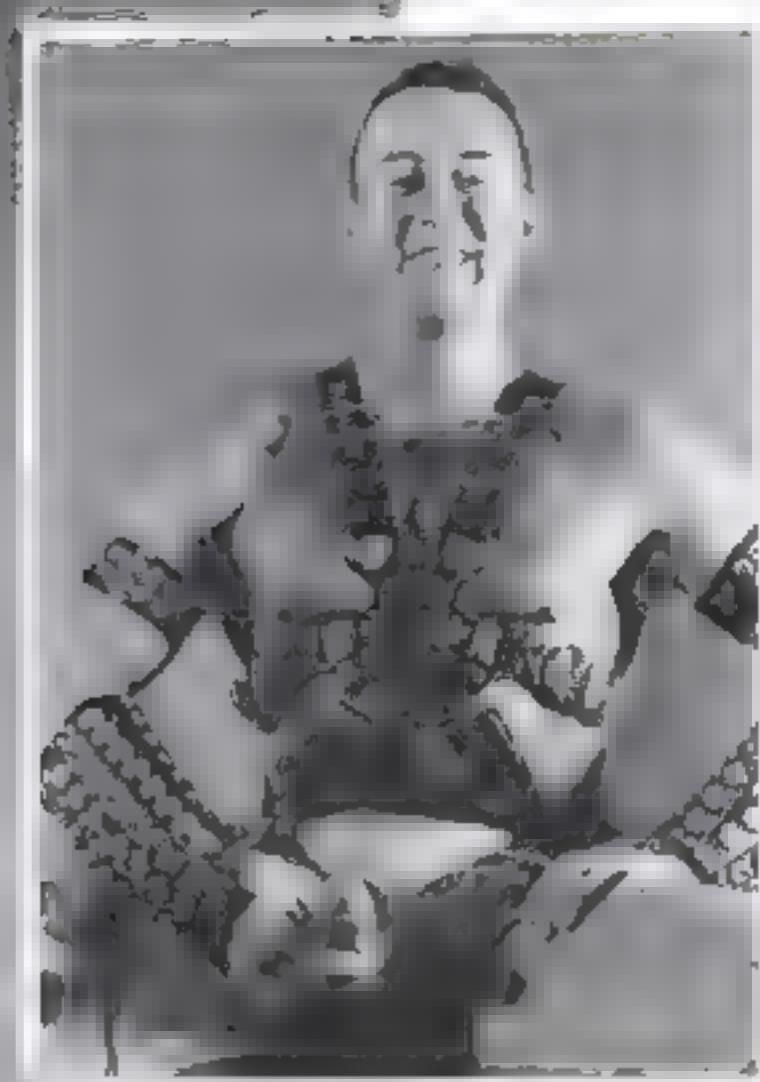
As the first-ever Mr. United Kingdom Drummer, Glenn Marsh has his work cut out for him. The leather/SM community in his country, along with just about everyone else who is at all overtly sexual, is taking a non-consensual beating of the sort Jesse Helms would like to see happening in the US. Just what a leather titleholder can do under the repressive conditions that exist in England remains to be seen, but no one doubts that Glenn is the man for the job.

Glenn is 27 years old, six feet tall, and weighs 190 well-packed pounds. His eyes are blue and he smiles very, very easily. He has a degree in physical training.

Mr. UK Drummer's sponsors were *H.I.M. Magazine* and *Expectations* (rubber and leather gear) in London and Marathon Films, Los Angeles.

Glenn says his goal as a titleholder is "to promote a healthy, sexual image of gay leathermen in the 1990s."





Vancouver Activists in Sado-Masochism

I have been asked by the Board of Directors of the Vancouver Activists in Sado-Masochism (V.A.S.M.) to respond to the article in Issue 143 of *Drummer* magazine, that appeared in the Leather Bulletin Board on page 67 with respect to a proposed name change.

At the Annual General Meeting, mentioned in your article, the following motion was put forward: TO RETAIN THE NAME VANCOUVER ACTIVISTS IN SAZO-MASOCHISM AND TO RETAIN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE VANCOUVER ACTIVISTS IN SAZO-MASOCHISM AND TO NOT ACCEPT THE NAME VANCOUVER ASSOCIATION OF SAFE MEN AND TO NOT ACCEPT THE CONSTITUTION OF THE VANCOUVER ASSOCIATION OF SAFE MEN.

That motion passed by 80% of the membership present on Sunday October 7, 1990 at that annual General Meeting. The name Vancouver Association of Safe Men was never registered in Victoria, B.C., due to the fact the original document did not have the required five Board Member signatures. The name died on the order paper on August 16, 1990.

Thanks to the hard work of some concerned members in V.A.S.M., the issue was brought to the Membership at the Annual General Meeting and was dealt with in a fair, democratic Manner.

I am very pleased to announce that we continue to go by the name, the Vancouver Activists in Sado-Masochism.

At this time, I would like to thank you for running that article. It may well serve as a reminder to other organizations to thoroughly investigate the problems that incorporation may bring on.

Until we started to thoroughly look into the Society Act of B.C., how did we realize the problems that were ahead of us.

Thank you also for publishing an excellent, much needed magazine. The "community" is served well by *Drummer* Magazine and I personally always look forward to reading it...when we can get it in Canada.

James C. Lemo, Secretary, V.A.S.M.

Centaur's Leather Weekend & Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather

Once again, the Centaur Motorcycle Club (Washington, DC) has outdone itself with its January presentation, which has become the most satisfying event of its kind in this country. The weekend is a masterpiece of organization which starts with the famous Leather Cocktails on Saturday night. This is a buffet supper of wonderful food (including a whole roast pig,

thank you) beautifully presented amid elaborate, man-sized ice sculptures of centaur figures and other heroic but tasteful decor—and drinks are on the club! Yes, food and drink for 1000...I was impressed.

After supper, the Centaurs swarm to clear all away and the evening continues with a presentation of representatives from all clubs present—this year 79 clubs were represented at the event from the US and five other countries. Following this, the Centaurs remembered their own with a recitation of names from their Memorial banner. Next the assembled company witnessed the Centaur rite in which the outgoing officers passed the flame of leadership to the newly elected men who will be responsible for guiding the Club through the following year—very classy, indeed.

Saturday evening ended with a presentation of the contestants for the Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather title, and this year, the audience got their first peek at the 19 men who would vie for the most coveted regional title in the US.

The Sunday afternoon/evening contest is brought to life through the able talents of director Al Santora and the dedicated efforts of the entire club membership who seem to work together like a fine Swiss watch. Between the various presentations by the contestants, the audience was treated to several production numbers—all very well done, funny and entertaining, and the impressive vocal talents of Debbie Jacob Rock.

Although there is talk of a small price increase in coming years, this year all this cost a mere \$25 for both nights! From my point of view, the weekend is worth twice that much because the Centaurs don't miss a trick. The event is classy, simply spectacular and gives one time to spend seeing Washington, DC during the day. Lastly, the hottest men in the Atlantic states flock to this event to make it the best mid-winter hunting available anywhere.

It happens over the Martin Luther King long weekend in January. Washington National Airport is the more convenient one to use, and the events are centrally located. Write to the Centaurs and get on their mailing list for next year if you want a real treat. Many without advance tickets were turned away, so plan ahead!

Gary Baldwin

1991 International Ms Leather

International Ms Leather, Inc. is pleased to announce our fifth annual International Ms Leather Contest to be held on Saturday, March 23, 1991 from 3-8pm at Club Townsend, 177 Townsend St. San Francisco, CA.

International Ms Leather, Inc. is a California non-profit corporation whose purpose is to sponsor and organize fundraising events and

community activities while educating and informing the public regarding a positive image of the leather/SM/fetish lifestyle(s). Each year at the annual contest, a woman is chosen to represent IMsL at events, both local and international, as a positive role model of the leather lifestyle(s).

The contest is open to all leatherwomen, regardless of affectional preference, race, religious or spiritual beliefs, or political affiliations. Women from all walks of life and all corners of the globe are invited to participate.

The contest will feature the hilarious and much-acclaimed Lamar VanDyke as emcee, as well as entertainment and fantasy performances of the IMsL contestants themselves for a very enjoyable evening. On Friday night there will be a wine and beer and soda bust at the SF Eagle, 12th and Harrison. This will be the first opportunity for the public to meet the 1991 contestants.

Our host hotel for the event is the Travelodge Central at Market and Valencia Streets in SF. Travel arrangements may be made through the Navigator Travel Service. Contact John Smith at 415-964-0401. For further contest information contact Sky (415-871-0350) or Joy (415-282-1118).

PANTHEON OF LEATHER: 1991

The Leather Journal hosted the first Pantheon of Leather Awards Ceremony on Saturday January 26 in Los Angeles. Hundreds of leather notables from around North America were on hand and many served as presenters of the awards.

The Pantheon of Leather Awards were designed to honor those individuals, clubs, organizations and businesses which have worked very hard to make the community what it is today. *The Leather Journal* began honoring deserving men and women in 1988 when Barry Douglas and Cookie Andrews-Hunt were given the first Man of the Year and Woman of the Year awards. In 1989 Judy Trillwing McCarthy and Shan Carr were co-winners of the Women of the Year, Alan Selby was Man of the Year and a new award, Club of the Year was awarded to the Rocky Mountaineers Motorcycle Club of Denver, Colorado. 1990 saw another award, Business/Business Person of the Year which was presented to Tony DeBlase of *Drummer* magazine. Dustin Logan was Man of the Year, Jan Lyon was chosen Woman of the Year and the Club of the Year was the Gay Male S/M Activists of New York City. All of the above choices were the final decision of David Rhodes, founder, publisher and editor of *The Leather Journal*.

This year *The Leather Journal* published a nomination form in the July/August issue and mailed out a similar nomination form to subscribers with the September/October issue. The response was overwhelming with 134 different nominees in the various categories. A selection panel of three individuals (Dustin Logan, Jan Lyon, and Guy Baldwin) contributed to the final decision. Furthermore, the accounting firm of Allen E. Steele tabulated the selection panel's decisions and only that company knew the names of the winners prior to the awards ceremony. Two of the awards used a different selection procedure. The Readers' Choice Award went to the person who had the most

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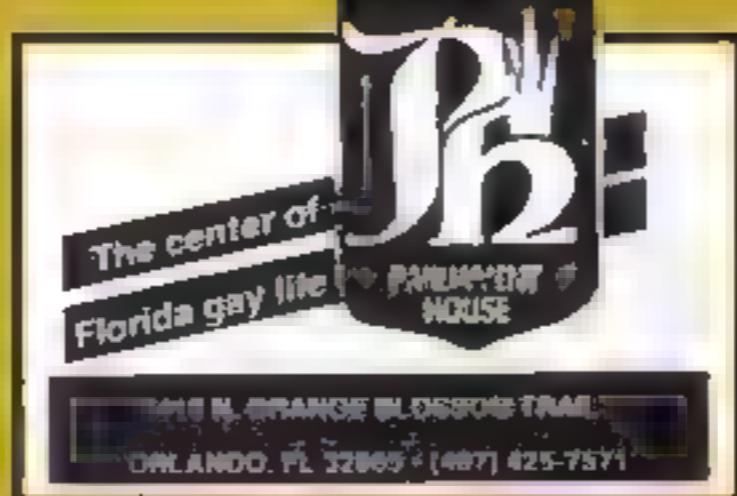
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081-981-5812



CLUBS: EUROPE

Club names marked with an asterisk (*) are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names marked with a question mark in square brackets (?) have had mail returned from the address previously listed. If you can provide a correction, please do so.

(SM) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in SM. (W) indicates a women's leather SM club. (Mixed SM) indicates an SM club that includes men and women, hetero-homo- and bisexual. (JO) indicates men's just off or masturbation clubs. (FL) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc. (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national, or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster they may or may not have periodic meetings. (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national, or international, membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's Leather-leather-motorcycle or social clubs. (O) indicates those organizations that we want to list which do not fit into any of the above categories. If any club wishes to change the way it is listed please let us know.

Send new listings or changes to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

Beat Ruedi, Secretary of EMC, has polled the clubs in Europe and solicited much of the information for this listing. We appreciate his assistance.

INTERNATIONAL

European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs
c/o Loge 70 (Schweiz)
Box 725
CH - 8008 Zurich
Switzerland

AUSTRIA

CFLM
Kunigsgasse 18/2/28
A - 1030 Wien

LMC Vienna
c/o Bepp Engelmaier
Waaggasse 5 / 10
A-1040 Wien

BELGIUM

Doornroosje (Mixed SM)
Postbus 448
B-9000 Ghent 1

LMC Belgium
c/o Big Noise
Rue du Marché au Charbon 44

DENMARK

A-Men's Club Aarhaus
Postbox 370
DK-8100 Aarhus C
Ph 86 10 10 88

SLM Copenhagen
Schecksgade 8, Kld. 1b
DK-1365 Copenhagen K

SMU (Mixed SM)
Sørgenfrigade 807
DK-2200 Copenhagen N

FINLAND

MSC Finland
PL 48
SF - 00531 Helsinki

S&M Group (Mixed SM)
c/o SE Tary
Töölön linja 10
SF - 00550 Helsinki 55

FRANCE

c/o Jean Pierre Camelin
ASMF Paris, Siège
Social
Résidence La Mésangère
Rue de Reuilly 117
F-75012 Paris
Daumesnil

CLEF (FN) (Spanking)
B P 22
49530 Lire, France

MCRA
B P 4545
F-69241 Lyon Ced. 04

GERMANY

Bart, Inc.
Cheruskerstr. 47
D-4400 Münster

Black Angels Cologne
Address Confidential

FLC (Frankfurt
Leder Club)
c/o Hans-Jasper Müller
Gr. Friedbergerstr. 19
D-6000 Frankfurt 1

GLSM (Gruppe
Leder SM)
Postfach 32 34 48
D-2000 Hamburg 13

LC Stuttgart e. V.
c/o Jürgen Mack
Postfach 13 12 16
D-7000 Stuttgart 1

LFRR Essen
c/o Bar GO IN
Steelerstrasse 83
D - 4300 Essen

LM Düsseldorf
c/o Ali Dahlitz
Charlottenstrasse 49
D-4000 Düsseldorf 1

MS Panther Köln e. V.
c/o H. J. Mueller
Postfach 5163
D-4520 Castrop-Rauxel

MSC Berlin e. V.
Postfach 30 39 69
D-1000 Berlin 30

MSC Hamburg e. V.
Postfach 30 38 63
D-2000 Hamburg 38

MSC Hannover e. V.
Postfach 4149
D-3000 Hannover 1

MUC München e. V.
Postfach 300 163
D-8000 Munich 33

MSC Rhein Main
Frankfurt
c/o Horst Puepke
Mühldheimer Str. 10
D-6000 Frankfurt/Main
06

MSC Südwest
Postfach 1105
D-7800 Freiburg

MSC Viking Köln
Postfach 80 05 23
D-5000 Köln 80

NLC Franken
Humboldtstrasse 136
D-8500 Nuernberg

NLC Munich
Address Confidential

ICELAND

MSC Iceland
PO Box 5321
IS-125 Reykjavik

ITALY

LMC Milano
c/o Roberto Beccato
Via Abate Raimondi
I - San Giorgio su Legnano
Milano

LMC Firenze
PO Box 538
I - 50100 Florence

LMC Torino
c/o Gustavo Ignato
Piazza Repubblica 3
I - 10100 Torino

NETHERLANDS

MS Amsterdam
Address Confidential

MS Rotterdam
Postbus 22184
N - 3000 DD Rotterdam

MSC Utrecht
Postbus 435
NL - 6040 AK Roermond

The Rurals MC
██████████
NL - 6040 AK Roermond

Schlechte Nieden (W)
Postbus 201
NL - 11 10 AE Dieren

VSM (Mixed SM)
att. Werkgroep Vrouwen
en SM
Postbus 3570
NL - 1001 AJ Amsterdam

NORWAY

SM Norway (Mixed SM)
Box 3456
Bjølsen
N - 0400 Oslo 4

SLM Oslo
Postboks 703
Bentrum
N - 0108 Oslo 1

SWEDEN

Club Sunrise (Mixed SM)
Box 898
S - 53118 Lidingö

SLM Malmö
Box 172
S - 20212 Malmö

SLM Stockholm
Box 9238
S - 10273 Stockholm

SWITZERLAND

Black Panthers Club
Case Postale 204
CH - 1010 Lausanne

LOGE 70 (SCHWEIZ)
Postfach 725
CH - 8025 Zurich

MSC Suisse Romande
B. P. 3343
CH - 1002 Lausanne

UNITED KINGDOM

BLMS
PO Box 832
GB - Bournemouth, Dorset
BH4 9HZ

DSSM (Mixed SM)
Box BCM DSSM
GB - London WC1N 3XX

East Anglia Bikers
c/o BA Fishpool Street
St Albans
GB - Herts AL3 4RS

Essex Leather
PO Box 184
GB - Westcliff-on-Sea
Essex SS0 7EB

Glasgow/Edinburgh
Wrestling Club (FL)
c/o Jim Whithead
51 Albert Ave, Crosshill
GB - Glasgow G42 9RA

The London Blues
c/o QA Fishpool St.
St Albans
GB - Herts AL3 4RS

London Boxing &
Wrestling Club (FL)
c/o John Gibbons
443 Whitehall Rd.
08 - Bristol, BS5 7BX

Motivation (Mixed SM)
PO Box 19
Pangbourne
GB - Reading RG8 8WY

MSC East Merse
c/o Leicester Place
24 Dryden St
GB - Leicester

MSC Hellamahine
c/o The Albert Inn
Butcherland St
GB - Sheffield S4 7WG

MSC London
B. M. Box 6370
GB - London WC1N 3XX

Midland Link

PO Box 1508
Castle Bromwich
GB - Birmingham B38
08

MSC Manchester Super-
chain
c/o Nigel Griffith
26 Kensington Road,
Chorlton
GB - Manchester M211GN

MSC North East
10 Margaret Terrace
Highfield
GB - Rowlands Gill
Tyne & Wear NE38 2NG

MSC Scotland
PO Box 28 H.P.O.
GB - Edinburgh EH3 5JL

MSC Severn Link
c/o Oasis Club
14 Park Row
GB - Bristol

RMC London
BCM / RMC
GB - London WC1N 3XX

SM Gays (SM)
BM SM Gays
GB - London WC1N 3XX

SNC London
B.M. Box 89 SNC
GB - London WC1N 3XX

Sussex Lancers MSC
PO Box 890
GB - Brighton BN2 2DA

Organization listings for North America (A-L) will appear in the next issue of Drummer. Listings for North America (M-Z) will appear in the issue following that.

MARCH

13 ■ End Games (finishing a scene)/ GMSMA/ NYC
 ■ Mtg/ Dreizahn/ Ramrod, Boston, MA
 ■ Anny Social/ NLA/ Metro NY/ NYC
 13-18 ■ Equinox at Parliament House, Orlando Entre Nous
 14 ■ Bar N/ Trident/ RI/ Galaxy, Providence
 15 ■ Rope & Other Strands class/ QSM/ Lone Star, San Francisco
 ■ Club N/ Beer Town Badgers/ Boot Camp Saloon, Milwaukee, WI
 ■ Bar N/ Leather United/ AA Meet Market, Chicago
 15-17 ■ Run/ Conductors L/ Nashville, TN
 ■ Rites of the Full Moon/ ASMF/ Paris
 18 ■ Mtg/ Chicagoland Discussion Group/ CHC Clubhouse, Chicago, IL
 ■ Club Night Out/ Tradesmen/ Charlotte, NC
 ■ Party/ The 15/ San Francisco
 ■ Bar N/ Hartford Colts/ The Pub, Springfield
 17 ■ MR. CENTRAL FLORIDA DRUMMER/ Conquistadors MC/ Orlando, FL
 ■ Ropework: A Hands-on Workshop/ QSM/ Lone Star, San Francisco
 ■ Brunch Seattle Men in Leather/ Encore
 ■ St. Patrick's Day Beer Bust/ Trident Int'l Los Angeles/ Griff's, Hollywood
 18 ■ Founder's Night/ Eulenspiegel/ New York City
 ■ Party/ Melbound/ Melbourne, Australia
 19 ■ Groups, Whips, & Chains/ GMSMC/ Philadelphia PA
 20 ■ Bar N/ Vanguard/ Bike Stop, Philadelphia, PA
 ■ Bar N/ NLA, Houston/ Venture Inn
 21 ■ Ropes Bondage Milwaukee Bondage Club
 ■ Gen Meeting/ NLA, Metro NY/ NYC
 22 ■ MR. SOUTHWEST DRUMMER/ The Bum Steer, Phoenix
 ■ Bondage party/ WCBC/ Chicago
 22-24 ■ SKVdC Frühjahrssitzung/ LC Stuttgart/ Stuttgart, Germany
 22-26 ■ 8th Birthday Party/ Manchester SPRDN/ Manchester, England
 23 ■ International Ms Leather Contest/ San Francisco
 ■ Mtg/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee, WI
 ■ Meeting/ NLA, Atlanta/ Atlanta, GA
 25 ■ SM Fashion Show/ Eulenspiegel/ NYC
 26 ■ Novice Night/ Eulenspiegel/ New York City
 ■ Fetish Night/ ORGASM/ Re-Bar, Portland, OR
 ■ Meeting/ NY Bondage Club/ The Hangout/ NYC
 27 ■ Erotic Readings/ GMSMA/ New York, NY
 ■ Program Meeting/ Avatar/ Los Angeles
 28 ■ Joint Club Easter Run/ Jackaroos, Melbourne
 ■ Bar Night/ Foot Friends Julius, New York City
 ■ Cigar Night/ Hot Ash/ The Lone Star, San Francisco, CA
 28-4/1 ■ Berlin, Berlin/ MSC Berlin/ Berlin, Germany
 29 ■ MR. LOS ANGELES DRUMMER, Jock Strap & Drummerboy Contest/ Griff's, LA
 29-4/1 ■ Rip & Tear Night/ Sussex Lancers/ Brighton
 ■ Corinemungle Prison Farm Run/ Jackaroos MC & Cruisers MC/ Victoria, Australia
 30 ■ MR. LOS ANGELES DRUMMER Finals/ Circus Dance Club/ Los Angeles, CA
 ■ 6th Anny/ Texas Renegades/ Houston
 ■ Oxford goes Rubber/ RMC/ London, England
 ■ Easter Party/ SLM Copenhagen, Denmark
 ■ Bar N/ Tridents of Central MA/ Mall Box, Worcester, MA
 30-31 ■ MR. GERMANY DRUMMER/ The Connection Bar, Berlin

APRIL

1 ■ SM Thru the Ages/ Eulenspiegel/ New York City
 ■ Meeting/ NLA, Dallas/ Dallas
 ■ Bar N/ Grilling/ Renaissance, Wilmington, DE
 3 ■ SM Univ/ CHC/ AA Meet Market, Chicago, IL
 ■ Social/ NLA, Metro NY/ NYC
 ■ Bar N/ NLA, Houston/ Venture Inn
 ■ Bondage: Leather, Steel & Wood/ QSM/ Lone Star, San Francisco
 ■ Meeting/ NLA, Houston/ C&N Restaurant
 5 ■ April Fools Club N/ Tradesmen/ Brass Rail, Charlotte, NC
 5-7 ■ 17th Anny/ Shipmates/ Baltimore, MD
 6 ■ MR. N. FLORIDA DRUMMER/ VIP Services Ltd, Jacksonville, FL
 ■ Meeting/ GMSMC/ Bike Stop, Philadelphia
 ■ Bar N/ Thunderbolts MC/ The Brook, Westport
 ■ Meeting/ Sigma/ Washington, DC
 ■ Humiliation discussion/ Eulenspiegel/ NYC
 9 ■ Meeting/ NY Bondage Club/ The Hangout/ NYC
 ■ Temporary Piercing/ GMSMA/ NYC, NY
 ■ Mtg/ Dreizahn/ Ramrod, Boston, MA
 ■ Bar N/ Tridents of RI/ Galaxy, Providence

12 ■ Rubber Night/ Sussex Lancers/ Brighton, England
 12-14 ■ Scream Break/ NLA San Francisco Bay Area
 ■ Discipline VI/ Disciples of deSade/ Dallas, TX
 ■ Do A Fool/ Tribe MC/ Detroit, MI
 ■ Mt. Missouri Leather Contest/ Gateway MC/ St Louis, MO
 13 ■ Inferno N/ Chicago Hellfire Club Clubhouse
 ■ Pre-Tax Deadline Party/ Trident Int'l Los Angeles/ Griff's, Hollywood
 ■ Ripped Lewis contest/ Trident Int'l Los Angeles/ Griff's, Hollywood
 ■ Mt. New Orleans Leather Contest/ Lords of Leather/ New Orleans, LA
 ■ Rope Decadent/ NLA, Virginia/ Richmond Party, Leathernecks/ San Francisco
 ■ Meeting/ NY Bondage Club/ The Hangout/ NYC
 ■ Bar N/ for ALUA/ Rangers/ LSS, Cleveland, OH
 ■ Bar N/ Menamore LL/ Mickey Ratz, Wilmington, NC
 ■ Construction Men Party/ Chains, Cologne
 ■ Dungeons & Castles of Europe Tour/ Travel Keys Tours
 13-5/3 ■ University Men in Leather/ Encore
 ■ Leather Hunt/ Victorian Melbourne, Australia
 ■ Meeting/ NLA, So. Florida/ Miami
 ■ Bar N/ Mansfield Bucks/ Peoria, Burlington, VT
 ■ Bar N/ Tridents of RI/ Outlaw Providence, RI
 ■ Hole Playing vs Lifestyle Eulenspiegel/ NYC
 ■ 'Wheel of Fortune' & 'SM Jeopardy'/ GM/ MC/ Philadelphia PA
 17 ■ Bar N/ Vanguard/ Bike Stop, Philadelphia, PA
 ■ Bar N/ NLA, Houston/ Venture Inn, Houston
 18 ■ Gen Meeting/ NLA, Metro NY/ NYC
 19 ■ Club N/ Beer Town Badgers/ Boot Camp Saloon, Milwaukee, WI
 19-21 ■ Mr. Tennessee Leather Contest/ Pipeline, Memphis
 ■ Mr. Tri-State Cowboy Contest/ Griffins MC & Renaissance Bar, Wilmington, DE
 20 ■ Mtg/ Chicagoland Discussion Group/ CHC Clubhouse, Chicago, IL
 ■ Club Night Out/ Tradesmen/ Charlotte, NC
 ■ Party/ The 15/ San Francisco
 ■ Bar N/ Hartford Colts/ The Pub/ Springfield
 ■ Demonstrations/ Seattle Dungeon Guild
 21 ■ Peddling & Spanking/ Eulenspiegel/ NYC
 22 ■ Total Body Confinement/ QSM/ Lone Star, SF
 23 ■ New Members Fun Night/ Eulenspiegel/ NYC
 ■ Meeting/ NY Bondage Club/ The Hangout/ NYC
 ■ SM, Religion, & Spirituality/ GMSMA/ NYC
 ■ Program Meeting/ Avatar/ Los Angeles
 ■ Anzac Eve Uniform Night/ The Land/ Melbourne
 26 ■ Uniform Bondage/ Melbound/ Melbourne
 ■ Club N/ Leather United/ AA Meet Market, Chicago
 ■ Bondage party/ WCBC/ Chicago
 ■ MR. INLAND EMPIRE DRUMMER/ Gent/ Pomona, CA
 ■ SM Univ Weekend Seminar/ CHC Chicago
 ■ MR. S. FLORIDA DRUMMER/ FFA Miami, Marlin Beach Resor, Ft. Lauderdale, FL
 ■ 3-Rivers VII Run/ Pittsburgh MC/ Pittsburgh
 ■ Alamo Run '91/ River City Outlaws & Tejas MC/ San Antonio, TX
 ■ Spring Maneuvers/ Regiment of the Black and Tan/ Los Angeles
 27 ■ Bar N/ Tridents of Central MA/ The Mail Box, Worcester, MA
 ■ Meeting/ NLA, Atlanta/ Atlanta, GA
 ■ Meeting/ Leather United/ Chicago
 30 ■ Suspension & Gravity Play/ QSM/ Lone Star, San Francisco

MAY

3-6 ■ MR. FLORIDA DRUMMER/ Parliament House, Orlando, FL
 ■ 5th Anniv/ Utica Tri/ Utica, NY
 ■ Trademark VI/ Tradesmen/ Charlotte, NC
 ■ 10th Anniv/ Satyricon/ MC/ Las Vegas, NV
 ■ Weekend Event/ Essex Leather/ England
 ■ May Day/ Leather Piping/ NLA/ Seattle
 ■ Trademark VI/ Tradesmen/ Charlotte, NC
 ■ 18th Anniv/ LC Stuttgart/ Stuttgart, Germany
 10-11 ■ MR. DE SEPT EMPIRE DRUMMER/ OC Construction Co/ Palm Springs
 11 ■ MR. GULF COAST DRUMMER/ Shades of Grey/ Dallas
 17-19 ■ MR. AUSTRALIA DRUMMER/ Jayar Leathers & Leatherworld/ Melbourne, Australia
 17-20 ■ Zurich International/ Loge 70/ Zurich, Switzerland
 ■ Jubilee Leather Party/ MSC Belgium, Brussels
 ■ International Mt. Leather/ Chicago, IL
 ■ Muster/ American Uniform Association/ Chicago
 ■ Keelhaul '91/ Shipmates/ Baltimore, MD

■ Rendezvous '91/ Knights of Malta/ Seattle
 ■ Anny/ Fidanciers LL/ San Antonio, TX
 ■ Meeting/ Tridents of Cent/ MA/ Mallbox
 25 ■ Blue Weekend/ London Blues/ London, England
 31-6/2 ■ Knights Tournament 3/ Knights of Leather/ Minneapolis

JUNE

14-15 ■ MR. SAN DIEGO DRUMMER/ Wolf's
 14-19 ■ MR. SOUTHEAST DRUMMER/ Atlanta Eagle/ The Backstreet/ Atlanta, GA
 ■ Demon's Night/ ASMF/ Paris, France
 ■ Kumpeltreff/ LFR/ Essen/ Essen, Germany
 15 ■ MR. OREGON DRUMMER/ PDX Eagle, Portland
 28-29 ■ MR. GREAT PLAINS DRUMMER/ Fantasy Productions/ Omaha, NE
 28-7/9 ■ Black Leather Wings Gathering/ Wolf Creek, Oregon
 29 ■ MR. BRITISH COLOMBIA DRUMMER/ VASM/ Vancouver

JULY

4-7 ■ Southeastern Lesbian & Gay Con/ Baltimore
 ■ Golden Fleece Run/ Rocky Mountainers/ Denver
 8 ■ MR. WASHINGTON STATE DRUMMER/ Seattle Men in Leather/ The Off Ramp
 12-14 ■ When Hell Freezes Over/ Colorado Outdoor Leather Dykes/ Denver, CO
 ■ Panther on Tour/ MS Panther Kolt/ Cologne, Germany
 13 ■ MR. S. ALBERTA DRUMMER/ C. L. U. B., Calgary
 13-15 ■ Lock Up II/ NLA/ Arkansas/ Little Rock, AR
 18 ■ MR. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER/ Jockstrap & Drummerboy Contest/ Marathon Film/ Los Angeles
 18-21 ■ Round-Up '91/ Hartford Colts MC/ Vernon, CT
 21 ■ MR. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER/ Finals/ Marathon Film/ Los Angeles
 28-29 ■ Rites of the Full Moon/ Unicorn MC/ Cleveland

AUGUST

2-5 ■ International Leather Pride Weekend/ Vancouver, BC
 3 ■ MR. NORTHWEST DRUMMER/ Vancouver, BC
 30-9/2 ■ Round-Up '91/ Spearhead/ Toronto, Ontario
 ■ Beachhead V/ Corpus Christi MC/ Corpus Christi

SEPTEMBER

5-8 ■ Inferno XX/ Chicago Hellfire Club
 8-11 ■ Inferno XX/ B/ Chicago Hellfire Club
 13-15 ■ 18th Anniv/ ASMF/ Paris, France
 17-23 ■ Leather Pride Week/ San Francisco
 20-22 ■ Run/ Centurions of Columbus/ Columbus, OH
 21 ■ MR. DRUMMER FINA/ S/ Warfield Theater/ San Francisco, CA
 25-10/8 ■ Dungeons & Castles of Europe Tour/ Travel Keys Tours

OCTOBER

11-13 ■ Living in Leather 6/ NLA/ Chicago, IL
 11-14 ■ Annual Review/ American Uniform Association/ Chicago, IL

nominations in any of the other categories; The Publishers Award went to the personal selection of the Publisher.

Winners of the Pantheon of Leather Awards for 1991 were:

There were four persons selected from among the 23 nominated to receive an award for service within their region of North America. There were no defined regions but the winners were quite well spread geographically. The four Regional Award winners were: Jay Evans, owner of the Eagle bar in Atlanta, Georgia; Race Bannon, a founder of NLA LA, member of Avatar, and eminent SM educator in Southern California; Bill Costomiris, Mr. Charlotte Leather, member of Tarheel Leather/Levi Club, and a leader of the Beat Jesse Campaign; and George Nelson of Seattle, a founding father and current corresponding secretary of NLA, organizer of the panels and programs at Living in Leather III & IV, and editor of *First Link*, NLA's newsletter.

Twenty men and three women were nominated for The Forbearer Award which went to Tom of Finland. Many of the nominees were deserving but Tom is definitely one of our grandest grandfathers. Sixteen organizations were nominated for The Non-profit Organization Award, which went to the Robert Mapplethorpe Foundation. Recipient of the Business/Business Person Award was Lee Willis of the Studworks in Seattle, a man who has both widely respected for his skills and loved for his warm personality and generosity. Twenty-two businesses and/or business persons had been nominated for this award. Nineteen clubs had been nominated for The Club of the Year Award which was presented to Tarheel Levi Leather Club of Greensboro, North Carolina, who led the Beat Jesse Campaign.

The Publisher's Award was presented to *Frontiers* publisher, Bob Craig of Los Angeles, who was credited by Dave Rhodes with major contributions to the founding and early success of *The Leather Journal*. The Reader's Choice award went to Susie Shepherd of Portland, Oregon. Susie was the third International Ms Leather and has been a tireless worker for all kinds of projects since her selection in early 1989. She spent this past year working very hard on the national aspects of the Beat Jesse campaign.

There were 19 nominees for Man of the Year and 11 for Woman of the Year, but when the envelopes were presented and the names announced the faces were familiar to all in the room. Bill Costomiris and Susie Shepherd returned to the stage to receive the evening's highest awards. We can look forward to having Bill's talents and energy shared with more of the country in the year ahead, (not to mention his gorgeous hairy body), as well as another year of Susie's boundless enthusiasm. Congratulations to all of the recipients.

The show was produced for *The Leather Journal* by Les Robinson. IMsL 1988, Shan Carr served as Mistress of Ceremonies as well as entertainer, and Joel Czarnecki choreographed and danced in both the opening number and a spectacular *pas de deux* in which Tom Parlon danced Theseus and Joel danced The Minotaur, with a somewhat different storyline than we get from Greek mythology.

Dino Rose, Mr. Charlie's Leather '89, sang "Family" for the closing number, accompanied on stage by all of the presenters and award recipients, and on the floor by a surly crew breaking down tables and chairs.

The Pantheon of Leather Awards got off to a good start. I look forward to next year

AFD

All You Ever Wanted to Know about Bondage

Drummer's own Tony DeBlase will be presenting a six-class series covering virtually everything you may want to know about erotic bondage. The classes are being held by QSM, San Francisco's Quality SM educational organization for men and women of all orientations. All classes are held in the QSM classroom located over the Lone Star on Harrison Street in San Francisco.

The classes begin Tuesday March 5, with "Contemporary Bondage: State of the Art" which will explore the psychology and functions of bondage from both the Top and bottom perspectives as well as cover basic bondage safety, human anatomy with respect to bondage, bondage positions, and bondage media, including furniture. Friday March 15, the second class will cover the versatility of rope and other long strands such as wire, thread, etc. This will be followed on Sunday March 17 by a hands-on workshop, a lab session, if you will, on rope bondage.

On Thursday April 4, Tony will explore "Leather, Steel and Wood," a class that will focus on bondage items made for a specific use or specific part of the anatomy. Various kinds of leather and steel cuffs, collars, helmets, etc. will be demonstrated and discussed as well as specialized wooden restraints ranging from the Pilgrim pillory to the Chinese tang. This class will also focus on specialized head/sensory bondage devices, including collars, hoods, blindfolds, earplugs and gags.

On Tuesday April 23 the class will take up the topic of "Total Body Confinement," including both loose confinement, such as in cells, cages, trunks and related containers, and tight body confinement, such as straitjackets, sleep sacks, and various forms of mummification. The series will conclude on Tuesday, April 30 with "Suspension & Gravity Play," which will include suspension devices and hardware ranging from the strappato to the boot hoist and from a tree branch to an electric winch. The role of bondage in combination with suspended furniture, such as slings, swings and floating bondage boards will also be covered.

Tony is totally reworking and expanding his bondage presentations and this series, which will make use of his extensive slide collection as well as live subjects for demonstrations, is considerably expanded from previous presentations. Tony is available for lectures/demonstrations for SM positive organizations on a broad range of subjects. For information contact him through Drummer.

New Homes in DC for Sigma and Black Rose

Sigma and Black Rose, the two SM organizations serving the Washington, DC area have both acquired new locations for their meetings.

Sigma will be using the space at 1718 1/2 Florida Avenue, which is also the meeting place for Jack Off Enthusiasts, better known as JOE. Sigma meetings are usually the second Monday of each month. The doors close at 8PM, no one will be admitted after that time. Sigma is primarily an organization of gay men but does

have female members.

The Society of the Black Rose is meeting every Tuesday evening at 8PM at Badlands, 1415 22nd Street NW. Black Rose was formerly the Washington DC People Exchanging Power and is open to all persons regardless of gender or orientation.

Interchain Is Back

The Interchain International Association was one of the oldest leather oriented worldwide contact organizations. It was particularly popular with men who travel frequently or who welcome travelers as guests. It ceased operations about a year ago in both Europe and North America. It is now being reactivated by Ulrich Bussler, Lutzowstrasse 106, Postfach 302953, D-1000 Berlin 30, Germany. Former members and others interested in joining should contact him.

Bangkok Bondage Club

The following is quoted from *The Spread Eagle*, the newsletter of the New York Bondage Club, issue 91-1:

"ASIA NOTE: The Bangkok Bondage Club calls itself "The Thais That Bind". (Hon-est!) (Would we kid about a sacred thing like that?)"

Unfortunately Drummer does not know the answer to that last question, but no further information on the Asian club was given.

Fire On Folsom Destroys "My Place"

Saturday, February 2, fire destroyed the building housing My Place, a leathermen's bar on Folsom Street in San Francisco. Unfortunately, the fire, smoke, and water from the fire-fighting efforts also did extensive damage in the adjacent building. The greatest part of the damage in this neighboring building was in the apartments of photographer Mark L. Chester and Alan Selby, founder of Mr. S Leathers. Selby's losses were relatively minor, except that he has to find a new place to live. Chester, on the other hand, was virtually put out of business by the fire. Most of his archives, equipment, negatives and prints were either destroyed or damaged so that tremendous amounts of work will have to be done to restore the salvageable items.

The one side of Mark's business which is still entirely operational is the production and sale of spandex bondage bags and hoods. (See his ad on page 79.) Some of Mark's other activities--among them Gay Sketch Class and Bondage Buddies--will be functioning normally fairly soon as well. His other businesses and services will not be so easily revived, however. Cash is needed, of course, for the work of moving (either temporarily or permanently), for the salvaging of important photo materials and archives, etc. If you want to help Mark L. Chester get back on his feet and back to the many services and business ventures he operates in the SF and national leather community, send your gifts of money to Mark L. Chester, P. O. Box 42501, San Francisco, CA 94101.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS: If you were among the photographers in correspondence with Mark about the upcoming group show, please write again. The files pertinent to that show were lost in the fire.

Off The Top

Continued From Page 4

tive judgement that the behaviour described was beyond the threshold of crime. Thus an activity is criminalized, without any reference to parliament, and the statistical crime wave is impelled ever onwards." The paper goes on to say that the action of Judge Rant amounts to "bidding the police to enforce moral judgments and extending the always grey area between unpleasanliness, immorality, and statutory crime," ending by pointing out that the SM case "is an illiberal nonsense."

Nonsense or not, the defendants--now officially criminals--are serving time. Their lives have been disrupted completely. And the effects the case will have on other SM men and women can hardly be estimated.

BOSTON: NOT A BASTION OF FREEDOM

Three men... No, make that three upstanding American citizens (!) were arrested in a raid on their home last December 20. Supposedly acting on an anonymous 911 call--the same kind of excuse that was used in San Francisco to raid 890 Folsom Street on earlier occasions--Boston police raided the holiday play party sponsored by the Thunderhead Club. Using a threat that they would arrest everyone present, rather than a search warrant, to gain access to the premises, and claiming the home was an illegally operating "club," the police proceeded to create crimes for which to arrest the men who lived at the address. Among the offenses were such insanities as possessing a dangerous weapon, to wit, a studded arm band.

Boston lawyer Don Gorton was quoted by *Bay Windows*, a gay newspaper. Commenting on the case, Gorton said, "It seems to be an aggressive overstepping of the prostitution law [one of the major charges in use by officials]... it was an exercise of police judgement that it was prostitution... The use of the prostitution law then was a pretext for their obvious disapproval of the sexual behavior going on inside [the house]." Gorton also noted, as you may already have reminded yourself, that paying a fee at the door of a play party doesn't buy you any sex, you still have to work for that in the usual way. Nonetheless, prosecution of Stephen Curtis, Joseph Hoffman, and Dennis Chase continues, their crimes being defined and redefined

by officials in an attempt to make them so repugnant to the average judge and jury that they can be found guilty of lots of crimes whether laws exist or not... and regardless of the number of laws the police have also broken in bringing the men before the courts.

AND THAT'S NOT ALL

Other reports of police vandalizing the lives of gay men and women, with the support of government bodies and the courts, are common. And, more and more commonly of late, the specific targets of the Badge-Wearing Bigots are leathermen and leatherwomen. Exactly what can be done about it varies from community to community, from case to case, but one thing is always possible. We can always extend our support to those who are under personal attack at any given moment.

Geoff Mains said in a speech he made at a conference on Civil and Sexual Liberties in 1987 that "if you let them cut off the fringe, the remaining edge will fray giving them another edge to cut away and another until nothing remains." Realizing the truth of Geoff's observation brings us to the undeniable conclusion that, even if you disagree with some of the details of the lives under attack, even if you can find some justification for the police action directed against one or more of our brothers in leather, you can not ignore them. Tossing a few of the visible "fringe" leathermen to the wolves will not make you and your circle safer. Quite the contrary, the hunger of bigots is only increased by being fed; their strength multiplies with every success--and they can consider themselves successful in damaging our lives even when the courts don't convict the men they arrest.

DOWN TO THE DIRTY DETAILS

Cash. For most of us, not being DC-Bar cleared lawyers or important public voices, cash is the kind of support we are best able to give. Cash is always needed to mount defenses, to restore losses and damages caused by oppressive police action, and to maintain the existence of men who can not go on with their usual wage-earning lives while also fighting for their freedom and ours.

The gay community in Boston is not entirely supportive of the three men arrested there for having an SM party in their homes, but the support is growing. The phrase "When Bashers Wear Badges" and the art work at the top of this editorial

are taken from a community meeting held in response to the raid of the Thunderhead Club party. But the important thing to realize here is that this is not a local phenomenon. You and I are equally hated and feared, equally liable to attack and injury whether we live in London, England, or in Boston, Massachusetts... or anytown, USA, or... wherever.

The war against our existence is on. At this moment, the battle is being fought in Boston. Wndy City Bondage Club and Chicago Hellfire Club have approved cash donations to the defense fund set up for the three men in Boston. Maybe your club or social organization can do the same, quickly. I am personally sending a donation. And you? No less than \$10,000.00 will be needed, and very likely a great deal more. Will you help?

Please, step into the war now by sending what you can, however little or much. Make your check or money order payable to "The Legal Fund," and mail it to Boxholder, P O Box 364, Dorchester MA 02122... now.

WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO?

Cash is not the whole answer. In fact, cash is only ever a remedial answer, a necessity for defense, but not a true defense in itself. Information is at least as important in the long run. Help us keep ourselves and each other informed of the abuses of power and authority that are happening everywhere. Write to Drummer, send clippings from local papers (if the news gets reported). Give us a chance to improve everyone's chances of avoiding trouble by getting the word out about what is really happening.

Finally, take care of yourself and your friends. Don't feel safe just because the authorities in your town have not acted up yet. The action of police in one place encourages the action of police in another, and the disease is spreading. Police will sign entry release forms that say "I am not a law enforcement officer, and am not entering this party with the intention to entrap or investigate." They did that in Boston. Police will use attractive men in leather to coax information and "prosecutable" acts out of you. They've been doing that, in one form and another, all across the country for many years. Police will do anything they think they can get away with. What we have to do is prove to them that they can get away with nothing more than enforcing actual laws in an orderly way under the supervision of a vigilant and interested citizenry, ourselves. ■

A EUROPEAN MEDIA SAMPLER

by Joseph W. Bean

Whenever the pendulum of censorship in America swings in the direction of restriction, readers here turn to Europe's perennially free press. With no (or fewer) politically powerful fundamentalist preachers, no Jesse Helmses, and no William Dannemeyers, European publishers manage to print and deliver what readers of erotica want to read and see. Unfortunately, interested Americans have to get these publications past snoopy US postal authorities, but that usually doesn't turn out to be so hard. Most copies of most of the magazines listed below do get delivered in the US even those that you know could not be published here. So, maybe it's time to brush up your high school languages. Your Danish and Czech, for instance.

From Denmark

When I was about 19 years old, I worked in "a dirty bookstore" in Times Square. We sold all kinds of books—without illustrations—and lots of magazines—without genitals—off the racks, and what we called "Danish Nudist Mags" under the counter. Many of those "danish" were actually from Europe. Others only had impossible return addresses in northern European countries, but were printed in far away places like The Bowery neighborhood of Manhattan or the backstreets of Newark, New Jersey. Certain Danish magazines continue to be among the things you will not find on the open racks in the US, and they are—for leathermen, at least—among the most interesting periodicals in the world.

MR SM and *TOY* are really hot, with *MR SM* being more extreme in several senses (especially including scat) and *TOY* being the more easily accessible leather, rubber, and uniform publication. Both magazines are well-made on slick paper with some full-color pages, and they have lots of pictures and drawings of real action: piss, beatings, bondage, rubber encasement, mud, fucking, fisting, insertion of objects in the mouth and ass, cocksucking, incarceration, scat, and more. And both titles have stories in Danish. Fortunately, the pictures usually tell the stories. And even more fortunately, two books of selected stories from *TOY* have been published in English.

Strangely, the cover of the second collection of *TOY* stories says "selected stories from *TOY MAGAZINE* of Sweden," but the address inside the book, like the one inside the magazines, is Gay-Pubs, P O. Box 30, 4300 Holback, Denmark. Both books have been sold in gay bookstores in the US where at least the second one, *The Name of the Game*, should still be available.

From Sweden

The exact connection that may exist between the magazines above and Sweden is un-

clear but there is no doubt that *DISZIPLIN* is from Sweden. This magazine is not as slick looking as the Gay Pubs titles, being printed on a cheaper grade of paper, all black & white, but it is hot. In fact, the cheap appearance of *DISZIPLIN* is probably a style decision and, if so, it is a good one.

The name would suggest an emphasis on discipline, or bondage and discipline, and there may be a leaning in that direction in the pages of *DISZIPLIN*, but it is definitely a broad-interest SM magazine. You'll like it. And, although I have never seen a copy of the same publisher's other title—*KUMPEL*—I am told you and I will also like that one.

To write for subscription information: Bob Gamble, Sockeng. 2A, S-25263, Helsingborg, Sweden

From Switzerland

It seems that just about all gay mags everywhere are at least partly devoted to contact in one way or another—clubs, personal ads, whatever. In Switzerland, the mag I know best is *ANDERSCHUME KONTIKI* or *A/K*, subtitled, "The Swiss magazine for the gay man." *A/K* is published in German and, because it is largely a news and events publication rather than a picture book, you probably need to be able to read German to enjoy

it. Leather and SM are not the subject of *A/K* nor are they avoided. If it happens in Switzerland and matters to gay men, *A/K* covers it. But, for us, contact seems to be the mag's main value.

The address: Anderschume/Kontiki, Postfach 7656, CH-8023, Zurich, Switzerland.

From France

The most famous of all gay magazines from Europe is surely *GA/PIED*, and with good reason. The magazine mixes a hip but reasonable tone with lots of hot pictures, does a good-humored take on just about anything from the news to the arts, and digs deeply with investigations that are pursued as long as necessary to get the facts, reported weekly.

GA/PIED is not heavily sexual, meaning it is not a place to go for action photospreads. In fact it is more like *The Advocate* than like *Drummer*, but the editors and writers of *GA/PIED* cover a lot of leather/SM/fetish news, and they have done a lot of very interesting leather-related features over the past few years.

The magazine also carries an English language digest of the most important stories in each issue. Convenient. Write: Gai Pied Hebdo, 45 rue Sedaine, Paris 11^e, France.

From Italy

Italy is a strange country in many ways. Gay people there have to deal with the incomprehensible prejudices that seem to blow off the Mediterranean and infect everyone. Despite the conservatism of the country and the region, however, there is a national gay magazine well worth looking into, *BABILONIA*. This is, in effect, the Italian *Gai Pied*, but with a little more color, a slightly more youth-oriented twist. No. That's not what I mean. Where the French magazine puts the



visual (and editorial?) accent on hot men, the Italian one goes for the guys whose ID would be checked for sure if they tried to enter a US bar. Not a big difference, all in all.

If you are going to Italy or can read Italian, *BABILONIA* might be for you. If you're counting on the English digest, the one for Babilonia is published separately and, although very good, is spotty, ignoring all but actual hard news stories.

From The Newly Opened East

The opening of Eastern Europe has gone so far that gay men and women in the formerly Communist-dominated countries are getting publications together. To take an interest in these publications in the hope of finding leather or SM material of any sort is probably pointless. The spirit at work here is the push of the new-born community to find and assert itself in more general terms. But, what an opportunity these communities offer us to see what being gay means to people who have grown up in a culture as repressive as theirs was so recently.

Individual publications may have trouble getting out issues. Titles will very likely be appearing and disappearing pretty quickly for a while. Mail will be slow and difficult. English translations may be odd or unavailable. But anything we do to support the new gay publications of Eastern Europe will help the men and women there discover and define themselves leather identities to emerge soon, no doubt.

From Czechoslovakia: A new publication is struggling to get off to a solid start here. We have not seen the newsletter (or magazine) itself but we have had a nice letter from the Editor in Chief and expect to see good things from him soon. Actually, you might even want to send cash donations, as well as supportive letters to: *LAMBDA REVUE*, nakladatelství Panorama, V tř 11, 120 72 Praha 2, Czechoslovakia.

From Poland: Two publications have come to my attention that are published in Warsaw, Poland. One is a rather slight newsletter, *WARSAW GAY NEWS*, which is all in English and apparently intended largely for the foreign community in Poland or for distribution outside the country, although Polish gays must be glad to have its political and social news as well. The other publication is a newsprint magazine, *OKAY* (miesięcznik dla panów), which seems to be on the way to becoming a Western style magazine, complete with humor, horoscopes, contact ads (coded forwarding addresses only, of course), fashion reviews, and feature stories that will help gay people develop a realistic picture of their sexual nature and its history.

The people at *WARSAW GAY NEWS*, where English is obviously understood, offer themselves as contacts for foreign subscribers to any of the six Polish gay publications they are aware of. In addition to their own newsletter, they mention *OKAY*, and the following: *FILO*, "the oldest, and so far the most interesting Bimonthly." *KABARET*, "the first official gay magazine. More arty. Every 3 to 6 months." *INACZEJ*, "the first gay monthly available in newsstands." *NIE TAK*, "gay & lesbian monthly produced and designed for young people." If any

Polish publications interest you, write to: Sławek Starosta, PINK SERVICE, ul. Piekna 1 b (III p.), PL-00539 Warsaw, Poland.

In Private Circulation

One way that European media, particularly gay leather/SM media, exceeds the US crop of the same special interest material is that many clubs and businesses publish newsletters. We're not talking about a page or two advertising a sale at a store or promoting a club's upcoming run. Some of these newsletters are quite substantial, particularly those published by leathermen's social clubs.

PANTHER INFO, for instance, is a 10 issue per year, pocket size magazine of 24 pages. It carries an extensive calendar, news, display advertising, and the works. Definitely a must have item for leathermen travelling in German speaking Europe. Address: M S Panther Kolin e V, Postfach 19 03 25, D-5000, Kolin 1, Germany.

PRATKÄPOSTI, the newsletter of MSC Finland, is not at all surprisingly--where drawings by Tom of Finland are often first published. It's another pocket-size publication, running to about 32 pages, and it has a page of highlights and news in English. Finland's only leather bar, called Company Bar, and the MSC venue, called Tom's Club, are the places a Drummer-minded traveller needs to know about when going to Finland... *Pratkäposti* is the way to find out. Write: MSC Finland, P O. Box 48, SF-00531, Helsinki, Finland.

DER STIEFEL is a quarterly newsletter of 100 pages produced by SKVdC (Standige Konferenz Vertreter deutschsprachiger Clubs). This very ambitious publishing venture is impressive: World news of interest to club members, AIDS news, club news, lots of display ads for clubs, businesses, and events all over Europe. Write: Der Stiefel, Augustenstrasse 41, W-7000, Stuttgart 1, Germany.

Among businesses that "incidentally" also publish, the whole range is pretty well represented in England. From *SKIN TWO*, a slick, large-format magazine with a few color pages (produced by/for a retailer of rubber and fetish gear), to *THE BACKSTREET*, a typewritten letter running to about four pages with black and white illustrations (produced by/for a bar). The bigger business-produced publishing efforts tend to move away from being specifically only catalogs/promotions for the publisher's other business. While "Backstreet" is mostly about what is going on in and around Backstreet, the very popular rubber/leather bar in London, "Skin Two" has become a remarkable full-scale magazine. Very impressive.

The addresses: Skin Two, Tim Woodward Publishing Ltd., BCM Box 2071, London WC1N 3XX, England. The Backstreet, Wentworth Mews, off Burdett Road, London E3, England.

There are lots of other newsletters and magazines all over Europe. These few are a good beginning though. If you were to subscribe to or buy copies of several of these, you would discover in the news and ads the names of other publications of similar interest.

Countries Missing In Action

Many countries of Europe are obviously not mentioned in the listings above. Spain, for example. There must be gay media and even gay leather/SM media in Spain, but we don't know about it. There is a heterosexual SM publication called *SadoMaso*. Very nice, for hot stuff, and rather interesting anyway: *SadoMaso*, Apartado de correos 12166, 08080 Barcelona, Spain. But Portugal, Belgium, Norway, and other countries are unrepresented because we don't know of any interesting publications there. If you know something we don't, share your information with us so we can get *Drummer* readers better informed too.



Above and on the facing page are a few shots from Marathon Films' new *Mark's Pleasure*.

Videos of Europe and America

It might seem that Marathon Films' videos in the recently completed "Dungeons of Europe" series, and the current "Bound for Europe" series are not actually European in the strictest sense of the word, being produced by Americans. But really, they are. And really, who cares? They are very fine tapes with lots of hot SM action. So, our Europe-themed issue seems a perfect time to remember the earlier tapes, and to consider the newer ones.

In short, "Dungeons of Europe" got off to a good start with *Pictures from the Black Dance*. The action was good. The men were hot. The dungeons-title "characters" that they were—ran from fabulous to rather odd, but whenever the space seemed imperfect, action and equipment saved the day. And, overall, the thing that happened throughout the three tapes is that they got better and better. After "Pictures," we got the unforgettable *Like Moths to a Flame*, featuring Christian Dreesen as the perfect bottom—and that is not a contradiction in terms. Then, even that was surpassed or at least equalled when *Men With No Name* was released, completing the trilogy. The good news NOW is that all three tapes have been reduced in price. You can order them for just \$59.95 each (plus \$3.50 shipping and handling for the first tape ordered, and \$1 each additional) from Desmodus, Inc., P O Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. Be sure to include a signed statement that you are of legal age.

In the new "Bound for Europe" group, three tapes have been released so far. They are *The Argos Session*, *Marks of Pleasure*, and *Fit to Be Tied*. Just as it seemed that each tape in the first series was better than the one before it, these new tapes better still than the original series, with "Marks,"—number two, but released third—being

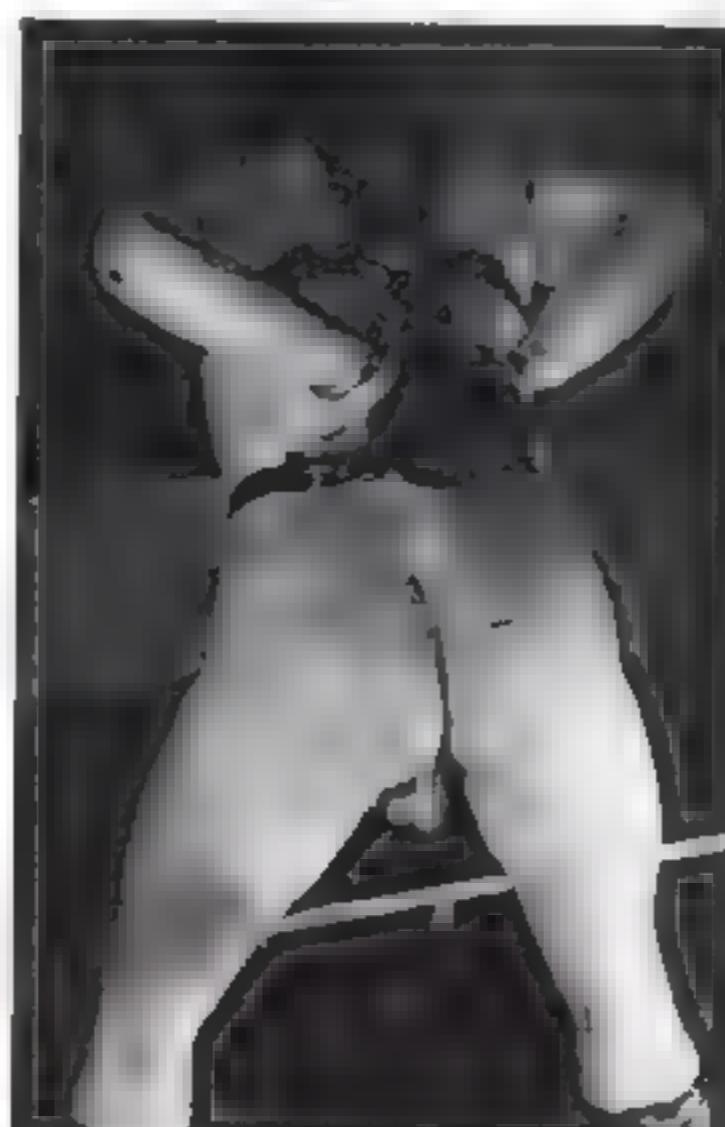


Hot Top leaving the marks of his pleasure.

the best so far.

This new release is made up of just two very complete scenes, so each one has plenty of time to develop. Allow me to rhapsodize: The action in the first scene gets going with a caning, through leather pants, that gets the kind of reaction every Top is hoping to get when he exerts himself the way this Top does. Eventually, of course, the caning progresses, culminating in a moment of delicious sweetness as the bottom kisses the Top's hands and mouth. While your head is spinning from the perfection of this first bit of action, another gets underway. New Top, new action... buzz words: spanking, belt, baton on tits, mmm-mmm people with the looks. Drummer's artists make up as though no one really looks like this... throat, cage, piss, clamps... heat, hot, hoo. And this is all just the first of the two segments.

In the second segment, hot turns to sizzling. In this scene, Gelmut Kleinschmidt replaces all previous ideals of perfect bottomhood (my own boy excepted, of course). Just his oral cock-licking through his Top's jeans had me writing down words like "hooray!" before we even got to the bootlicking (of which there could certainly have been more, but not better), or the spanking through the zip-open butt of his pants, or the sucking of the Top's very nice, very uncut dick, or... On and on it goes, and the best is yet to come. Granted, Gelmut is just about the most beautiful male ever to appear in an SM video—and some really hot men are showing up in these Marathon tapes and the USSM tapes, too—but his looks are nothing compared to his serious, no-acting involvement in the SM. The ass beating is lovely. The ball tapping, ball stretching, and tit play are superb. The beating of Gelmut's torso is very, very fine, but the highlight of the video is the face slapping. Hot, incredibly hot. And once the slapping stops—whimper, whimper—the other action resumes, only to give way to more marvelous



The stuff that titles and dreams are made of.

face slapping.

Marks of Pleasure is the new high-water line. SM videos hereafter will be described in terms of how nearly they come up to this level. You may even hear, "On a scale of one to ten, one being the test pattern and ten being 'Marks,' the video here is... whatever."

Marks of Pleasure, *The Argos Session*, and *Fit to Be Tied* are available from Desmodus, Inc. at \$79.95 each. (Ordering instructions above, after "Dungeons of Europe" tape comments.)

Briefs on American Tapes

White Slave is one of a newly available series of US-produced tapes. The other titles are *Fisting Hole* and *Witness to Life*. I have not yet seen the others, but, after seeing *White Slave*, I expect them to be very interesting.

The slave in the tape I saw is none other than Chris Burns, porn-star extraordinaire; and the Black Master is Joe Simmons, probably most famous as one of Mapplethorpe's regular models.

Exactly what race or slavery has to do with the action in this tape, I don't have a clue. It's a simple fantasy of a boy out for a jog and a man with car trouble. They meet, fall into SM lust, meat, and carry on. They look great, of course, as they go through what is basically an ass beating scene in the woods. A few other things get thrown in—a bit of bondage, cock play, pissing on the ground—but ass beating is the game, played well.

These are bargain-price tapes, but don't think you're going to get crummy quality just because the price is good. Send \$69.00 for *White Slave*, or *Witness to Life* (the subject is apparently piercing), \$59.00 for *Fisting Hole*, plus \$4 per tape for postage and handling. Or, order all three tapes at the same time for just \$150.00 (plus \$12 postage and handling). Make checks payable to G. C. N. and mail to 32 Union Square East, Suite 1217, New York, NY 10003. Remember to include a signed statement that you are of legal age and not a cop buying to initiate a prosecution. (What a lime to be in the sex-media business!)

Promises, Promises

One way or another, what gets reviewed in "Drummedia" is never what I promised you the previous month—at least, seldom ALL that I said it would be. So, suddenly I am of two minds: One stop making promises, two, work harder at doing what I say I will. The latter is impossible. There is nothing to do about it when the space just gets gulped up, for instance. Meaning, no more promises under the "Cumming Distractions" heading, that is, none after this one: Next month you will get to read and see more of/about Chris Burns in a completely different role, that of martial arts instructor, telling us how to defend ourselves against bashers. And we'll take a look at a BiCoastal video (Uniforms and leather)... and maybe some of the other postponed things.

HELP: If there are tapes, books, posters, or other media that you know of, things that might interest *Drummer* readers, let me know about them. The publishers and producers of these things don't always think of us. In fact some of them would just as soon we didn't mention them. But, we will. Won't we?

HOW TO PLACE YOUR AD IN DEAR SIR:

We accept ads, and changes to ads, only in writing. Sorry, we cannot do this over the phone. Submit ads on the form on the facing page or a copy of it. If you can't bear to cut up your issue of *Drummer* and can't make photocopies, send us a note and we'll mail you copies of the form.

Box Numbers: \$5.00 buys you a *Drummer* mail box for the life of your ad. Even after your ad expires, we will continue to forward replies forever — as long as we keep getting letters. (So keep us posted if you move.)

Give us a name. We cannot forward mail to someone named "Boxholder" at a P.O. Box. The Post Office won't do it.

Phone Numbers: You can put your phone number in your ad for immediate response. WE WILL, ONLY PUBLISH VERIFIED PHONE NUMBERS. Here's how to put your phone number in your ad:

Mail in your ad. (Don't forget to include the \$2.00 phone verification charge.) About two weeks after you mail to us, you call us at (415) 252-1195, during business hours (9:00am-5:00pm Pacific Time, Mon-Fri.) Be at the phone number you are placing in your ad. We will call you back to verify the number. If we have not verified your number within three months, we will publish the ad with a box number instead of a phone number.

You only need to verify a phone number once. Once it has appeared in *Drummer*, just attach a copy of the printed ad to your new ad if you wish to use that telephone number again. We will not publish voice-mail service numbers in personal ads. Don't forget to include your area code.

What else? Put anything you want in your ad, except: references to minors, animals, prostitution, or drugs.

Expect about a 60-day delay from the time we receive your ad to when it appears in print. Remember, it takes time for people to respond, too. So, for example, if you're looking for Christmas presents, it would be smart to send us the ad 90 or 120 days before Christmas. Also remember replies by international mail may take longer than domestic mail.

HOW TO REPLY TO A DEAR SIR AD:

How to reply to a *Drummer* box number. Answering a *Drummer* box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. 1.) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. 2.) Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3.) Put proper postage on the envelope: domestic postage is 25 cents for the first ounce, 20 cents for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 45 cents for one-half ounce. 4.) Put the sealed letter(s) and a buck (\$1.00) forwarding fee for each letter in another envelope and mail it to DESMODUS, INC., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.

Desmodus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will still be valid. Remember, the US Postal Service will not return undeliverable mail without your return address. Keep in mind that people do move and their needs and desires do change.

NATIONWIDE

COCKY MASTER/SON SOUGHT

by successful, energetic, 41 GWM. Daddy Bear. Dad. Dominant, arrogant, foul-mouthed, mustached, cigar stud, leather clad, heavy attitude son with boots to bring Dad to his knees for verbal abuse, humiliation, boot/body worship, etc. Possible live-in for the right situation. Photo/letter to Dad, PO Box 11994, Chicago, IL 60611. 8228LF

CHAIN GANG

Do you crave hard labor on a real chain gang, among muscular guys dragging heavy irons & sweating like steers? Then write Box 33, River, VA 24149. Heavy irons, will chain, or be chained. Box 8230LF

I AM NOT A SLAVE...

and merely claiming to be a Master doesn't make you one. Control me, force my obedience and you might break this captive. 44, into your slave. If you want a submissive, adoring servant, look elsewhere. Hank, 1530 Locust #22 Philadelphia, PA 19102. 8244LF

LEATHER LOVER WANTED

Looking for young, fit, hairy GWM with dominant wife. Likes whoring with her all the time. A real GWM. 42, 5'9, 145 who loves the look. Fun & sexual & looking for long term top. Write C.R. Box 102. Three Bridges, NJ 07741. 8237LF

TRAVELING TOP

I am a damned good traveling top - and a true sadist with all that it implies. I will cause you pain - but I will never harm you. I will earn your trust and friendship - submit to Box 1102. Great Neck, NY 11027. 4255LF

SISSY MASTERS STAY AWAY

Are you man enough to handle this cocky bottom? Healthy, horny 34 yo, WM, bl. hazel, 185, butch bottom/slave seeks naturally dominant top. Hairy body a plus. Can travel from DC to NY. Write with nude photo (returned). Box 8350

TOP WANTED TRN BOY LIMITS?

30 180 bl/bl. mod hairy You goodlooking, LL. Send pic w/ad to PO Box 10546, Portland, ME 04104

This hot, suited, bl WM, 44 Daddy Bear will take charge and expertly spank/peddler spank your naughty, bare bottom. No fucking, but once punished, your reddened behind and stiff dick will be consoled. Limits respected, beginners or advanced welcome. Write C.B. PO Box 380722 Cam

bridge, MA 02139-0722. 7837LF

MASCULINE LOVERS 48 & 29

looking to meet a non fem, submissive person (25-45). We are into various scenes including shaving, spanking, mild SM, bondage, being Greek active and French passive. While we live in N.Y. responses welcome from around the country (we travel on business). Answer with photo and phone. Only serious inquiries will get responses. Box 1027, Valley Stream, NY 11582. 8248LF

DOMINATOR

Masculine, tall, former college athlete seeks to broaden his leather experiences. Many varied interests include strict discipline, humiliation, bondage. Generally top but will, at times, switch. Can be dominating and demanding. Always safe and discreet. Correspondence with other tops welcome. Live in Northeast, travel frequently. Photo and frank letter appreciated. Box 8231LF

BUTCH BOY SLAVE

Italian, 30/40, 5-9, 185, stocky, HIV-free cut, hung, extremely verbal, dominant, bear belly, chunky (over 210 lbs), animal of Master. No demands, commands, fantasies, humiliation, degradation too great for this born to serve dog. Smoke, storms, booze A-OK. NYC 1-718-585-0218, 11 am to 2 pm or write Box 8083LF

BUST MY BALLOONS!

30, 5-10, 185, BB gets off playing with tightly inflated latex balloons. Seeks Daddy/BB to torment me by erotic balloon busting. Are you tough enough to blow one up until it busts? Tell me about it and turn me on! Buster, PO Box 889531, Charlotte, NC 28268. 8233LF

HAIRY GWM SLAVE WANTED

By 38 yo, 5-8, GWM smooth, slim, brown hair, green eyes, moustache, HIV. Nice guy into S/S, VA, BD, dog training, Fr/Gr, TT, crotch shaving, etc. You: GWM, 25-55, clean, hairy slave in private, equal out. Cigs OK, no drugs. Photo & photo (returned). Will answer all. Box 8085LF

SON WANTED BY DAD

47, 6', HIV+, w/slave 41. Let's share slave, life, love, mutual sex. Son is 18+, HIV+, muscular/slim, no smoke/drugs, Fr/Gr, Gr-A, likes cuddling to S/M. Relocate San Diego. Photo/letter to Dad, 878 Wandering Rd. #2, Vista, CA 92083. 8085LF

MASTER - DADDY

Looking for in-shape, serious eager slave, 20 to 40 into BD, TT, CBT, leather slave, dog training, etc. Safe, sane play only, limits



JOIN THE LEATHER FRATERNITY!

Membership has its privileges: a 12 issue subscription to *Drummer* and a free 10-line classified ad (as measured on the grid order form) in *Drummer* that runs for 12 issues. Leather Fraternity members also do not pay for a box number or pay forwarding fees when they write to Dear Sir box numbers. Members may change their ads up to three times (non-members may not). A Leather Fraternity box number for your ad is included in the \$120 membership fee. And, from time to time, Leather Fraternity members are offered other benefits.

Add it up: A *Drummer* subscription costs \$70. A 10-line personal ad running 12 times would cost \$354.00. No mail forwarding fee? No box fee? So, even if you never use the forwarding service, you're already saving at least \$328.00. Do it.

Just use the grid order form in this magazine. Your subscription will begin with the next issue we ship, and your ad will begin usually two issues after that (there is always a 60-day delay from the time we receive your ad or a change to an ad, and when it appears in print.)

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

respected. No drugs, munch, scat. Can host. Master 6'3" 190. 50/60s, in-shape. Sincere realists only. Call (206) 956-0650 (Olympia, WA) and/or write with photo/phone to Box 8273LF

HOT AND HORNY COUPLE

Wants to be your fucking mirror image, matching you and your lover / partner / slave / son, stroke for stroke, position for position, side by side at the same time in our playroom. Voyeur couple seeks visiting COUPLES for fun times. Join us. Documents, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago 80641. 8846LF

YOUNG HUNG MASTER

28 yr old professional, smooth, tight, boyish swimmer seeks tight, hard, smooth muscle boy to hug, hard bodybuilder with tight ass and working brain with a need to submit. Have hood, collar, biceps & shackles, need permanent resident for my sing. Send photo/phone to Box 55210. Madison, WI 53705. 8111LF

BOTTOM/MUTUAL/TOP

sweatsocker WM 44. 5-9, 150 brown hair, bearded, pierced, seeks any age/race prefer dark hair, no fags, or low down, hitby, vulgar, uninhibited. Maneat into pain, shaving, tits, assholes, munch, cocks, balls, pits, natural smells, Animal lover. Mostly bottom but can enjoy mutual or top. Anything goes depending on you. Sale only. Satanic sex preferred. Call or write anytime. Karl, 838 Wheeler St. Woodstock, IL 60098. (815) 338-037. Also looking for roommate. Box 8211LF

LEATHER, RUBBER, KINK

29 year old bottom seeks top to help me expand my limits. CBT, TT, SM, FF, bondage, more? Let's talk. Me: 6-2, 180, 8/8t, responsible, attractive. You: Under 35, stable, intelligent muscular. My motto is "I'll try anything once, twice if I like it." Box 8056LF

LEATHER BONDAGE MASTER

seeks mature muscular type. On-going relationship sought. Am GWM, 5-1, 170 w/ boots, chaps, leather bondage too. Ur complete service to the right man. No JO. (312) 274-54

WANTED: BONDAGE SLAVEBOY

Intelligent, interesting, GWM, 32-6' 180 BM, attractive, sincere & caring seeks handsome, well built GWM in 20s & 30s for bondage slaveboy & companion. I seek an intelligent, confident boy who wants to share life with an exciting man. You will turn over your sexuality to me & submit to me at home, but will otherwise be an equal companion. Send detailed letter, photo, address and phone to P.O. Box 5640, Washington, DC 20016. 8872LF

S.F. DUNGEON MASTER

34, masculine, experienced with firm but easy-going style, seeks subjects for training in bondage & SM. Limits respected, safe sex observed. Have a well-equipped dungeon. Also like to meet other tops for 3 way. Leatherman planning a trip to S.F. should write ahead to assure a memorable visit. Reply with detailed letter describing your experience & desires. Include photo (returned). Discretion required & reciprocated. Box 8198LF

AVAILABLE TO SERVICE

Totally dominant rough men. Truckers, military, lords, pimps, punks, pirates, nezis, skinheads, bartenders, bikers, satanists, butches, real sadists into brain fucking, squeeze sex, raunch, branding, whips, torture, control, captivity, wild extremes. One, old fashioned, hot, slave pussy, 30, 5-10, 165. Correspondence & permanent slavery No B.S. (312) 581-1789, anytime, SIC. Your convenience. 7836LF

TOP SEEKS MILITARY TYPES

East coast Master, 34, 6-4, 235, muscular and very demanding. Ex-college jock. Looking for cream of the crop military types for intense but safe training and possible ownership. Into leather, bondage, cock/fit/ball work, mouth/ass fucking and heavy verbal abuse. Absolutely no fags, fats or wimpas. Beginners welcome but serious only. Discretion assured. Photo/phone required. All replies answered; all photos returned. Box 8271LF

MASTER SEEKS BOY

GOM 32-5-7 155 Master/Daddy/DI seeks GWM, 18-30 for slave/boy training. Strict discipline, forced workouts, total obedience. Sale, discreet & expect same. Military, Married, college students, pro-athletes OK. Permanent slavery poss. Photo/phone to Box 8070. 8070LF

ABUSE HUNG DICK

Wanted: Sturdy, young, well hung, physically & mentally passive male who is willing & enjoys to be punished & abused between his legs, who loves to be drained and fucked a lot. Especially no drugs. Perm relationship wanted. Love to own & intimi-

date a hung male. Write with photo. Box 8351

EX-LUMBERJACK

Masculine, muscular, goodlooking, clean bear, 5-8, 230, 50'ch., 18 1/2' arms, younger looking 40/Ex, mustache, blue eyes. Secure city entrepreneur bred in the country of a gentle heart and simple ways. Seeks stocky buddy for good times. R.D., P.O. Box 29002, Columbus, OH 43226. Box 8304LF

GRIZZLY BEAR

GWM, 41, 6-2, 2254, black hair, beard, mustache, hairy, nonsmoker, HD biker, hung, cut into men, reality, hairy, hung, honest. Not into role playing bullshit games or closet cases. All answered. PO Box 672, Worthington, OH 43085-0672, or Box 8440LF

WANTED: BOYTOY(B)

by leatherDad, 46, 5-11, 190, bearded and 52, 5-10, 165, shaved head w/ beard. Seeking eager bottom(s) for BD, TT, CBT, spanking, shaving, suspension, etc. Have equipped playroom near NEW YORK CITY & Philadelphia. Photo/application to Box 8285LF

RAUNCH HUNGRY LEATHERMAN

40, HIV-, 180, black hair wants hung guys 18-30 into raunch sex, scat, piss, eat, drink, all over, in shorts or levis. I/Em bottom, mutual scenes OK or can be top. Travel often. Photo/phone to PDK, P.O. Box 840431, Houston, TX 77234-0431. 8294LF

CHRISTOPHER RAGE

CHRISTOPHER RAGE'S SPANK

"Who do you belong to?" "You, sir!" Slutty Chris Burns turns his butt over to his real-life lover, JimEd Thompson, for an intense hour of spanking, belting, whipping and fisting. Fans have begged to see this complete discipline session ever since a six-minute segment appeared in *MY MASTERS*. It's an instant classic you won't want to miss. "Can you take it, boy?" "Yes, sir! More, sir!" \$54



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THE AGE OF EROTICISM

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

I NEED A HOUSE TO CLEAN

GWM, 23, 5-4, 140, brown hair/eyes, seeks real man who needs a houseboy to clean his house. I will do anything the Master desires. I cook, cater parties, do yard work, anything you ask, even do windows. Send letter & photo, will answer all. Box 8338LF

MASOCHIST WANTED

Goodlooking 47 year old Sedat wants small, young, trim Masochist for life of servitude. Including pain. If you're into total confinement, brainwashing and becoming my total possession, your cage is ready. (912) 743-0339, Mr. Hurt, P.O. Box 7404, Macon, GA 31206.

HELP ME FIND MYSELF!

GWM, 21, 5-7, 150, brbl, looking for someone to help me explore into this new world I have found. Interests: LA, Fr/G/A/P, TT, life 80. Please no hard drugs or smokers. Other Interests: Camping, hiking, swim, BB, boating. Can travel. Box 8289LF

INSATIABLE FF TOP

Hot Italian Leather Stud, 41, 5-11, 180, moustache, body hair, big tool and talented hands seeks pig bottoms with loose, hungry holes for long, deep (wanna watch my elbow disappear?) gloved fucking sessions with plenty of grease. Big nips, pierced, tattooed men a plus. Can host and travel extensively (often in the states). Photo gets mine. Nendo Brugioni, Via Gino Capponi 20 Florence 50121 ITALY 8280LF

ABS BUSTER OF THE MIDWEST

GWM, 38, 5-7, 155 brown eyes, brown hair

wants to meet 18+ into all forms of give & take whipping scenes. Like to use leather straps and whips, wooden paddles and switches. Let's beat each other's jeans covered or underwear only butt. Box 8313LF

EXPERIENCED GERMAN MASTER

32, 5-3, 170 visits California & Hawaii May/Aug. IEM into tbs, fuchs, CBT, spanking, humiliation, FF, bondage. My RB slave is with me. Slave & Masters reply w/detailed letter. Box 8302

CUM ON SON DAD NEEDS YOU

for safe wild action. Your fantasy becomes a reality as Dad's macho top son in Leather, 501Es, dirty jocks, spandex, Tauri, fuchs, abuse, experiment. Expend limits. TT CBT, VA, BD, shaving, body worship. Dad is hot and ready. Are you? Photophone to A, Box 1356 Madeline Sq. Sta. New York, NY 10158. 8248LF

COCK WORSHIP

Goodlooking short guy with a big, fat penis, into exhibitionism, pumping enlargement. Write with photo (cock) to 1111 8033 Sunset Blvd #900, Los Angeles, CA 90046. Into all kinds of big dicks!

BLACK MASTER (DAD) WANTED

GWM, 36, brbl, 175, 5-11, bearded, suc-cessful career, seeks GWM 20-30, muscular, macho to dominate my life and explore my limits. I am a beginner but I know what I want and need. Please enclose photo and phone #. Box 8273LF

BONDAGE TRAINING WANTED

WM, 34, 6', 170, interested in expanding bondage fantasies, realities. Leather/Uniformed Topmen who get exactly what they want...with the use of VA, sensory deprivation, alternative bondage and forced oral sex. Correspondence ok, meetings preferred. Send photo/information to Box 7826LF

CIGAR SMOKING STEPDAD

with beard sought by playboy, 33, and Daddy, 38, for boy to service. Into cigars, forced smoking, BB play, dildos, sexwork, leather, giving head, bondage, toys, aroma & smoke. Must be into 3 ways. Send instructions and picture to PMO, PO Box 8003, Minneapolis, MN 55408. Box 8288LF

I've got a big dick. So what! IEM into serving you, and mutual titwork, ball-stretching, and asphyx. 6-2, 170, 37, tight gym body, stash, hairy chest (sometimes), nice nipples (like having two extra dicks). Flight attendant, travel nationwide. Canada and Europe. Photo gets same (promptly). Rick Box 8704LF

HANDSOME HAIRY IN TORONTO

30, GWM 5-8, 152 br/bl, bearded, into working out and extreme, safe, sane and hot scenes with men or couples into leather, rubber. No scat/piercing. Send photo/price in a hot letter. Travel USA/Europe. Box 8278LF

BUTCH BLONDE 28 YRS LTHR

Bodybuilder, cocksucking pig slave, bi-cocktail, will relocate for right man. IEM 5' 185. Looking for hot, hr, hung a plus or one

of those, like BD, WS, FA, etc. I turn heads but want more in life. Also S/F, home, M/P, P.O. Box 1896, Delray Beach, FL 33447. 8308LF

LONG TERM - SERIOUS ONLY

47, 175, 6'-10", bondage, whipping, TT, CBT, catheters, shaving, toys done with loving ruthlessness. Limits expanded. Needs met. Wants ignored. Training available, serious only. Manners is must. Playroom is ready. Imagination is must for both of us. David Morrow, 3021 Bellevue, Los Angeles, CA 90026. (213) 484-1887

BIT ON MY FACE! SRI

GWM, 33, 5-10, 165, HIV+, hot, attractive, submissive, kinky bottom wants to kiss/fuck ass for hot stud. GWM, 18-40, HIV+, trim, kinky and into face-sitting, dominance, maul, VA, attitude. Face sit me then IEM sniff your farts, kiss your shit. Friendship desired. Possible lover. Box 8288LF

RETIRING MOTORCYCLE COP

Looking for one man who is comfortable with himself to journey through life with me. IEM honest, caring, compassionate, goal oriented, athletic, muscular, ruggedly handsome, with powerful smile, legs, chest and tight gut. I enjoy motorcycles, outdoors, camping, farming, horses, dogs, good friends, working-out, sweat, leather. Box 8288LF

READY FOR ACTION

Central town stud, finding his way, desires mature, rough & rugged master. IEM 44 and uncut. Tts, CBT, bondage, whipping, shaving. Scenes in leather or nude settings gets FULL response. I travel extensively

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and welcome visitors. 515-532-3707
7748LF

TRUCKERS

Masculine Houston man, 38, services truckers. Also into body worship. Lie back and get what you need most when passing thru Houston; some TLC, too. Older men especially welcome, but age/looks/weight/size unimportant. Your address gets my number all truckers answered. Mike Flak 27544, Houston, TX 77227-7544, 7649LF

WRESTLING / CHOK-OUT

Looking for other hot hunky guys for fighting scenes with fantasies of lethal overtones. Have male for safe and sane action fantasies. All limits respected. Some travel. Or visit me in Central New York. Box 8355

COLLAR YOUR DADDY!

Attractive Daddy, 42, br/bl, 6'2", board) wants dominant Candybuilder son (competition middleweight class) with integrity and sense of humor who gets off on bondage and compelling leathersex. Beating leather-cool chains, a piece to kneel, a son to serve. Photo/sex pic letter. Correspondents welcome. Box 8120LF

WANTED: DEGRADATION

Mature manchik tall, well-built and healthy, will visit Masters nationwide who will enjoy using me for extreme degradation scenes using SM and torture as necessary. Can stay overnight, weekend or longer. Box 8148LF

NEED DEDICATED COCKSLICKER

Bello DC WM, 47, 180, masculine man needs well built, masculine partner; intelligent, sensitive needs lots of mutual intimacy enjoys outdoors, relaxed romantic moments. F/F, Gr/p, versatile, balanced, committed relationship in bedroom, outside bedroom. Box 8137LF

WANTED: MASTER, TOP OR?

Investor/partner/owner, of a well established gay man's resort near Smoky Mtns. I am a bottom, WM, 42, 6', hot ass, hairy. Into CBT, TT, Asplay, SM, leather sex in woods. Does 250 acres in the country interest you? Need genuine person(s) to help run lodge and my Ass. Box 7862LF

HOT BONDAGE STUD

Can you take it? Two hot GWS (Top/bottom 42/37) into all forms of bondage, discipline, light SM and safe sex want to find out. Replies only from hard bodied men with proper attitude who need to be bound and abused for our pleasure. Limits respected, expanded. No drugs. Northwest JS. Box 7820LF

WRESTLING / ASS WORSHIP

Professional male, 40, seeks Levi/Leather clad men into wrestling including heavy dominant/submissive scenes. Also into prolonged periods of face-sitting and ass-sniffing. Box 7884LF

SUBMISSIVE PUSSY BOY

wants dominant, aggressive, verbally abusive Coaches, Jocks, GIs, Cops, leathermen to use and abuse me. Particularly like being on shower room floor of locker rooms

and being used (F/F, GR, WS, scat, BD) PoJo, 515-754-8200, write w/photo: 803 First St. #547, Oceanside, CA 92054, 7681LF

SPECIAL FORCES

LE/Military NCO or higher needed to instruct/instruct inexperienced weekend warrior type prof. WM expd., 30, 5-11, 180. Br/Bl, moustache needs challenge to attitude, abilities & endurance. Letter with interests, photo welcome. All answered. Reciprocal discretion required. No game players. Interests in Seal, Albion, Delta, Swat, other elite units. Box 8060LF

LEATHER BOTTOM IN D.C.

Hot, muscular feather bottom, 28, thick mustache, pierced nipples, seeks hot top(s)/master(s) to serve. Should have moustache/boob & be part of leather lifestyle. Uniforms, cowboys and cops a plus. Need to have my face and tight ass fucked. Sling, mirrors, smoke, aroma. DC area. Box 7707LF

HOT PECS

Aggressive dark blond top, 40, 5-10, 160 seeks well defined chest with sensitive peccs and nipples for hot, safe action. Nationwide business travel. Photo with letter stating your needs to Box 80771 Milwaukee, WI 53203. 8107LF

SEEKING WELL-BUILT SLAVE

Master, white, 44, 6'7", solid 185 lbs seeks slave/dog, 21 to 37, white, good build, no fats, firm, drugs, to be collared, trained, humiliated, shaved, spanked, get enemas, eat and drink from slave/dog bowls. Rela-

cation, room & board, etc. Letter & photo to Box 7408

PRO WRESTLING FANATIC

looking for same to practice submission holds and be partner in and out of ring. Stocky WM, 5-11, 210, hairy bear seeks 35-45 bear who wrestles hard but is safe, sane & mature. No smoking/drugs. Write w/ photo to Box 8080LF

LEATHER BREECHED CYCLECOP

Int/sexual; taste, feel & touch of Hot BLACK LEATHER. No such thing as too much BLACK LEATHER. Also into Motorcycles, Cigars, Police Uniforms, toys, BD, SM. Phone JD DK (504) 282-0729 or P.O. Box 57181, New Orleans, LA 70157 If you aren't dedicated to LEATHER, call someone else. 8128LF

AS RAUNCHY AS U WANT TO B

Bearded only. I'm 39, 180, 6-10, hairy, beard. You are similar and into raunch, sweat, piss and shit, long sessions. No late or JO calls. (415) 822-8161, 8038LF

SUBSERVIENT JOB APPLICANT

Blond bodybuilder seeks high stress Interview with aggressive, cigar smoking businesman. No shit boss can intimidate this eager jock into intense sexual harassment, overtime, butt fuckings, etc. Box 8100LF

"BOY" WANTED

Masculine, demanding, protective, possessive, affectionate Daddy-Master-Bear. WM, 5-1-230, 40 seeks very submissive masculine boy, GWM, 25-35, obedient, subservient, Levi-Western-USMC type guy. Write

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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

with photo/phone: Thom, 8033 Sunset #624, Los Angeles CA 90046. No photo, no response. 6550LF

DESERT VISITORS WELCOMED

by hot Phoenix stud. GWM top, 8' 26, 165, HIV+, but healthy, into raunch, WS, 3-ways. Seeks hung, hairy slaves w/ hot holes to show the ropes. Fuck my 8" meat popicle. Fly me in to satisfy your ass. Your photo/phone gets mine. Discreta. Box 8121LF

SUBMISSIVE DAD OVER 55?

Masculine son, 40, tall, trim, hairy, hung, healthy, affectionate, non-smoker seeks submissive & respectable gentleman (Dad), 55-75, for relationship into business suits, western wear, lockstraps, briefs to play, light SM. Eager to experience varied sex scenes. Would relocate. Full length photo appreciated. Any area. Box 8 9LF

NEED SUBMISSION

Locked into heavy collar then total physical verbal control by intense booted leathered Master leading to leather chain bondage, hoods, gags, harnesses, suspension plugs, ties, whips, punishment, rewards, same safety for both, regular sessions, no relationship, own cycle, travel, experienced no kid correspondence C/C pic returned. Box 7782LF

AMBITIOUS TOP WANTED

Let me be your buddy, make me your cock slave. You: Masculine man, creative mind, defined body, demanding cock. Me: Honest, hard working, deserving, 5-6, 145. Goal: Long term pleasure and growth investments and early retirement. Likes Outdoors, working out, travel, rural living.

long sessions. No cigarettes, FF. Write P.O. Box 1044, Westerly, RI 02891 7737LF

MASOCHIST TORTURE ADDICT

needed by Nordic top, 48, 6' 170. Boy must be trim 88 under 40, into long painful SM sessions SS only 1 set limits. Please: Exhibitionist (obscenely short, cut-offs) large tits, small dick, bubble butt. Permanent possible. Daddy requires photo. Box 8184LF

BIG HARLEY BIKER DADDY 48

Looking to train boy, HIV- interest open, 20-35. Send photo, etc. to F T 510 S Madura St. Baltimore, MD 21231

HOT AND VERSATILE

Well built GWM 8-2 175 working man into hot intense sex. CBT, TT, Leather Levi, SM, heavy Assisting, Assplay and all the extra. Discipline is your desire, submit your needs and expand your curiosities to F.O. Box 800. Ogden, UT 84402. Serious inquiries. Let's explore! Detailed letter/photophoto. Box 8353F

FIRE ISLAND BOOT CAMP '91

Generally in touch. A week or a month and I can expand your limits. No sex & lots welcome. For application Master's letter Box 104, Henry Carter, NY 11 8.

LEATHER BOY FOR TRAINING

28, 5'11, 155, boho fit, attractive & intelligent. Smoke, FM training by dominant masochistic well hung Master 39-45 interests. Include: muscular short hair, mustaches, BD boots, leather hoods, gags,

spanking, enemas, toys, and...? Safe, sane, photo & expectations. Sir! All answered. Vancouver, Canada. Box 7688LF

once required.

WHITE PUSSY SLAVE

Handsome, horny, well-reared guy in need of long, hard fuck sessions with large endowed men. Gunt needs screwing every day. Black, uncut dudes serviced real well by experienced mouth and hairy hole. I need dick now! Call (215) 735-3370 or write Box 8368

TOTAL ANIMAL/SLAVE

Young WM wants same info extreme public, private nude exposure, humiliation, degradation, complete toilet training, pain, anything wild. Call (718) 428-8752

BB WANTS NIPPLES

Hot muscled stud with shaved chest, 8' uncut, wants to meet muscular, in-shape men with thick, chewable, protruding nipples for nipple play and more! In N.L.A. Box 8314

HOT SHAVING IN N.J.

Two hot WMs in early 30s living in central New Jersey into body shaving. Looking for hot singles or couples interested in the shaving scene. Respond with your shaving interests & phone # Box 8308

HELLO LEATHER SIRs

Black male, 37, 6-1, mustache, avg. build, hairy, submissive and intelligent. Am hungry for boots/feet, love verbal abuse, bondage, tie-work. JO. Beards & bellies are welcome as are the slender & clean shaven. Race/age unimportant. Just be reasonably human. Eric Box 8081LF

Since the start of the AIDS epidemic, the Leather Community has been involved—as volunteers, staff members, and fundraisers in community organizations throughout the United States.

Join us and be involved in your community. Contact your local AIDS service organization.

Together we do make a difference!



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PHOTOGRAPHY DONATED BY RANDALL BOHL

COME IN LATE?

A BARGAIN AT 5⁹⁵

MANIFEST READER IS AN IDEA WHOSE TIME HAD COME. A CONCEPT THAT HAS TAKEN OFF LIKE A ROCKET! IF YOU ARE JUST DISCOVERING US, MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO SEE WHAT YOU MISSED. THESE ISSUES ARE STILL AVAILABLE IN LIMITED NUMBERS!



MANIFEST
READER 4

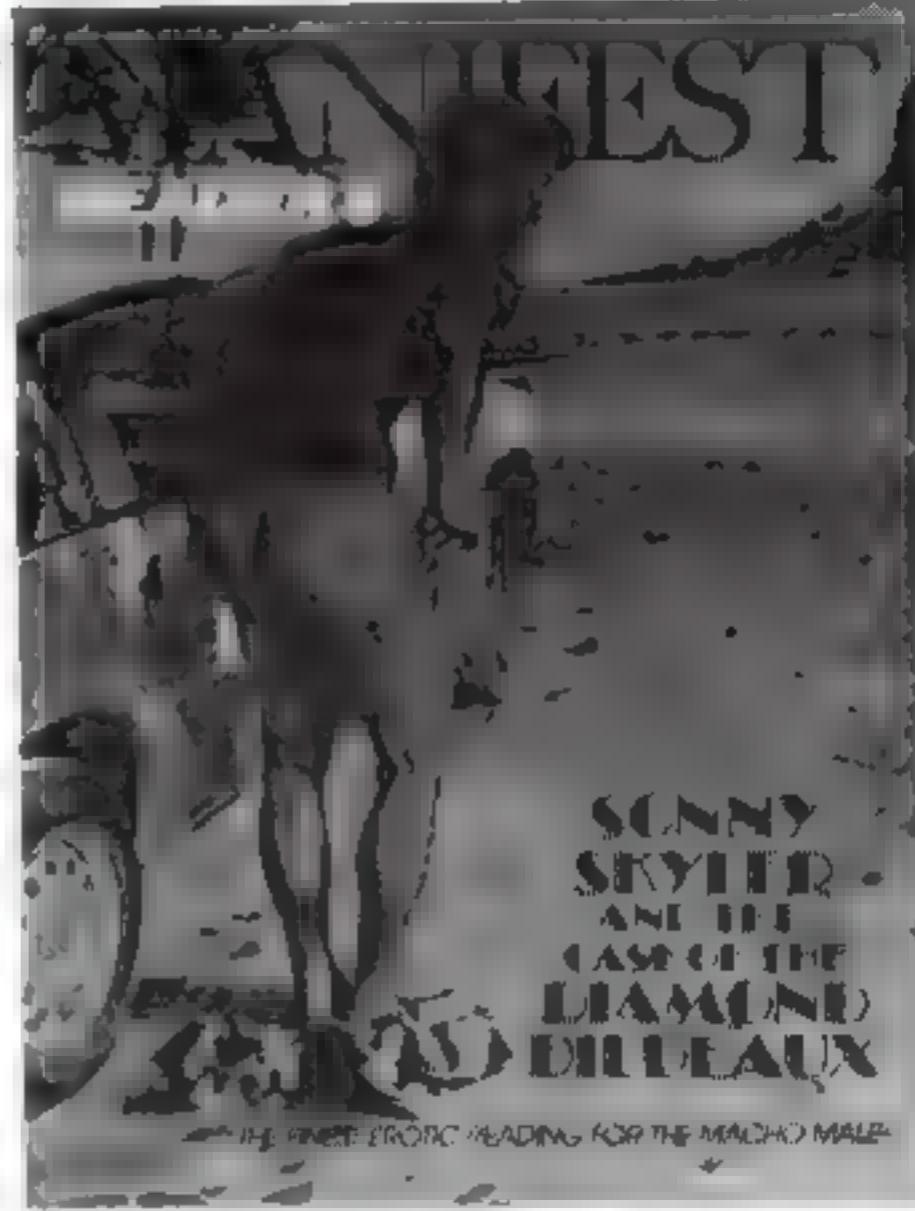
4

From the old and new West of Mason Powell's "Chisolm Legacy" to a Wyoming cathedral where a boy finds his soul mate in Noel Ryan's "A Wolf in the Tower" to the dominance of Roger Stevens' "The Adventures of Mr. Wonderful"

MANIFEST
READER 5

5

Robert Payne's "Come Saturday Morning", Rick Leathers' "Three Views from a Nasty Old Vulture", Robyn Locksley's "Soul of a Hustler", and too many more to list make this a great issue



SONNY
SKYLER
AND THE
CASE OF THE
DIAMOND
DIL DEAUX

MANIFEST
READER



MANIFEST
READER 8

8

Henry Crow's "Mister," Don Perry's "Days on Fire", Mike Shearer's "My Vacation in Chains", the first serialization of "The Brig" by Mason Powell, and other stories are complemented by that inimitable artist, Etienne, in "Etienne Rides Again".

MANIFEST
READER 9

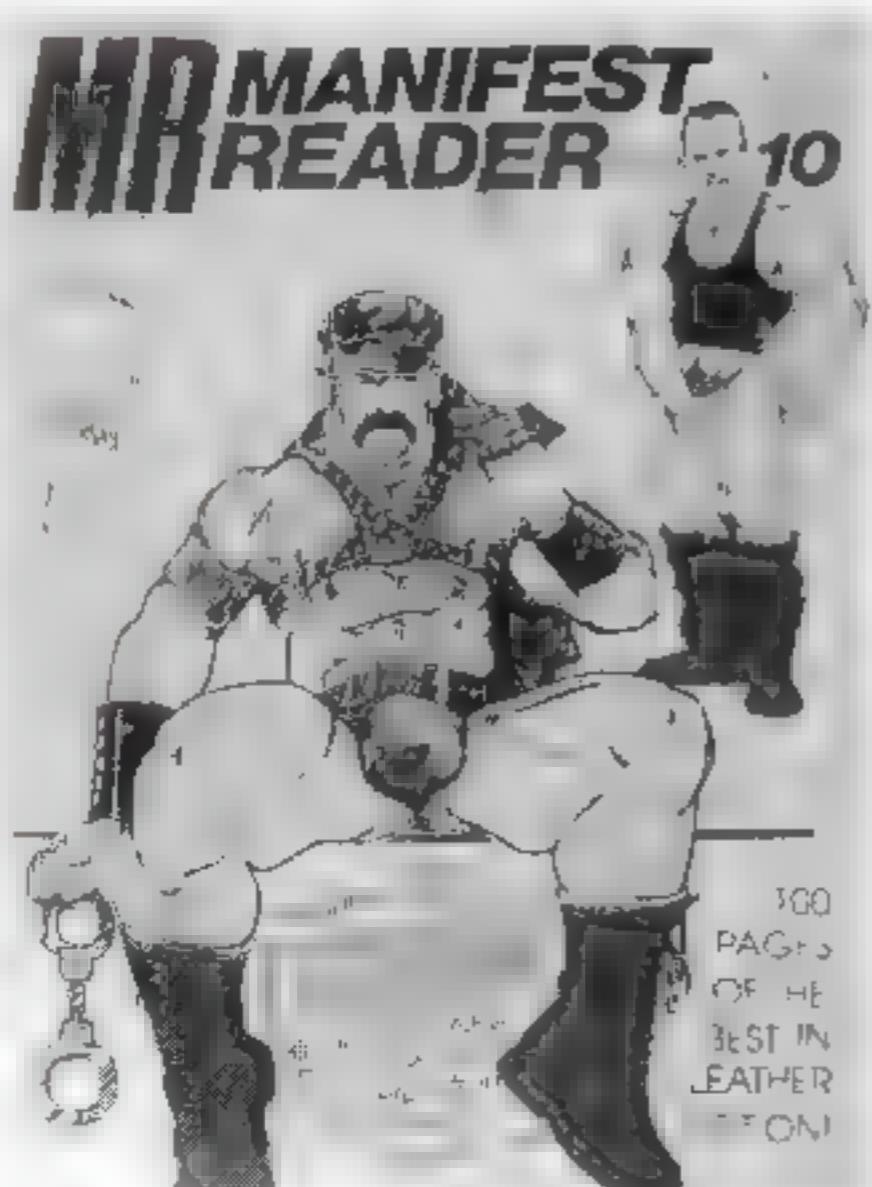
9

Bobb B. Tucker's "Angel-fish/Devil-fish", Ric Fredricks' "Bootlicking at the Mine Shaft", Drew Harper's "Amazon" and much more.

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COMING UP!

The first two issues of MANIFEST READER had a short press run and we are completely out of back issues. So we did the obvious—we combined the very best of the first issue with the GOLDEN AGE OF FOLSOM issue #2. You'll see why they went fast. Then we added a little more on that subject. Even if you have either the first or second issue, you'll want this one. Here is a collectors' item if ever there was one! And when these are gone, that's it.



MANIFEST
READER 6

Don Perry's "The Abduction of Antoine", Frank O'Rourke's "The Georgian Connection", Robert Payne's "The Hunk", Mike Shearer's "Brother Cum & the Guilt", Dane Leathers' "The Process" and more in ONE issue!

MANIFEST
READER 7

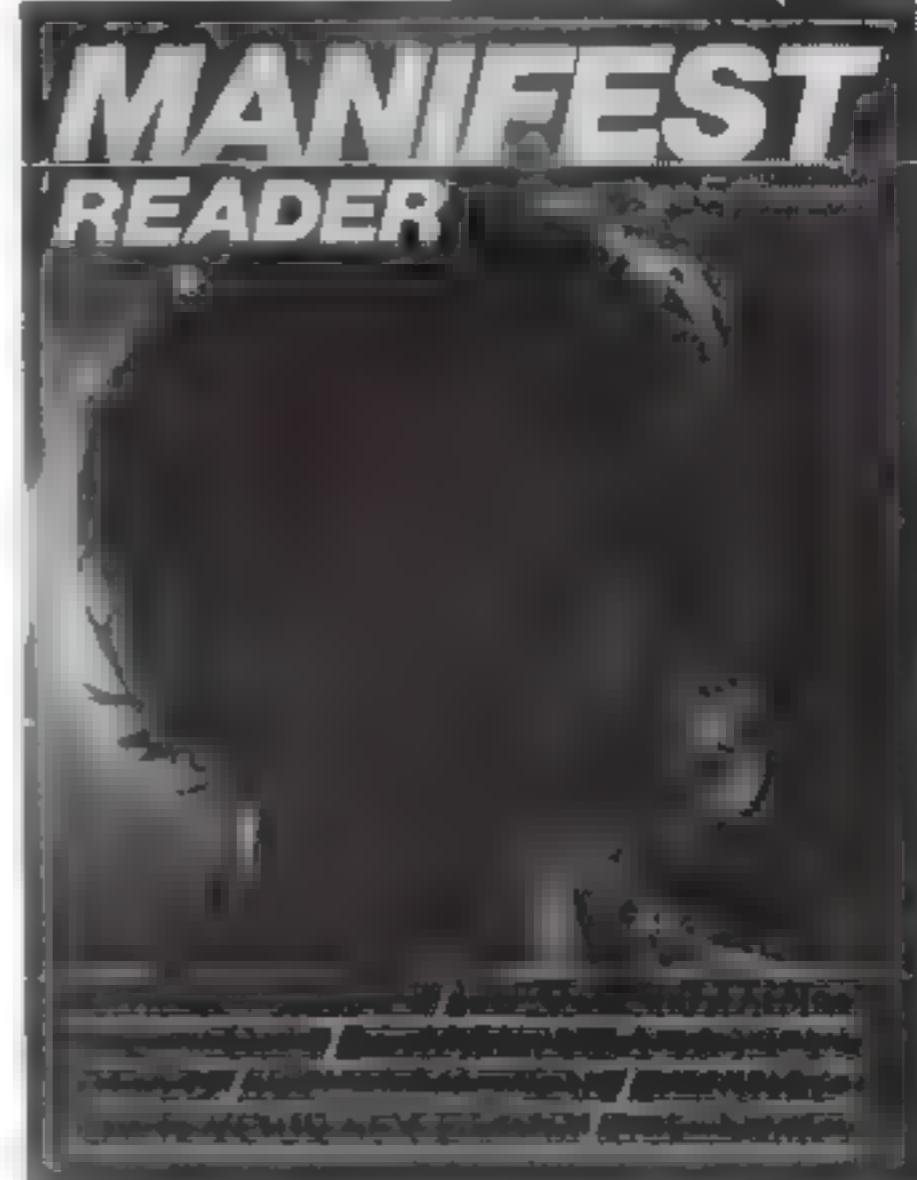
"Ronin" by Drew Harper
during Japan's shogunate,
"The Ceremony" by Kirk
Morgan in an affirmation
of one man's ownership,
and other hot and horny
stories all contribute to
make this a stellar issue

**MANIFEST
READER 10**

Robert Payne's "Parole", Bill Ward's new cartoon strip "Exchange" begins, Robyn Locksley's "Licorice Death", Ivo Dominguez's "S and Mesmerize" and others. All issues have classifieds, classifieds, classifieds!

MANIFEST READER 11

"Puppy Love", "Taos", "Footman", "Taming The Twins", "Letter From A SlaveMaster", "Bondage Birthday Party", "Leo's Leather Comics," "Bronze Boy" and "Rescue Of A Punk". Plus episode three of Bill Ward's "The Exchange" and three more chapters of "The Brat".



MANIFEST

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Forestville, Ca 95436

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I am 21 or over

(signature)

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

GAY WRITER ASKS.

What are you not seeing in magazines now that you would like to? Forget "artistic value" and fuck "community standards." In a perfect world, with nothing banned, what would you like to read about? No idea too wild! Box 7718LF

DIEHARD COCKSUCKER

ISO 1 other trucker w/ 2 heads able to use both. Not into playing lets pretend. I'm 48, 5'10, 180, HIV+. Aint tidy, centerfold, dandy refined, artistic. Neither R U. U know domestic rights. Take them. Write S.M. Box 133, Savage, MD 20783

BOOTS, BONDAGE, SHAVING

Aggressive cowboy seeks submissive partner. Send photo to Box 528017 S.L.C., UT 84152

RAUNCH SLUT AND FUCK TOY

Clean cut, 26 year old, professional is looking for forceful top for SM, heavy ass play, raunch and/or scat. Am 6'0", 180 lbs, hairy, pierced, frequently in Chicago and am able to travel nationwide for serious use. (312)-856-1883 8108LF

ASIAN MASTER WANTED

WM, slave, 5-6, 150, seeks domination, verbal abuse, humiliation from oriental top. Into body worship, scamps, leather. Make me grovel/bow. PO Box 5655, San Francisco, CA 94101

MD HUNGRY HOLE FOR FF

GWM 38, 6' 180, blond moustache & body hair, into hot, hairy, hunky leathermen who will expand my limits. Mostly bottom into FF CBT, TT, BD, toys, shaving but want to experience hoodoo, piercing, sounds, catheter & other kink. Reply w/photo: 1060 G Smallwood Dr #244, Waldorf, MD 20603.

DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive, masculine, 42, blue, blond WM seeks a submissive, obedient, masculine affectionate son age 18-35. You should expect old fashioned woodshed discipline when you fail to live up to your potential or my expectations. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchful eye of a caring strict daddy. Serious only write or call before 11:30 PM EST (the number is listed) James T. Raymond, Box 10054, Richmond, VA 23240. 7036LF

HOT HUNKY LEATHER TOP

GWM, 39, 5-11, 190, brbl, moustache, hairy peccy with herd, workable nipples seeks similar tops/bottoms to 48. Stable, educated professional with varied interests including hiking, BB, photography & travel into heavy shwark, JO toys, hot sweaty workouts, jocks, shape, Airtex, trunks. No drug/tems. Possible Dad/big brother for tight man. Photo/phone to. Box 6393LF

WILD BOTTOM

WM, 43, asspussy needs plowing from hung, inshape tops, 28-40 yrs. into domination, heavy assplay, spanking, TT, CBT, VA, shaving. Love big cocks, some groups. Relationship, relocation possible. No scat. FF, damage. Me: 5-4, 128 lbs, moustache, submissive. Hank, 312/989-4236, Box 25182, Chicago, IL 60625. 7732LF

BIG BLOND OBEDIENT JOCK

6'-2" 180, bodybuilder, handsome, smart, HIV- 32, employed, educated wants genuine long-term relationship with big, possessive man who can show me who's boss. Enforced chastity, psychological and physical control. Masculine men only. PO Box

18813, San Diego, CA 92178

SIR

Bootlicker begs to serve hot, verbal leathermaster. Versatile WM, 43, 5-6, 130, muscular, nice body. Need humiliation, bondage, piss, shaving, TT, spanking, mind control, obedience, dog training. Slave will worship cock ass, feet, body and submit to your control & abuse. Sir! 3-ways, travel OK. Box 8346LF

4X4 BUDDY

wanted for heavy duty foot work, raw sweat - rough body contact - combat asshole! Box 3338LF

SIR, TAKE TOTAL CONTROL

Please! Sir, this 36, GWM, 5-10 HIV+, hairy slave, semi-experienced in CBT, BD, piercing. Wax, worshipping, catheters, shaving, electrotorture, rimming, WB, etc. Only limit is no permanent damage. Sir, I'm only fulfilled in body, mind, and spirit when serving my any age, race Master/Daddy completely! Box 7054LF

ATTENTION: COPS & TOPS

Very handsome, masculine, cocky, 28, So. Cal. WM, bottom, needs a tough top cop to take my virgin butt and fuck. I'm 6-2, 180, brown hair/eyes, moustache, nipples totaling 1/2" and am cut thick 8". TESTED HIV-NEG 4 TIMES. I was foreign service born and raised. I'd prove to be no dumb fuck. Yes, I'm relationship oriented but I welcome contact with those who may not be as well. Your photo will be returned with my photo and phone #. Box 8176

BIG COCK NEEDS SLAVEMOLE

Thick 10" uncut cum-riper, perfect body, seeks rebel boy fuckhole craving discipline, CBT from real man. Letter/pics: Fin, 901 N. Fairfax #327, Los Angeles, CA 90046

FORCED EXERCISE & WORKOUT

Exchange experiences and realistic fantasies, safe practices and techniques with HIV+, very goodlooking, gym shaped GWM. Any photo or video available? Garret Steele, Box 8266

BOSTON LEATHER DADDY

Black Daddy, 35, looking for white son slut who wants to be used. Daddy knows you're a whore and wants your hole. ME? 8-4, bearded, in-shape Top, 200, thick dick. You? Bearded asspussy into VA, submission, spanking, admiring Daddy/Es leather. Age unimportant. Smoke, aroma, booze, NYC, SF, OK. Box 7528LF

BD TOP SEEKS ASS CHEEKS

and a sensitive, imaginative mentality for leather bondage & red hot ass/high discipline, friendship. Optional safe sex/sex and/or other mutual gratification. Want natural man not a pretty boy. I'm 45, 6', 205, Leo-smooth body, talented hands. WI, E, MN, IL, Box 8377LF

NOVICE EAGER TO LEARN

from Tops/Masters, even bottoms/slaves GWM 30, 185, 6', eventually top wants "hands on exp." from all. Penpals OK. Few limits! Can travel Fall 91. Have imagination to challenge the best! Write: P.O. Box 561121, Orlando, FL 32856. Pic preferred but will answer all. Box 8329LF

WICCAN MASTER

Metaphysician seeks to network with like-minded men who are interested in ritual, neopaganism, Witchcraft, Wicca, Faerie religions, occult and esoteric disciplines. Absolutely no satanists. Panmen, PO Box

670214, Dallas, TX 75267-0214 8358LF

HIV+ TOP SOUGHT

Handsome positive Irishman, 37, 6' 185, seeks naturally dominant man. Me: healthy, strong person, obedient, excellent cock sucker, cock much more. Home in NYC and Catskills. Prefer horny, hung, husky top but right attitude gets extraordinary devotion. I could be a lot to the right man. Let's get real! Photo/phone to Box 8334LF

INTENSE DICK PAIN

Masochist, 38, surrenders uncil. meat to younger sadists for advanced genitorture (no needles, tenderizers, electricity, flame, scalpels, radical circumcision, modification. Asscunt available for toys, gang rape. (B19) 723-9882 before midnight eastern

MARLBORO DUDE

Hot Italian Marlboro/Camel man likes other men into same. 38, 5-8, 160, black hair, moustache, hairy body, brown eyes. Enjoy getting together with other hot men and having a smoke. Beards a plus. Send photo, will respond back. Occupant, PO Box 6421, Burbank, CA 91510-6421

LEATHER/RUBBER/ROPE/STEEL

Serious Leather/Rubberman wants slave to use and abuse. I'm 5-8, 175, BB, 32 years old. Into total bondage & total control. Hood, gag, harnesses, assplay, TT, shaving & CBT. The real thing for a real slave. Write w/photo and way to contact. Box

DOMINANT DADDY NEEDED

I'm 5-7, 145, goodlooking BB, need Daddy to show me the ropes his way. Enjoy bondage, some SM, willing to expand limits. I am loyal with some experience. Short to long term sessions or more. Send orders and photo please. Box 7114LF

AVAILABLE OFFICER

Hard working WM, 28 6-1, 180, nice build, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache looking for a man shorter, moustache required. Interested in leather, uniforms, boots, a tall man, motorcycles, 4x4 trucks, sports, country music. Dislikes drugs and chain smokers. Take a chance on this officer in blue. Letter and photo gets same. Write Box 7156LF

PIGGY CUNT

Desires to perfect her butt by having unnecessary and superfluous balls (eggs) removed by qualified M.D. Want remaining skin fashioned into real quin. Only licensed, legitimate doctors should reply with picture and statement of credentials. Will travel as necessary. Box 6376LF

SAFE GREEK ACTION

Me: 6', 35, 180 lbs., blond, body-builder, 19" arms, greek passive, Hot You: 20-50, Top, greek active stud into slipping on a rubber and plowing ass for hours. Also: leather, latex, oil, WS, 69, big dicks, rape fucks. Not into fags. Reply with photo: Kyle Michaels, 1126 S. Federal Hwy #189, Ft Lauderdale, FL 33318 Box 7803LF

GANG RAPE AND CASTRATION

Fantasy victim awaits you. How & what will you do to me? Steve, (717) 457-0083 or PO Box 3521, Scranton, PA 18505.

JOIN SKULL FRATERNITY

Master Skull is accepting applications for pledges. Experience college type rituals/initiation. Write Box 8015, Philadelphia, PA 19101

BIKERS' BOOT LICKER

I attend M/C "ruts" every year as the official Boot Licker and General Boot Slave, where I spend every hour licking, sucking and eating boots and spurs as well as HI-Top sweatbands. Prefer to experience different groups every year. Occupant, P.O. Box 383, LACH NE Quebec, Canada H8S 4C2. 7849LF

BLACK SADIST

32, 180, 5-8, mean and uncompromising, seeks clean, polite, respectful masochist, 25-35. Must be successful, intelligent, literate. No sex games, I'm not your sex animal. Photo/phone required. Torture, sex whipping, total submission await! Box 7800LF

PAIN SLAVE WANTED SLENDER

Send photo of your lean body to this fat, out of shape, sadist master for inspection. State limits and details. Belly ball boobs & butt use and abuse bondage and discipline. Mr. Jones, P.O. Box 33338, Coon Rapids, MN 55433. 7840LF

AUSTRALIAN PIG

30, 6-8 1/2, 215, coming to SF and NYC. wants hot "pig" master for toilet training: scat, piss, bondage, humiliation and total degradation. Shit that wants to be treated like shit. Photo and letters appreciated and answered. Box 7575LF

SPECIAL SLAVES ONLY!!

Genuine, white, Master, 58, trains trim Hispanic, Black, and Asian slaves on weekends. Excellent St. Louis BD facility! If born after 1950, photo gets application. Non-yuppie white boys may also apply. No non-sense! Box 8385LF

WILDERNESS RAUNCH

Scum-based raunchmaster, 45, 6-2, 185, has large ripe feet & cock, sweat, gob, shot, puke, rank, piss, farts, turd & ass slope for depraved pigs. Especially want to meet backpackers for wilderness raunch hikes. Experienced top for heavy CBT, BD, FF, enemas, ass-eating. Box 8328LF

MUSCLE APES WANTED

Rock hard, 'poided out, fuckin' aggressive, oversexed dudes into using and abusing fags. Get off throat fucking hungry cum guzzlers? Have spit and suction for men with massive muscles. Need mouthslurping throat/ape, heavy, heavy VA, spit and piss. Rowdy musclebounders only, SE region. Box 8357

DADDY BEAR WANTED

West Coast leatherbear, fixated on older, bearded, silver/gray, stocky men. I can be top/bottom, prefer mutual. Into leather, uniforms, fisting, whipping, bondage, SM, and cuddling. Other interests include motorcycles, weightlifting, homelife, computers. Looking for a mature, emotionally stable, experienced leatherman for a solid, real-world relationship that includes intense sexual experiences as well as day-to-day living. Box 7891

TOTAL ENSLAVEMENT

offered by handsome top to two slender, healthy, full-service cocksuckers and ass-slickers. Master is smart, mature, manly, with good body and huge, uncut pole. Quiet, family-style living in woodland environment. Limited travel. Bad habits unacceptable. If seriously committed and immediately available, call 214/583-2307 Box 7584LF

SHOCKING!

CAUTION: the basic rule in using electrical toys is: Current running between the two contacts must not pass through the chest cavity. Simplified: NO CONTACTS ABOVE THE WAIST!

Titillator

A battery operated pulsed signal generator that is simple to operate and easily portable. Two intensity controls allow you to fine tune the sensations, and separate frequency and pulse rate controls offer the maximum range of stimulation variations. The unit is 4 3/4" x 2 1/2" x 1 1/2" and comes with a 9 volt battery and a set of leads. The name of this unit comes from "titillation," it is NOT for use on the tits.

DEA 006 \$119.95

Titillator Leads

Plug your WalkMaster, WalkMaster II, or Titillator into the accessories described on this page.

DEB 012 \$34.95 Titillator Leads

All Purpose Leads

A pair of wires with banana plugs appropriate for the sockets of these accessories at one end and alligator clips at the other end.

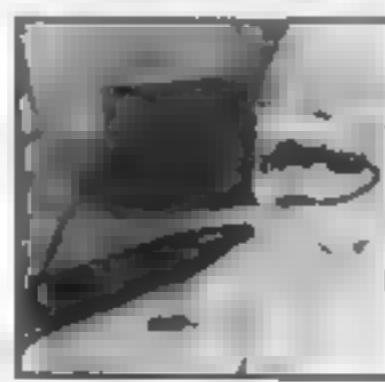
DEB 012 \$34.95 All Purpose Leads



Violet Wand

The Violet Wand, officially known as the "Master High Frequency Unit," is a device used by barbers and beauticians to stimulate the skin. It can be very effectively used for the same purpose by Tops. The glass electrodes glow purple when in use and sparks jump from the electrode to the skin surface (fantastic in a dark room). This is one electrical device that is safe for use above the waist, as the charge travels across the surface of the skin rather than through the body. (CAUTION: Keep the bulb away from the eyes!!) We offer only the Heavy Duty Unit, which has a transformer located along the extra long cord and can be used for extended periods of time. Includes one (#1, disk shaped) electrode. Additional electrodes are available.

DEA 001 \$299.95 Violet Wand Master Unit



DEC 001 \$22.95 #1 Disk Electrode
DEC 002 \$22.95 #2 Rak Electrode
DEC 003 \$22.95 #3 Rod Electrode

Stock Prod

The stock prod is one of the most effective control devices made. Excellent for conditioning your animal to behave the way you want him to. There is nothing erotic about a jolt from this device, just a quick painful zap that he will want to avoid having repeated. This model takes three "C" cells and gives him a jolt that is painful without knocking him over the way some larger units can.

DEA 009 \$28.95 Stock Prod



Titillator Attachments

RelaxAcitors, WalkMasters, Titillators or whatever you use, these attachments will provide hours of shockingly great sensations. A new artisan is producing the following electrical attachments from clear lexan (a crystal clear, very hard plastic) and space-age conductive materials. Each piece has one or more receptor sockets for banana plugs (RelaxAcitors fit) and will also work with alligator clips or bare wires. These electrical attachment devices can be used with the Titillator described above and also work with WalkMasters, RelaxAcitors, hand crank generators, and other similar devices.



DEB 001 \$39.95

Single Electrode

DEB 002 \$39.95

Double Electrode

Cockrings

Cockrings are available in four diameters 1 1/4", 1 1/2", 1 3/4" and 2". Each size is available with a single electrode and conductive material running the full circle, or with two electrodes and separate areas of conductive material on each half of the circle. Please specify size(s) when ordering.

Electrowand

This is a lexan rod with conductive material at the business end. Connect any other electrode in a convenient place - a cockring, for instance - and use the ElectroWand to play with other areas, genitals, thigh, ass, feet, anywhere below the waist. DEB 009 \$59.95 Electrowand



Sparkler

This is a short length of conductive rubber (approximately 6" long by 1/8" diameter). It works well in any moist opening or crevice ass, crotch, urethra. This one really delivers a jolt! (NOT FOR NOVICES) DEB 008 \$39.95 Sparkler

Electric Butt Plug

The charge of a lifetime. A lexan plug (approximately 6" x 1 3/4" diameter) with two electrodes that stimulate the anal sphincters. With a Titillator, or other power source that has an adjustable pulse rate, this is a real fucking machine. Expensive but worth it. Made to order, allow up to eight weeks for delivery. DEB 007 \$149.95 Electric Butt Plug

Order Form

CHECKS PAYABLE TO: DESMODUS, INC.,
PO BOX 11314, SAN FRANCISCO, CA, 94101-1314

Quant.	Item #	Item Name	Price	Amount

Shipping/Handling: \$3.50 First Item, \$1.00 Each Add'l Item (Merchandise is sent UPS)
Europe: US\$14.00, All others: \$US20.00

TOTAL AMT
OF ORDER

CA RESIDENTS:
TAX 7.25%

SHIPPING &
HANDLING

TOTAL
ENCLOSED

Item _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

(Required on all orders. I certify I am over 21.)

CREDIT CARD HOLDERS CAN CALL

415/252-1195

CHARGE MY: Visa MasterCard Amex

Card #: _____ Exp. _____

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

PARTNER SOUGHT

by GWM, 38, in-shape for bondage. Handcuffs, hood, bottom, beating used with a military/prison attitude and aptitude. Long term possible, not aside 12 hours for short term. Experienced top/bottom. Rough play with tough guys. Midwest base, can travel. Box 8385LF

SLAVE/SON/HOUSEBOY

Dominant D.O. GWM couple looking for submissive third, 18-40, under 5'10 healthy and not hairy. We are early 40s, good-looking, clean, healthy into safe, sane and caring action. Third must be able to relocate if accepted. Application and photo to: ART, P.O. Box 81103, Washington, DC 20008. 7642LF

RAUNCHY RELATIONSHIP

WM top, 48, 145, handsome, horny, hairy, 7 1/2" semi-cut seeks slim HIV+ bottom for lasting relationship. Bottom should be into pain, scat, BB and long sessions. Own 2 Art Deco houses in Hollywood Hills for indoor/outdoor fun. Aromatherapy A-OK. Rose, (213) 874-2774. 8037LF

BOY/SLAVE WANTED

by serious, experienced GWM, 38, 8-2, 180, long brown hair, moustache, fat cock. Any age/race. Into all rough scenes. I need to be served. Write w/photo & phone. Box 8364

MIDDLEMAN WANTED

Top & bottom seek versatile, muscular middleman. Photo & must. We travel. RHM, P.O. Box 18131, Minneapolis, Minn. 55418

APPRENTICE/BOY WANTED

Successful, sane, dominant Leatherdaddy, 40s, 8'-8" 145, wants a boy-apprentice-partner-lover, 20-30s, to share his Northern California country home and established, successful metalworking business. One-on-one partnership. You must be hard-working, have a positive attitude, initiative, and goals. Opportunity to learn a craft with a great future from an internationally known craftsman, working and living in the leather community. Travel, exploration of fantasy and reality together. Possible help with relocation. Write with photo and phone to Box 7800

SLAVE FOR LIFE

Seek Masters to assure it is totally degraded, defiled and deformed. 60, 5-10, 180, HIV+, craves whip scars, ceremonial abuse, daily agony, penectomy, obscene facial tattoos. Call Loki (213) 669-0524.

HIV+

GWM, 38, 5-10, 180, bearded, hairy, seeks live-in kept slave and kinky BB buddies for CBT, TT, sex, beating, raunch and more. Live in DC Metro, call Randy before 10 pm EST at (202) 483-8860 or write Box 7960LF

COPS/LEATHERMEN

Tight-assed submissive English boy/slave with some experience, 28, 5-7, 125, often in U.S. looking for cop and/or leatherman for summer fantasy trip (possibly longer relationship) involving permanent, heavy, manaced bondage, boot licking, VA, CBT, TT, WB, whips, etc. Please SIR, reply with photo and international postage to Box 7646LF

HUMILIATE ME

Mature, dominant men needed by faggot, 38, 6'-7', 170, goodlooking. Fantasy, VA, men's room, public scenes! 100% dom., well hung, no age limit. Use me, Sir! Box 8372

CHAIN SMOKING SUBMISSIVE

WM, 31, 5-5, 120, mustachio, heavy chain smoker wants to contact anyone into cigarettes. Very interested in other chain smokers. Want to be forced to smoke even more heavily. No limits. B. Hoffman, Box 1430, Harrisburg, PA 17105. 8384LF

MEDICAL EXAMS

Specializing in genital and rectal procedures. Hot, hairy, young doctor. NYC area. Box 8199

BARE BACK WHIPPING

Looking for Step-Dad, 40-70, who believes in whipping his son on his back with razor strap, not his ass. I got the strap that way growing up and I miss it. I'm 38, 5-10, 155. Can travel. Serious est. Not master/slave domestic type discipline, no ass. Write J.A., Box 687, Meridianville, AL 35758

WANTED: LIFETIME SLAVE

Master/Daddy, 48, business man seeks a slim slave/master for permanent monogamous service. I'm quite demanding. Into total domination with absolute physical & mental control. I demand a totally obedient, completely submissive slave who is exclusively bottom, non-smoker, drinker, doper. Photo required, HIV+ a must. Novices welcomed. Must relocate to TX valley. Box 8387LF

THE CHOICE IS YOURS

SIR, GWM, 31, slave needs to serve a cigar smoking Master. You call the shots. Bondage, anal work, endurance, WB, toilet, discipline, confinement and creative torture. Your pleasure is my desire SIR (Northeast US). Box 8376LF

MANSERVANT ACADEMY

Applications are now being accepted for a unique training program for Men. Updating the concept of a Gentleman's Gentleman, graduates of Man's Man Manservant Academy will be familiar with all of the tasks normally associated with butlers such as butler, valet, houseboy and chauffeur, and will also be trained in tasks of special interest to Leathermen, e.g. care of leather and rubber boots, clothing and toys, care of the dungeon environment including furniture, equipment and supplies; appropriate subservient behavior in a range of tasks from answering the telephone to serving dinner for guests, and all aspects of body service from French to Greek. There will be special emphasis on personal hygiene and care both for yourself and your Master, including message techniques, erotic and therapeutic. Our objective is to make you the perfect Man's Man in every aspect from selecting the correct wine to serve with dinner to the appropriate technique for handling a foreskin while sucking cock. You must be between 21 and 50, intelligent and in good health. This is not planned for you to get your rocks off, but is intended for Men serious in their desire to serve Men. The training is "on the job." You will serve, and be trained by, two experienced TopMen of their country estate in Northern California. You must be willing to contract for three months full time service. At the end of 3 months, training extensions are possible by mutual agreement. Your full room and board will be provided. The tuition you pay for training and the salary you receive for services rendered cancel each other out exactly. Enrollment in a health care program is possible, if needed. To apply, send a letter including a statement of your interests and experience in being a Man's Man. Include your physical description, age, and current relationship status. Outline your economic situation, including how you would find it possible to devote three months full time to the training. Responses without the above required information will be deemed to be

from incompetents and will be ignored. Those who do adequately respond to the above instructions will be sent a more detailed application form. Only one Man will be selected for training each three months. MM Manservant Academy graduates will be the best trained servants to Men in the world. MMMA graduates will make themselves indispensable to their Men. If you are serious about serving Men, get your application in now. Box 8277

CHICAGO & OHIO MUSCLE

GWM, 38, 5-11, 180, 8'+, mustache, shaved chest, bodybuilder. Likes to reverse top & bottom, looking for intelligent, handsome, muscular man, clean cut by day, sleaze bag by night. Into paddles, CBT, enemas, ass play, wax, TT, sexually imaginative minds and muscular bodies. Travel frequently. Photo & phone gets mine. Box 8224

HOUSEBOY - PLUS

Prof Dad & college-bound son seek live-in houseboy, toy, brother to relocate to Montana Mtn. city. Must be honest, clean, healthy, non-smoker, total bottom. Should be young, smooth, slim, into toys, BD, shaving, nudity. Photo & phone to: Box 8388LF

NASTY AS DADDY WANTS TO BE

Redneck Daddy, 44, 6', 180, lean & healthy, with 6" stiff inches for a bitchboy pig in heat. Smell it, choke on it, drink from it, feel it stretch your cunt. VA, TT, CBT, shaving. Be under 30, healthy and anxious to please demanding top. Photo required w/ letter.

STRICTLY TOP/BISEXUAL MAN

35, 8-10, 150, thick 8 1/2" prick, looking for normal-looking younger guy who seriously craves degradation. If you jerk off thinking about humiliation scenes like being videotaped with an oversized dick in your mouth and your hands tied behind your back, lying under a rim seat with your tongue up a guy's ass, being made to suck on a dildo while being screwed, being forced to wear a dog collar or women's panties. Send info/photo. PO Box 78231 San Francisco, CA 94107. 7117LF

ATTENTION TRUCKERS

Ex law enforcement officer looking for career change. Want to partner up with tough trucker and learn trucking from the boots up. Clean driving record and quick learner. You're the boss. I'm available now. Box

BIG BEEFY BB BEARS 40+

WM, 48, 180, masculine, muscular, seeks big beefy bears, BB linebackers with facial hair to please. From TLC to dom. & kink. Write SCF, P.O. Box 2057, Sunnyvale, CA 94087 or call (408) 739-5690. Bigger is better.

DARK, HIRSUTE

mustached, dominant Master/Top required by submissive part trained Australian sailor, 50, looks similar, good physique, tattoos, healthy. Greek/Asian. Needs BB, WB, CBT, TT. Any age/race. Cops, truckers, construction, inmates. Especially Latino, Arab types. Pen pals. Photo please. A.L.A. Sir Box 7323LF

ORLANDO SLEAZE

41 YO, 5-8, 150, smooth body looking to give total oral service. No reciprocation necessary. Masculine, sweaty trucker types are a plus. Visitors welcome. Only serious action minded should reply. No phone J.O. Call Anthony for sleepy time, (407) 876-0925. 8052LF

MONTEREY PENINSULA/HATL

Man Master/Daddy, 5'8"-6'2", 300, 51, hairy, seeks slave/son who needs discipline, whipping, CBT, TT, BD, shaving, dildos, wax, WS. Slave/son should be under 40 and serious! Permanent, temporary or weekends considered. Looks unimportant. Attitude is: Application, photo, phone number to Master. Call (408) 758-2824 or write Box 7825LF

FIRE/HUMAN TORCH

GWM, young 43, wants to hear from all men also fascinated by fire. Interested in responses from fellow sadists as well as masochists. Everything from CBT to human torches. Swap stories, fantasies, pls. like jeans, leather, western, uniform. Suite K474 486A Hudson St, NY NY 10014.

OLD FASHIONED SLAVE

Wanted. Cockslucking, ass-eating, piss-drinking masochist. HIV unimportant, looks, age, race unimportant. Just desire for good old fashioned sex and sadism. Must relocate to Bay Area. Photo, phone, address, and qualifications to: Box 7613LF

ORIENTAL SON AVAILABLE

For tall, masculine, dominant, Dad/master's pleasure on call or live in. Son is submissive, smooth, good looking, 30, 5-7, 130, HIV-, into light BB, BD, TT, whips, feathers, collar, chains; living in San Francisco, can travel, relocate. Letter, phone, photo? to Tim. Box 7528LF

HANDSOME L.A. MUSCLEMAN

Competition-quality BB, 8'-200, 34, hung 8' versatile into chains, oil, leather, top uniforms. You are must & maso, photo & must. Sorry for previous box closure. Send

MILITARY & POLICE CLUB

4th year! Nationwide, very discreet contact club for police, firemen, military, EMTs, licensed security & corrections. Proof of service required to join. J.B. Personnel only! BASE + \$2 (credited) MPO-D, PO Box 1128, Muskogee, OK 74402. 8341LF

WANTED: REAL BOY SLAVE

full/partial by good looking GWM, 32, 8', 180, good body, hairy chest. I train boys hard & expect orders followed w/o question. Discipline w/appreciation. VA, BD, CBT + ? You: total submissive slave, under 27 w/ boyish looks & body. Letters/photos to: D9, PO Box 1683, NYC, NY 10011. 8358LF

SEEK YOUNG MASTER/MODEL

Chicago slave, 40, slim and smooth, will provide air travel and financial cost if you provide weekend of bondage, light torture and sexual use. Prefer blond or brown hair, smooth, 25 to 35. Send photo. Reply to: Box 8382LF

THERE IS A MORNING AFTER

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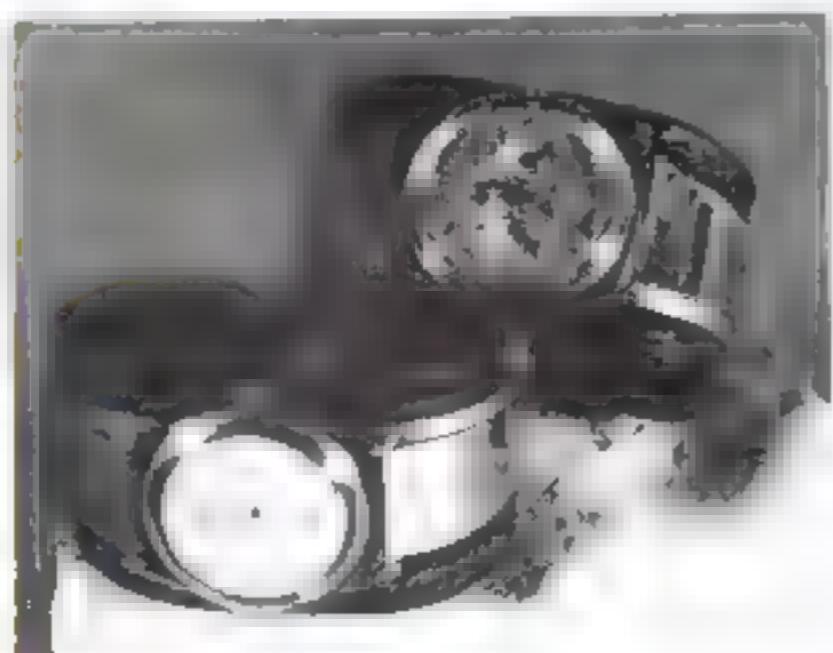
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ATTRACTIVE CREATIVE TOP

Single white male, late 30s, 6-2, 190, black hair, hazel eyes, moustache, uncut, healthy/HIV-neg. Fit, masculine seeking submissive sex partners, pen-friends, buddies into leather uniforms, SM BD videos, most safe scenes. Will respect/explore limits. Have cellar playroom. Travel. P.O. Box 250 2, Richmond, VA 23260. 804-225-8272. 7728LF

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48, 6' 200, handsome, experienced, respected, generous & demanding. Seeking uninhibited, under-challenged, unfulfilled, muscular, masculine masochist with brains, brawn & balls. Want a warrior not a whore, easy not sneaky, attitude not attitude. Full time, monogamous adventurous mutually stimulating/satisfying relationship. Box 261521 San Diego, CA 92198. 7804LF

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Smartass Military, cocky airline pilots, swaggering cowboys, crewcuts, high and lights, no beards. Handsome tame but tough TOP will cuff lead BOOTS and SQUARE AWAY wiseass BOOTTED men punished and confined when needed. 21+ photo/letter preference to uniformed safe sex, white only. Box 7545LF

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LOOKING FOR SLAVE BOYS

18-38 who want to have their ass played with. I like to hold and torture my boys. So write your hairy 25 year old Daddy. Tell Daddy what you want. Write no matter where you are. Unkys writing. Box 7805LF

LONELY ALASKA BOY

seeks hungry hunter/worker companion, discrete thru 8-47 in. Various Alaska. m 32-40-140. Discreet & clean. HIV-negative. Will move country to start living again. into another state. m 21 and more. Willing to travel. Unkys writing. In. Various year round. Box 7804LF

NO CALIFORNIA

TEACH ME

Any leather/bondage lover my sexual horizons interest me. I am not limited to bondage sex and I play willing to develop trusting & mutual sexual relationship with hot chick. I am 20-30 lbs. short. Uniforms are also fine. Write. Box 78-2

BOTTOM WITH SLAVE MODE

GWM, 48, 6-2, 175, HIV-. Sucker, rimmer, fucker. Your age, race, looks unimportant. Slim build, chemistry is. Use kink (except scat) to enhance my submission, limits. Many fetishes, three hungry holes. Will experiment. Will respond to your scene as ordered. Bottom mildly handicapped. Ongoing, monogamous, scene/relationship desired. Bi-couples OK. Box 7568LF

Box 8367

HOUSEBOY - SON

sought for S-F apartment by retired GWM 6-8, 140. You're 18-40, white or Oriental, trim, drug & smoke free, healthy, submissive. You'll enjoy nudity, shaving, supervision, affection. Full letter, photo, phone to Box 8158LF

ASSPLAY

Weatherman, 28, bearded, hot, wants mature, bearded men to take my dick and fist. Be available for occasional intense scenes involving negotiated safe sex, assplay, fitting definitely bondage, SM, facefucking, foot service possibly. Into boots, gloves, rubber latex, cigars, spit, piss. Absolutely no verbal abuse. Write, with photo, ONLY if you live in the SF/Bay Area or will be visiting. Will answer all and return photos. Box 7880

BONDAGE/HARD DICK/TITS

Bondage enthusiast is obsessed by hard dick and tits. Get tied up sexually and consensually and then get pleasure and tortured to orgasm. I seek fun, friendship and intimacy. I am 40, bearded, balding, stocky leather bear. Am looking for men who want to feel so good they can't stand it. My tits get worked on in return. Sorry but SF/Bay area only. PO Box 4343, San Francisco, CA 94101

WANTED OLDER/EXPERIENCED

Dad by 25 year old (bottom or mutual) boy. m looking to explore/realize my sexual fantasies including toys, bondage and uniforms. Boy loves beasty daddies with mustaches and chewable tits. Boy is willing and

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eager to learn. Mutual consent and respect a must. Reply to Box 7578

TOP THIS TOP

Experienced top wants to reestablish his bottom space after several years absence. Interests include bondage, boots, catheters, suspension, but I am most interested in exploring your kinky suggestions. Phone and photo to Box 7758LF

CEREBRAL TOP

Dynamic, young professional of 30 seeks sane, thoughtful partners for sexual fantasy fulfillment. I am fit, disease-free and financially secure. Not looking for a full time commitment but rather a buddy who wants initiation into SM and BD. Write, with fantasy, to: Ken, P.O. Box 70952 Plaza Sta., Sunnyvale, CA 94088. 8320LF

HOW ABOUT...

you and me and puppy indulging our fantasies. Me 5'10" 155, experienced Top, trim board & moustache, puppy is 5'10", 135 lbs. Tricky bottom. You trim & fit, interested in long term play partners or more. Play may include leather, SM, BD, shaving, paddling, fisting, and more. Your photo and phone gets ours. All letters acknowledged. Box 8384LF

ANAL ATTENTIVE! WE ARE!

Two handsome, versatile, leather top men in our 30s would like to share our lean, gym toned bodies, rigid dicks, and tight bubble butts with similar leather buddies. If you are into extended, sweaty Greek action with MEN drop us a line with your photo. Box 7713LF

IMMEDIATELY WANTED

2 cowboys, 32 & 35 looking for hung tops to fuck us hard, deep & long. Come put your cock where it belongs: up our asses! If you're a top & want to fuck us, write with photo. No bullshit. Just fuck us. Randy & Mike, 2443 Fair Oaks Blvd. #140, Sacramento, CA 95825. 8345LF

HOT YOUNG LEATHER CUBS

Spend the winter in this leather bears playroom/den. Daddy is 6'2" 225 black hair, hazel eyes, salt & pepper moustache & beard, very versatile, very hairy. Into 50/50 top & bottom scenes. Call Dick (415) 864-5208.

I NEED TO SNIFF YOUR HOLE

Nice looking office type, 43, seeks contact with younger, arrogant man who understands. If you would enjoy making me tongue clean your sweaty pits/balls and sniff your ripe asshole, write Chuck, PO Box 51201, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

BOY/SLAVE WANTED

Two B.F. tops (lovers) seek boy/slave to service their needs. GR, FF, BD, FF or most of the above. One night stands OK but we are really looking for a more lasting situation. Subservience expected while playing but friendship & cuddles are encouraged afterwards. (415) 861-0780.

BALLBUSTER

Will own naked boy, clean cut, fit, educated, loyal. Balls tormented, military discipline, confinement by sadistic animal trainer, 6'2, wiry, athletic, 38, safe. Travel to remote locations; weight lifting. Will, (415) 778-8468 (before 11 pm) Box 8368LF

HEY BOY!

Your Daddy is looking for you. You have permission to call if you are naturally submissive and have a need to serve. Call (816) 361-8755. Serious only - No JO

calls. 8129LF

BOUND & GAGGED

Bondage buddy, 44, 5'10, 160, seeks mutual partner to take turns tying and gagging. Write with photo and phone to: J. Hunter, P.O. Box 22584, San Francisco, CA 94122 8328LF

SLAVE/SON

Versatile slave/son 22-28 wanted by HIV professional, successful businessman, 50. You are fit, masculine, intelligent, motivated, needing guidance and control with the. Genuine submissive, obedient nature required. Assistance with school or career if relationship achieved. Explicit letter/photo to Suite 73, Crystal Springs Center San Mateo, CA 94402. 7751LF

WANTED - SLAVE

Bondage, CBT & TT, training, SM, pain, variety. Heavy, long, quiet, safe. Boots, leather dungeon, collar. Submission and obedience required. We're hung, trim, GWM, HIV. Service 8'-1" SF professional, 38. Prefer shorter, 31-44, relationship. Box 8258LF

SLAVE SON SUBMIT

Daddy is 38. His slave/son is 28. Both of us are attractive, healthy and creatively self-employed. You are 18-25, slim to muscular and ready to live your life as a slave. Chris, (415) 282-5438 Noon to 9 pm PST.

SAFE AND SOBER SEX

Average looking 30 year old, GWM, seeks hairy, white, leather Tops for JO and tilt play fantasy. Reply to: Box 8344

COCKSUCKER & BUTTFUCKER

GWM 6'8" giant, 240 lbs seeks friendship and a whole lot more. Looking for Silver Centaur or any age and nationality over 45 years. Grooves to the Hawaiian beat. Your nude photo gets my attention. In HIV and plan to stay that way. Handicaps okay. I believe all men are equal. Looking forward to hearing from one and all. Box 8122

INTO WHIPPING?

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BB LEATHERSON

Intelligent, responsible, handsome leatherson seeks to worship Leather dad/Master in monogamous, caring relationship. Graduating from East Coast University 5/91. Graduate experience in Statistics and diversified undergraduate curriculum. Programming, Experimental Psychological Design, Fetishes, TALL, black boots, violence, abuse, Highway Patrol, nightstick/cuffs. Seeking relocation to be by your side, at your best. Searching for sincere, responsible life-mates, not handout or assistance. Photo/photo greatly appreciated. Box 7810LF

VERY SUBMISSIVE

WM, 42, 5'8", 165, blu/brown, hairy, beard, HIV, seeks mature tops, 35+, for BD, flogging, WB, VA, spanking, worshipping, boot licking, uniforms, shaving, leather. No tool, FF, damage. Please expand my limits, Sir! Box 8184LF

NEEDED: LEATHER TOP

WM, 32, Good-looking & masculine, 5'10, black hair, moustache & short beard, 165 lbs. and a tight, in-shape body into most scenes. Looking for handsome, quality Master/Dad(s) to explore limits and hot rough sex. Turn-ons: Bald, tattoos, red hair, kink. I travel monthly. Send photo, letter & phone number to: Box 7651LF

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

SEEKING DADDY'S BOY

38 yr old construction owner needs boy pleasure toy. Will train to please, to satisfy. Your fulfillment is reached by satisfying Daddy's wants. Boy must be submissive & willing to give self to Daddy. Shaving, spankings, electric teasing are some of daddy's tools to train you. Apply Boxholder PO Box 11126, San Francisco, CA 94101

BALL P.O.W.

25 year old bodybuilder offers his treasured balls to muscled leather CHP/MP type guys who know how to make 'em hurt. Dig bell weights, presses, hot wax, military interrogation scenes, brutal police officers, sadistic coaches. Tie me and make me talk or???? Travel NYC, LA. Photo. Box 8778LF

HAIRY-CHESTED MALE BOTTOM

Passive, disciplined young guy, 32, attractive, clean cut for P/T work, pay negotiable. Prefer to work for playful top as his assistant, houseman, masseur. Davis, (408) 741-5378. Evenings/weekends. Older men are a definite plus. Box 5168LF

SEXY POWERFUL TOP

40/Ex. 180, 8" beard, strong thighs, very loving, seeks boy. 25-40 w/ ready lips, ready rear, electric hits for hot, grand times. Nasty talk, relationship a+. Smoke/bromo, OK. Photo/phone. Write what you like. Box 8368

FACEBITTERS, Piss & JO

60kg WM 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Fart up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible week-ends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write: Bill B., #237, 2215-A Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114. 7750LF

JACK OFF IN LEATHER

want to put on an old shirt, my boots and chaps, turn the collar up on my leather jacket and jack off with someone who likes to dress as do. Our imaginations can lead us to other things. Photo/phone to. Box

TIE UP A JARHEAD

You have 48 hours to make this 25, 6' 165 blond marine reveal more than name, rank & serial #. If you fail, your ass is mine. Got the balls? Nude photo, phone. Semper Fi. Reply to Tightropes, P.O. Box 151283, San Rafael, CA 94915

PUBLIC USE/ABUSE TRAINING

Master wants boy who can take public humiliation & use. Must be trainable in wide range. If you prove your need to serve, live-in possible. Master 38, 5-10. Write PO Box 180903, Sacramento, CA 95818. Photo, phone, needs required. 8254LF

BIG THICK TOP MEAT WANTED

Very good-looking GWM couple. Bottom: 28, 6', 185, well-built, hairy chest, stache, 7" Top: 35, 5-7, 135, well-built, smooth chest, 7" Want GW top w/ big, thick cock for bottom lover domination. Must know how to spank, piss beer, face/dbl fuck, ram irresistible ass while TB & A eaten by top. Hot tub foreplay. Box 7935LF

Good-looking GWM wants to meet other good-looking GWMs for mutual JO while you talk mean and dirty to me. Also into leather, torn clothes and WS. Your photo & phone gets mine. Write Box 8030

TIT-ELATING SAFE SEX

Smooth, strong, dominant chubette seeks submissive bodybuilders and muscled boy toys for heavy necking, kissing, spanking & tit play. Watch your nipples rise and shiver. Call George, (415) 561-6408 before mid night PST. 8058LF

HUSKY WM TOP

clean/leather, tired, hairy, 40s, looking for bottom eager to serve & please. He's intelligent, demanding but affectionate, prof. Bottom must be trainable and emotionally available. TT, CBT, WS a must. Older/BW/May okay. Box 8263

SO. CALIFORNIA

DOG/PIG/SLAVE

travels humiliates, boot-licking assistance. Fool worshipping bottom would like to be on call by demanding, arrogant boot Master who expects and demands total worship of boots and feet. Uniforms, rituals, punishments, instructions on care of boots, socks and feet for your pleasure and amusement. 54, 6ft., 180. Box 8322LF

HOT TOP LEATHER MEN ONLY

Looking for a leather stud biker with tattoos & smokes cigars. Am a bottom, 42, and love to service top leatherman. If you're a trucker with an uncut cock, call Bob, (213) 878-6342 after 8 pm. JO okay.

SERIOUS ONLY

2 leather Masters, White, 5-0, 180, 8" out. Laptop & Latin, 5-7, 145, 7" uncut. Both hairy, black/brown, mustaches, very good-looking. We want a total slave into heavy domination, CBT TT WS SM bondage. Call only when you are prepared for your instructions. No bullshit. (213) 257-4130. 8048LF

SILVERLAKE PLAYROOM

Party dudes, SM, bondage, FF, couple. TB 39, healthy, trimmed, pierced, toilet slave TT - 42, healthy, ready for any scene with versatile, trim, healthy men. Box 9089, Pasadena, CA 91103. 8068LF

DOMINANT MASTERS WANTED

For hot FF and kinky scenes. 18" biceps, 50" chest or bigger. Write Dear Sir with photo and details of lust. Sir is 6'0", 185 lbs. No fats/fems, but attitude more important than looks. Be thirsty, imaginative & raunchy. Write to Box 8082

PISS DAD SEEKS 2ND MOUTH

Ex-coach, dominant Daddy, 53 and his hot, young toilet slave. 30 seek 2nd boy to share Daddy's cock, big chest, hairy armpits, sweaty feet, recycled beer and ? No fats/fems, but attitude more important than looks. Be thirsty, imaginative & raunchy. Write to Box 8082

DOMINANT MASTERS

WM, 5-11, 175, 51, younger looking. Average build and looks. 8 1/2 uncut, shaved balls. Top or bottom. Will try anything at least once. Expand my limits or yours. HIV+. Answer with picture and phone # Box 7121LF

WANTED: HISPANIC SLAVE

Master is 34 yrs., small bear type, Latino American, a demanding teacher of SM arts. Slave: Hispanic, 18-35, should feel born to serve. Write: Ruben Lopez, PO Box 3866 Alhambra, CA 91803. Photo & phone req. Asians & Blacks encouraged to apply as well. 8051LF

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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

30 Am 49, white, blond, blue eyes, 190 lbs. 8-1 No mercy asked or given. Be a man with guts. Take a chance and let's sweat one out together. Box 7825LF

DISCIPLINE!

My hand, strap, paddle or cane with bondage or not. Box 4944, Long Beach, CA 90804

TOILET SLAVE

GWM, 24, br/bl, 120, seeking to be trained as your piss drinking, shit eating, toilet slave. Especially interested in group scenes. Send photo, phone, brief letter describing how I will serve you & your friends. Box 8348

TWISTED STEP-DAD NEEDED

Hot boy, 40, seeks sweetly cruel LOVE from a nasty, mentally/verbally abusive mean-minded stepfather. Hot piss, mouth-rape, pit suck & choke fucking VA. Twisted love. Queerboy is hung thick, uncut, goodlooking, piss drinking ass sucker. Loves cheese, farts, sweat, spit and ??? DAD is tattooed, hung, uncut, mean; a pervert who is also very affectionate & maybe once in awhile likes the tables turned? Twisted Love! I need rough loving. Call me your punk. (819) 898-8359 or PO Box 127472 San Diego, CA 92112

TOILET TOP/BOTTOM

B. WM, 49-510, 200, msec, clean shaven, seeks hungry, thirsty toilets and older, 50+, toilet tops to feed me. Love cum, OS, JO, rim. Box 8330

DR. PICKLES TRAINING STABLE

Young San Diego Doc and noted Leather Master offers a three week boot camp intensive for submissives in AIDS safe SM and leather/fantasy. Slave to submit all vital statistics, fetishes and previous training if any, not required, to 1309 Ninth Ave., #1217, San Diego, CA 92101

ASSHOLE-WORSHIP MATE

GWM, 37, very attractive, br;br, 5-10, 160, HIV+, smart, educated, successful, funny seeks same for non-monogamous relationship. You. GWM to age 40. Prefer younger HIV+, successful, sensitive, kind, msec mannered, handsome, clean shaven, blond or dark hair, little or no body hair. Prefer Jewish but others OK if warm & demonstrative. You should be a creative & wild top during heavy assplay scenes including occ WS/cat. I'm versatile but not GRIP. You should be comfortable with your own body & with experimentation. Well read w/ wide-ranging knowledge, aware of history, business, culture, style, design. "Out" politically progressive. Street smart, sophisticated, worldly, hungry, fun, involved. Box 8202LF

FOR PAY OR PLAY

Handsome silver fox, 50, bank exec needs to lick your big, dirty boots, worship you filthy Converse high-tops and pig out on your crotch & pits, over 35. Box 8363

NOVICE MASTER SEEKS MUSC

GP ass-slave into rimming, fucking, limit expanding, assplay. Males 37+ muscle, beefy top. You are under 42, msec, and healthy. Novice slave a plus. Will explore SM together. Used slave welcome. Teach me the ropes. Wish also to explore shaving, BD, FF & more. Send photo/phone to: Box 8292

TOUGH, HOT, HAIRY

fuck-torture animal, total M. Begging for experienced men over 40 to work/torture/ use this pig. My pain, your pleasure. S/M. No relationship, no fantasy, no limits; just fuck, hit, torture, abuse on a regular

basis. Wild animal is only partially broken but can be forced to give full slave service. Pig is 5-11, 150, 7 1/2" cut, 43. Best hairy ass in So. Cal. HIV-. Bend orders, photo to Box 501, Long Beach, CA 90801 8391LF

SAN DIEGO SAILOR

Sail Boy beginner needs training. Need to take orders and be obedient. No experience. I'm 28, WM, 5-9, 160. High-night 8" cut tight. Your 23-40 USMC/Navy or equal. Write if serious about a learning relationship. 341 W. Broadway, Suite 268, San Diego, CA 92101

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

29, 5'-8", 145, br/bl, built. My hot tongue needs taming, mouth needs cock, butt needs beat, CB needs abuse, tits need clamps, face needs spit, head needs fucking, ass needs sheathed dick. HIV- safe, under 45, no tats. West Hollywood area. All hot letters answered. Box 8258LF

RAUNCH - SM

5-11, 220, dark hair & beard, versatile biker wants pig ass with exp. men over 30. VA, BD, torture, FF, WS, scat, filth, toilet training, HIV+ OK. Will travel LA to San Diego or come and get it in the desert. (818) 321-8312 anytime. 8381LF

BOOTTED TOP BOY NEEDED

Hunky San Diego dad. 41-5-10-165, brn beard, self-employed. Boy. My size or smaller, 22-35, wacky attitude to tease, humiliate, discipline & collar. Dad to be his cock & boot slave. WS fantasy. Smoke OK. Live-in possible. Dad is caring, loving. You be too. Box 8232LF

PISSED SLAVES WANTED

Goodlooking top, 5-9, 150, brn/bl, workout, HIV-, 7" uncut wants to meet sm & very piss slaves into weed, fantasy, safe sex Piss? Write Bill Box 8200

WHITE TOP/MASTER DADDY

wanted by white bottom Teddy Bear. 38-5-11-200 lbs. Husky, hairy, brown/hazel hair, moustache. Am into leather, levs, boots, uniforms, jockstraps. Am G/p, FA/p (front/rear) SM BD, WS toys, titplay. Sincere only. Prefer LA/Calf area. Jay. PO Box 6706, Los Angeles, CA 90087 8386LF

HOT FAT PIG

Pig slave needs muscle tops. All raunch. Call Pete (818) 508-7845.

HANDSOME WHITE MASTER

looking for a dedicated slave. Someone who wants to give the control of his life to another man. I am 28, 5-1, muscular master who is seeking that one special black or latin slave. Size and looks not as important as attitude. I'll make you my showpiece. Send pic, phone number & detailed letter to Box 8213LF

BLOND MASTER

31, 6', 180, former professional athlete with smooth, hard, muscular body, big dick and great looks seeks super-attractive, in-shape, young bottom for fun, training & possible relationship. If you're really hot, send photo & phone to: Box 8378LF

HOUSEBOY AND SLAVEBOY

Successful businessman wants a versatile slave to meet all his demands; from doing his chores to sucking his cock. Master loves to strip, chain, whip and torture his slave until he gets exactly what he wants. Me: 6-1, 185, 50s, healthy, masculine. You: Handsome, trim, HIV-, totally subser-

vent. Box 8383

MORE THAN U BARGAINED FOR

is what you'll get with this white-hot, 38, bearded, tattooed, Harley-riding manboy with insatiable nipples & receptive fuck hole. 5'-8", 140, dark hair & eyes. Seeking big, well-built, aggressive SWEATY-LEATHERDADDYSTUD; HEAVYHUNG ASSMASTER 25-45 who is also intelligent, intense, self-assured & caring. Serious only. Call Matt before 11 pm. (213) 883-7687. No JO calls.

BLACK MUSCLE STUD

Extremely well-built black Top, 6-4, 220, 50" chest, 18" arms, 8 1/2" cock, looking for muscled slaveboy to serve and obey. Want to expand your limits. Letter/photo to: D. 1850 Whitley #211, Hollywood, CA 90028.

SOUTH BAY MASTER

looking for servant, 18-30, for total domination, SM & shaving. Beginner's OK. Must be total servant oriented stud. Picture is must phone if possible. Discreet if desired. I'm 33-6-4-8" cut, brown hair, blue eyes. Write Sir Royal for response. Box 8373

FOOT-LICKING SLAVE WANTED

If you're a foot-licking, ass-eating, cock-sucking, piss drinking guy, who loves humiliation, you're my kind of guy. We could be friends and have a relationship. I'm 58-5-8, 142, HIV-, healthy. You be too. Reply Box 1328, Sunset Beach, CA 90742 or Box 7728LF

STRICT CARING MASTER

WM, 1C, big balls, 5', 180, HIV-, well built, br/bl, hard nipples, stache needs long term boy for BD, heavy ass abuse, freq, rimmin, fuckin your ass & mouth. You: slim/muscular, msec., 21-32, HIV-, serious, hard working. No drugs, booze, cigs. Photo to P.O. Box 3834, San Diego, CA 92163 8127LF

ORALIST

GWM, submissive. Dad. 53, 6-3, 185, smooth, looking for tops or mutual players into beef piss poppers, heavy 10" uncut, leather, underwear porn, fantasies, clothing (parties to business suits) and uniforms. No recip nec. No greet, no scat, no tats. Married and bi A.O. K. Box 7587LF

MUSCLE SLAVE WANTED

Expect to be spanked, slapped, humiliated in safe creative scenes of kink and to serve, smut & body-worship. this hot, hung, blonde, BB, 38, 5-10, 175. Leatherman. You: Smaller, under 30, good-looking WM. Photo/letter to: 8721 Santa Monica Blvd #321 West Hollywood, CA 90069

BEAR CUB

28, 6-3, 240, moustache, pierced nipple, looking for Daddy Bear to train me to take your hand. Write to K. Allen, PO Box 32354, Long Beach, CA 90832

GOOD-LOOKING BLOND - 37

seeks stud Master/Top who likes: head to toe oral service; to torture and humiliate little dicks, heavy fantasies and trips; ass-whipping, TT, toilet & potty scenes. HIV-, So. Cal. area. P.O. Box 5002 #133, Cathedral City, CA 92235.

FORCED FEMINIZATION

Hooded, collared and shaved WM, extra young 38, 6-3, 155, cute; secretly wears panties, bra & nylons, wants to be ordered to crossdress for maid training, verbal abuse, prolonged bondage & humiliation by heavyweight man, men in boots/leather. Box 8123LF

DUNGEON SLAVE

Needs to serve experienced Dungeon Master on a part-time (possibly permanent live-in) basis. Into safe, serious leather/rubber SM sex, bondage, discipline, and more. Slave is handsome, trim, 31, 8-2, 170 lbs. Please send photo and letter to Box 7058LF

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA COAST

Dedicated, submissive bootman desires to service/worship boots on or off your hot foot w/ accomplished hands, mouth & tongue. Want to be trained by arrogant, demanding, whipmaster in the ultimate of foot worship & service. Dlg oiled loggers, construction, combat boots, racy socks & sweaty feet for down to it, no nonsense mental & physical discipline, humiliation & degradation. Box 6184-LF

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom, 48. Into serious BD (mummification, immobilization, sensory deprivation) SM (CBT, TT whipping, candles, shaving.) Have a fully equipped playroom that's waiting for those special Tops with imaginative and creative minds for kinky action. No drugs. Safe sex only. Call between 8AM-11PM (818) 843-5428. 7393LF

LIVE-IN SLAVE LABORER WTD

Submissive boy needed for total service to GWM. Give expert deep throat, submit to physical abuse; provide manual labor weekdays; get regular training nites in taking care of Boss's needs. Salary! Box 3984B, Los Angeles 90039. 8182LF

ATTENTION MACHO MEXICAN

Generous slave, mid-fifties, seeks Mexican Master any age for 24 hour scenes. Macho man only. Box B180

COLORADO

YOUNG WHITE OR ORIENTAL for light bondage, spanking, tennis, bike travel. No BM I'm GWM, 53, Del (303) 872-4177

DENVER GWM - 52

wants young white/oriental for light bondage, spanking, Tennis, travel, hiking. 18+ versatile & generous. 303-872-4177

LEATHER BUDDY WANTED

Hairy/hung, 6-1, 175, 40. W leatherman wants/needs bottom. Likes motorcycle levis, boots, leather, jocks. SM, BD, V. Kink/raunch. Masoch, whipping. Ass-fuck service needed. Serve your Master/buddy. Photo, phone (helpful) to Ron, P.O. Box 4818DZ, Denver, CO 80248

CONNECTICUT

SEEKING AGGRESSIVE TOP Goodlooking raunch pig seeking to expert service to demanding top. Write Jack Box 8312

MASTERS SEEK REAL SLAVES

This dominant white male couple ages 28 seek willing dedicated slaves for sex, sex, and wild scenes. Sessions include anything except FF and oral. Send a detailed letter with your description, fantasies, including your limits. Profane, uniformed, and married strongly urge to reply. Box 7580LF

LEATHER MASTER WANTED

Masculine slave, 26, 210, blond, blue eyes, bodybuilder. loves hoods, boots & gloves. Seeks good-looking leather master, 25 years old. Fuck me with your big cock

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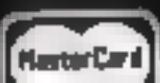
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Box

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

your leather dungeon. Pleas on me, teach me to service you, let me lick your boots! Please send photo to Mike. Box 8143LF

ASSPLAY BOTTOM WANTED

Dominant, goodlooking, HIV- top, 30, 5-6, 170, seeks goodlooking man for hot play. Photo/phone to P.O. Box 342 Coventry, CT 06238.

DC METRO

NOVICE SEEKS TRAINER

Hairy, dark-haired, goodlooking, 35 year old, WM prof., needs instruction from dominant men in light SM. Want to explore TT, CBT, VA & WS with black and white men to age 50. Quick study. Please send photo. Box 8331

VERSATILE PROFESSIONAL

Bi/WM, 40, 5-11 185, brown hair and eyes, pierced nipples, seeks over 40+, versatile male to explore & expand their horizons and limits in the areas of BD, FF, TT, shaving, catheters, dildos and other mutual interests. Travel extensively. Reply with letter & phone if interested to Box 8215LF

BODYBUILDER MASOCHIST

WM 43, 5-11 175, 45"ch, 31%", lean, muscular. Together, loner, non-smoker. Ex-heavy IUDT/SEAL. Self-abuse, whipping, safe sex. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Story of O, 9 1/2 Weeks, Image, Beauty's Punishment, J.W. P.O. Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20749 Box 7947LF

VERSATILE ASS MAN

Bi/WM 5-11, 195 Brn hair and eyes, 7

inches out. Likes mutual scenes - toys, tit work, FF, shaving, leather. Tops or experienced bottoms send letter with interests and phone number. Creative, intelligent kink preferred. Box 4137LF

BARE ASS WHIPPINGS

TT, CBT, start gently, build slowly, test limits. Ask MD Dad, 45, 5-10, 155, for it. Qualified to whip Dad? sex? Men enough to trade? Prove it. Goals: red-hot asses, hard cocks, empty balls. Box 7757LF

TOPMAN

Well-built, quality Topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink-sex, 40 5-10, 44 ch, 33 waist, seeking submissive leatherheaded bottom even for play times in SM, BD, CBT, etc. No rancor, am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & Phone to Box 8100LF

TOPMAN

40, 5-11, 240 (king weight 285). Cigar smokin' Unstretched, ex-pro wrestler who still enjoys the scene. Looking for others into leather, pro-rasslin' and video tapes of hot matches. Write wrestling fantasies and want to make them real with you. Write with picture or video. Box 6325LF

BODY-SHAVING/HUMILIATION

Muscular blond, 38, seeks similar WM, light SM, body shaving, wrestling, videos. Box 6359

DELAWARE

BOUNDED AND GAGGED

Leather, chains, restraints, hoods, blind-

folds, cuffs, gags, collars, whips, weights, stretchers, clamps are needed to administer CBT, TT to this 31 yo, GWM. Leather bondage bottom. Will expand limits for tight leather top. Letter, photo, phone to T.M., 3 Wadlin Rd., Wilmington, DE 19809.

FLORIDA

HOT JOCK BOTTOM

30 year old 5-11, 180 lb guy seeks real man or men to enjoy hottimes. Lev/Leder, BD, Frat. Hazing, most scenes you demand service & get off on butt use. I travel USA/Europe frequently. Photo/phone to P.O. Box 18135, Tampa, FL 33687, 7880LF

TOPMAN

Thick stache, crewcut, 5-10, 175, WM pierced tits & cock, leather/levi, butch, bottom/versatile wants hot tops, real men. Facial hair, BD, SM, rubber, CBT, boots, piercing, shaving, unlimited potential. Live the fantasies in Ft. Lauderdale. Photo/phone to Box 7562LF

\$50 REWARD DUNGEONMASTER

willing to accept this 55 yo, 5-10 slave for day of training, BD, SM. Ft. Lauderdale area. Box 6362

MASTER/BEAR NEEDED

to tame this young wild black bear cub, 25, 5-7, 150. Strong, masc., GM Master/Bear 35-50, beard/leathe, hairy, willing to train and introduce a cocky asswipe to SM, BD, shaving, spanking. Are you ready to break down the strong will and body of a young cub. Photo/phone gets mine. Box 8148LF

RAUNCH MOUTH BODYBUILDER

WM 88, 5-1, 170, 42" ch, 30" w, crave prolonged WS/Scat. Rim, force feed big plus. You Masculine, in-shape, top or mutual. Photo/info P.O. Box 588433, Orlando, FL 32858-8433.

PRIME FLORIDA BEEF

Bearded, 33 yr old, 5-2 190 lbs, college grad. Manager for major corp. Hot, sexy, well endowed, hunky. Loves leather, uniforms, bondage, big men. Good natured, HIV neg, hairy chest, warm smile, non-smoker. Send photo to P.O. Box 881203, Orlando, FL 32869, 8221LF

HOT HANDSOME BOTTOM

needs masculine, dominant, aggressive, good-looking, verbally abusive, arrogant TOP. I am 40, GWM, 5-9, 150. Cock-worship, ass & face slapped, collared with leash and being submissive gets me HOT! Photo & phone to Angelo, P.O. Box 39-8062, Miami Beach, FL 33138, 7892LF

ORLANDO

Experienced, safe and sane, Leather Master GWM, member of an international club and a central Florida club into TT, CBT, B, shaving, bondage and more. Not into fucking (let toys & plugs do that). Book gay males 18-35. Florida residents and those invited to Florida on vacation/business. Will accept limited number of newcomers to the scene. Would also be interested in talking to Masters with slaves to expand your slave's limits. Call (407) 851-0879. Ask for SIR and mention this magazine. Body Jewelry installed FREE with purchase of same. 10% discount off regular

**THE
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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

price if you mention this ad. Not good on special. 8327LF

BIG MASCULINE MAN WANTED

Active, well-experienced white slave desires strong rugged muscular hairy dark complexion blue collar men for hot funky sex in tight well-worn Levi's, fatigues, uniforms, leather, G & F/A, into WS, SM, sex and tit play, dildos, rimming, licking sweaty body. Provide your hot sweaty body, I'll do the rest. I serve you best. Brief dirty vulgar letter gets you a picture and phone # 900 NW 7 St. Rd., Miami, FL, 33136-3026. 7733LF

FUCK BUDDY

Horny WM, 34, 5'-8", 135, dark blond, beard, cut, G/F/passive, into beards, hair, sweat, foreskin, blue collar guys and FUCKING. Kink, masculine cocksuckers OK. Include photo/phone. No hustlers. Box 8178LF

GEORGIA

PRISONER AVAILABLE

Hot 27 yo, blond, bottom, looking for wild prisoner confinement and torture scenes. CBT, heavy bondage, sex, work, hood, cage and wild head trips. Capture, torture and mind-fuck this boy into forced submission, hot launch and complete servitude. Box 8260LF

INSATIABLE HANDS WANTED

for marathon handeling (elbow deep or 2 paws wide) and ball stretching (5") on one 5' 1" blond, blue eyes, moustache, 185, hairy, 34. Extras if you're: hairy, bearded, uncut, dick hardcore DOWNWARD, gallons pre-cum (you soak your 501s) Box 8181LF

RICK IN MACON

WM, 32, 5'-11" 160, bottom into piss, hoots, split, leather, motorcycles, VA, tit play and cock sucking. (812) 742-6323.

MY ASS, YOUR TOY

Wanted: Good-looking, GWM, all top, 30-50. I AM GWM, all bottom, 35-130, 5-3. I love my ass worked on. Relationship possible. Your photo gets mine, all responses answered. Write to Thomas Williams, 3298 Oakcliff Dr., Doraville, GA 30340. No pain, drunkus, hard drugs. 7893LF

VIDEOSEX

Voyeuristic couple: hairy, husky. Dad and son, seek exhibitionistic, healthy bottoms and couples under 40 for intense sessions and/or video fun. From vanilla to WS and spanking, from just watching/shooting to joining the performance. Mancam, P.O. Box 62848, Atlanta, GA 30355. 8727LF

HAWAII

BOYS AND TOYS

wanted by 33, 5-10, 175 ft top for safe games. Serious asplay, TT, bondage and fantasy are part of the games we'll play. You: 25-45 and fit. Hairy a plus. Reply to: P.O. Box 731, Honolulu, HI 96806. No photo, no reply. 7718LF

WELL MUSCLED

Basic down home kind of guy, 33, 165 lb, fit, lean, who occasionally likes to play rough. Looking for other men around my age who enjoy weightlifting, running and other athletic activities. Let's exchange photos, letters, and possibly meet. MC, 2542 DATE St., Apt. 1405, Honolulu HI 96828. 7553LF

ILLINOIS

HORSE WANTED

6'-1", 205 lbs, 62. GWM Daddy wants any age, 220+ lbs, 88 or strong, heavy set bottom son to horseplay in the nude and carry me on his shoulders and back for sexy, strongman shunts,互相 pump iron, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex. I am good in hypnotizing with chest play. P.O. Box 1386, Metra Park, IL 60180. 8089LF

MUSCLED SLAVES WANTED

Looking for "well rounded" muscled slaves for training by 44 year old Master, 5-11, 185 lbs. Bodybuilder or Military slaves must be into training, discipline and discipline. Applicants apply P.O. Box 1156, Champaign, IL 61874. 1406. No water sports or drugs. Box 8413LF

CONSTRUCTION WORKER HOLE

Aggressive, hairy cheetah pig, 6-3, 175, 31 seeks other butch studs for mutual/group hole play. Ass chewing, butt pumping, dog fucking, FF, fistfucking, WS outdoors, jeeps, camcorders, altered states & oil. Photo/phone: Mike, P.O. Box 11887, Chicago, IL 60611. 1407LF

LATINO MEN WANTED

Blond, 6' 165, 38. Moustache, masculine bottom wants to meet Latino or Middle Eastern men who like to dominate, abuse, hit, bite, spank around and get their cocks worshipped & sucked. Box 8315

INDIANTY STEKS BIG DAD

Handsome, muscular, hunky, All-American boy, 30, 165, 6-2, 185 looking for big, muscular, unattached, well hung Dad (30+) to help me explore & expand my limits in hot, safe, sexual PATHO PGFX. Am eager to work. No drugs. Send photo/phone for reply. Box 7741LF

IN MY DOMINANT DADDY

6' 190, 7, 1/2" mid 40's, wants totally submission, butch bottom for WS, DD, CBT, spit, shaving, spanking, whipping, diarrhea, enema, toilet training & heavy humiliation. Prefer son into infantilism. Mind control for forced regression to drinking, toiling. No relationship, just service. Box 8169

LONGJOHNSHIRT SUIT GUYS

Looking for guys into uniforms, longjohns and underwear, 30-6-11, 175 lbs, into mod underwear / uniform scenes. Humiliation, discipline and bondage also in underwear. Write Jay, Box 178, 430 W. Bury, Chicago, IL 60657. 7892LF

CREATIVE TIT TORTURE

WM, 30, 5-10, 150, hairy, lean type, good shape, half an inch nipples, wants mutual TT with smart WM around 30. Let's share and try our tricks. I am also an experienced top seeking a young and serious masochist. Safe only. Answer w/photo & phone please. Box 8296

DOMINANT TOP WANTED

by submissive bottom, GWM, 5-11, 145, fit, fit, Moustache, hairy. This 32 yo bottom needs taller man to make me submit. VA, WS, CBT all interest me. Into leather and sex in cheap. Desires big guy to make me obey his orders. Box 8354

INDIANA

Muscular truckers, travelers near Chicago - Let this blond, good-looking, masculine big dicked, 32 y/o, healthy bottom worship

your body. Let me fuck your dick, tick your balls. Fuck my tight ass with a condom. Let's meet. Picture appreciated. Ken, P.O. Box 580, Crown Point, IN 46307

LEATHER TOP WANTED

Healthy, good-looking, 6', 180, 38, bottom into leather, VA, bondage, shaving, humiliation, sitwork, asplay, WS, whip. Willing to explore with right man. Top should be under 50 & know how to take charge & control situation but still be responsive to limits. Please respond wth requirements. Photo appreciated. Travel midwest widely. Looking forward to serving you, Sir. Box 8183LF

SLM BLACK DADDY/MASTER 40

seeks boy/slave for servitude. Daddy is wheelchair bound and seeks a servile slave. School provided for "right" boy. Daddy is experienced in general areas. Limits respected - expansion expected to remain in service. Box 6212LF

SADIST WANTED

By GWM, 35, 6 ft, 190, brown hair and eyes, into receiving prolonged cock, ball, and tit torture. If you get off on inflicting pain, then I AM for you. No WS, scat, VA, fats or fags please. Let me put my balls in your hands, and let your imagination run amok. Photo and phone appreciated. Will answer all. Lafayette area a plus, but can travel. Box 7585LF

IOWA

DOMINANT SLAVE, MASTERS WANTED

Athletic WM, 34, 5-8, 145 seeks well hung Masters, 6', any race, to serve. I'm into FF, BD, TT, CBT, groups, Gangs, photos & videos. I would also like to hear from all leather men and boys interested in forming a club. Send photo/phone to Dave, P.O. Box 618, Iowa City, IA 52244.

KANSAS

TOP SEEKS BOTTOMS

Dominant Top/Master, 40, 5-10, 155 seeks slaves and bottoms. Prefer hot studs with good build. T.M. Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502. 8079LF

LOUISIANA

HOT, WILLING, BOTTOM

Ember for kinky top man to torture my balls. Besides CBT & TT, I crave gloved dick, toys shoved up ass, BD, whippings, electrodes, WS etc. I'm GWM, 44, 5-10, 175. White P.O. Box 71775, New Orleans, LA 70172 or call 504 522-8324 8/3 am

MAINE

DOMINANT OR SLAVE

wanted by some experienced GWM. Sadist Master late 40s, for medium to heavy SM/BD torture sessions. Tit torture, cock & ball torture, shaving, hot wax, whipping, dildos, anal work, fist fucking, endurance, & any other safe scenes, safe sex. Must be trim, masculine, clean and willing. Some limits accepted. Send picture. Location So. Maine. Box 6431LF

MARYLAND

EXPERIENCED M

Hot bottom. This piece of shit ready to take if you can give. Total M. Into BD, VA, CBT, dildos, leather, levi's, chains, hoods, boots, etc. Total servitude. Only limit: health conscious. Make me do it your way. 40s, 155 lbs, good body, stash. Box 7587LF

TURNED ON BY LEATHER/LEVI

GWM, 5-6, 160. Brown hair, hazel eyes, 59, HIV, work out 3 times a week. I like to see

guys in leather/levies & boots. Love to run hands and tongue all over game. Light SM safe sex, looking for lifetime partner. Germantown area only. Box 8110LF

MASSACHUSETTS

SM CLUBHOUSE

Private members only. 24 hour clubhouse with equipment NOW OPEN! (517) 282-7186.

MUSCLES AND SWEAT

Winter on the Cape isn't always cold and dull. Muscles and sweat and 500 feet of rope sure gets me heated up. I'm 26, masculine, solidly built and want to work out with tough young dudes, 21-35, who live nearby. Write Box 458, So. Chatham, MA 02650 for some man-to-man Zeus style action.

MASTER, BEAR & DOG

Have huge, well-equipped dungeon for all Masters, slaves, and pets. Facial hair & must leather, uniforms, and all scenes. HIV+ welcome! (517) 282-7186. 8680LF

TOPMAN WANTED

Bottom 37, 6'-1, 170 in need of training and direction, looking for a TOP with the proper attitude and stamina for ongoing sessions. Send description and areas of interests with photo to Occupant, P.O. Box 134, Worcester, MA 01602. 7725LF

YOUR PAIN MUTUAL GAIN

Submit to rough physical manhandling. Earn reward of my fat and big juicy uncut dick where you need them most. Take refuge in my strong arms. Smart muscular top, 47 wants cute, trim, modest/proud masculine kid who needs real manova. Box 7852LF

NEW ENGLAND MAN

Intelligent, responsible and well built leatherman with mutual pleasure in mind. Bearded, uncut and hung, for hot sessions with booted, gloved leather men who know what they want. Age unimportant. Send letter and photo for response. Box 7328LF

SLAVES WANTED

Master, White, 50, 190 lbs HIV- accepting slaves of good quality for training, and long term relationship with right person. Apply with detailed letter and photo to JFK Station P.O. Box 6089 Boston MA 02114. 8689LF

TOTAL OWNERSHIP REQUIRED

300 lbs. Master is accepting applications for a live in slave. Slave should be 18 to 35. Looks and race unimportant. Submission and desire to serve essential. Send detailed letter. Box 8282

ASS NEEDS WORK

40s, hot, healthy, prof seeks well endowed Top. Make me suck you. Fuck me, flog me. Box 8342

BOSTON MASTER SADIST

Mean Leather Daddy, age 42, 5-11, 185 lbs, wants Friday and Saturday night slaves at local SM Clubhouse. Must enjoy TT/CBT, bondage, spanking and nude display. I have access to slings, racks, crosses, and whipping posts. Enjoy Daddy-Boy discipline trips. DO IT! "boy"! Master G., Box 7594LF

LEATHER BUDDIES WANTED

Attractive GWM, 33, 5'-6", 165, moustache, seeks similar leathermen for friendship & the possibility for safe, sane, intensely hot LEATHERSEX! Welcome Tops/bottoms. Prefer non-smokers. No drugs. Photo ap-

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

precluded. Will reply to all. Let's do it! Box 8228LF

ULTIMATE TRIPS?

Goodlooking, masculine 40 year old, HIV-submissive looking for older males into cock and ball/it torture with castration fantasies, realities and on to the ultimate trip. I submit. Box 8283

MICHIGAN

BODYBUILDER BOTTOM

35 year old BB, full leather bottom into exhibition, pain, fantasy. Box 8300

NIPPLE BITING

Bearded GWM 38 wants to meet young guys who want to have their nipples gnawed off. Reply to Box 7595LF

COLLARED ANIMAL

Midwest dog slave can travel to serve leathermen and dog owners. Enjoy S&M, WS TT, spanking. Cigar loops a plus. P.O. Box 2985, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. 7684 LF

LEATHER-CIGAR TOP WANTED

Cigar smokin' GWM bottom 31 6-9, 160, enjoys servicing a hot, cigar smokin' man w/boots, gloves, aroma. Into pits, FF, fits, sex play, golden showers. Let my mouth be your ash tray! (313)488-1373, 1749 Timberidge, Ypsilanti, MI 48188. 8126LF

MISSISSIPPI

LEATHERED MANHUGGER

wants a hold on you. Do jockstrap bulges

and tall boots make your leathered ass ache? Balding, bearded Harold knows that leather lust; seeks to double the pleasure with another leathered, loving guy. Motorcycling, computers, forest hikes, gardening and black rubber! Let's leather-up and bounce, Buddy! Box 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534-0172. 7690LF

DOMINANT LEATHER DADDY

bearded, 43, 5-10, 180, HIV-, white, hung, top, affectionate, drug free, likes fucking ass/face, spanking, shaving, SM, play, bikes, cigars. Seeks trim boytoy, fuck buddy, possible mate. Safe & safe play only. Box 8253LF

LEATHERED SENSUALITY!

Late 40s, Harold Thrives in cap to boot leather. Hug my leathered thighs, enjoy our mutual man-sweat & oiled leather aromas, lust in sounds of 2 leathered guys in heat. Afterwards relax in light latex & plan life of sensual togetherness. Box 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534-0172. 6340LF

MISSOURI

KC BOTTOM NEEDS TRAINING!

BIR, novice slave, 31, 6-7, 170, needs to serve young, arrogant jock or rambunctious sadistic Master with worship, SM, WS, VA, BD, FF, CBT, TT or whatever pleases you Sir. Need to meet or write demanding top. Dominate this slave by sending orders, photo, phone to Box 8260LF

LEATHERED DOLITTLE

Balding, bearded, bearded, professional lives and sleeps the leathered life. Looking for a mature, sensitive man who's also

sexually attuned to balls, bikes, jockstraps, bodybuilding. Harold: mid-40s, enjoys classical music, leather-bikini yardwork, home and crafts-related hobbies. Join me for a smoke/drug-free beginning of leathered togetherness P.O. Box 5172, Biloxi MS 39534-0172. 6388LF

partners. Age and looks are not the most important things. Will answer all responses. Photo appreciated. Box 7230LF

DAD/MASTER SEEKS SON

Hot Italian, 47 5-8, 150, dark hair, mustache, dominant, affectionate, EXCLUSIVELY TOP, seeks a permanent relationship with a WM son/slave who is obedient, submissive, EXCLUSIVELY BOTTOM into SM BD, spankings, enemas, etc. Safe sex. Photo, phone & letter to Box 1342, Bloomfield, NJ 07003. 8153LF

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS NEVADA

GWM 26, long curly blond hair, blue eyes, handsome, 6-1 185, 9" dick, very oral, seeking muscular leathermen into marathon sex sessions partying (smoke/aroma), man smells, sexually versatile. Seek caning Master to force me to workout, group sex when you say so. Write Bob, 3285 Casey Ave. #201, Las Vegas, NV 89120. Photo, phone, letter please. If you're in Vegas on vacation, write me and bring your toys.

NEW JERSEY

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Experienced sadist seeks young (16-30) well built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-8725, after 8 P.M. 4769LF

MARRIED TOP SEEKS BOTTOM

Mustached, 32, 6', 180 seeks buddy into domination and discipline. P.O. Box 1214, Farltown, NJ 07410

HAIRY MEN WANTED

GWM 5-10, 29 b/f or beard I'm into almost anything. Looking for mutual or bottom

NEW YORK

POLICE / MILITARY

If you share this manly, submissive GWMs interest in the police/military, write. Box LSA, 1328 Broadway, #1054 NYC, NY 10001. No drugs, pot, boozers, hustlers, Easy car parking where I live.

FF BOTTOMS

Healthy, wealthy and wise BI WMM 48, 8' 210 Kenny Rogers type, out to wife, seeks slim, trim FF bottom, 18-28, for lasting Dad/bon relationship. Novices OK. Photo to: BICS Box 282 163 Amsterdam Ave. New York, NY 10023.

ULTIMATE MUSCLE TOP

Over six feet of rippling blonde Aryan-god sadist with hung cock protruding tough nipples and fine torture skills orders NYC hung BB slaves into on-call prolonged service and abuse to submit photophone (it must). Have obedient slaves for interested hot Tops. Mitchel, P.O. Box 110 NY NY 10484. 8884LF

"A man should give himself a present every day!"
-- Agent Cooper, *TWIN PEAKS*



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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

WANTED: DAD & STINKY FEET

Italian, 27, seeks: masculine footmaster who respects limitations, expects my face at his sweaty, smelly feet. Command me to worship you. Let me peel off your sweaty sox & suck your toes. Cop uniforms a plus. C'mon Daddy, need your feet now. Letter and phone, please. Box 8147LF

BIG HAIRY RAWNCHY ASS

needed for regular oral servicing. Need to make love to a very smelly, raunchy, ripe asshole. Mutual fine, but strictly up to you, same for mutual affection. Like me, you must be HIV+. Seeking one guy I can feel safe with (health-wise). Looks unimportant. I'm 180, 5-10, 43, avg. looks, moderately hairy. Photo if possible to: Box 8380

DOMINANT MAN 25-40 SO JOINT

Submissive, manly, GWM seeks in-shape, dominant man (25-40) for light SM & SAFE SEX. Big men wearing uniforms and bushy-ass suits and jeans. No drugs, pot, boozers, hustlers. Easy apartment car parking here. Write to: Box 13A, 1328 Broadway, #1054, New York, NY 10001

ORIENTAL MASTER 34, WANTS

white slave, 40-60 for life bondage, spanking. Safe sex. (718) 539-0125.

MACHO LEATHER HOMBRE

Handsome, trim, tan, hung, Latino, 29, 5-8, 140 lb. thick black hair & moustache, very hot in full leather/police uniforms. MEAN & HUNGRY FOR MACHO TOPMAN YOU! DEMAND/DESERVE getting your cock sucked LONG & HARD! Both in full leather uniforms / rubber, BD, VA, TT, GRP, toys.

YOLI: trim, hung, dark 26-46, especially latin/italian. Beer, smoke, aroma. Photo & note Box 7656LF

HUGE NIPPLES ON SEXY BOY

Hairy bear cub, 5-8, 200 lbs. In Greenwich Village needs Leather Dad. Suck my cigar butt sized nips while you smack my ass. Deep throat and hot ass need hard fucking. Please Sir, make me your boy. Show me off to your buddies. Call (212) 353-3765 or send photo/fantasies to Box 8223

PASSIVE SK8 TOP IN QNS/LI

GWM 38, 5-10, 175, short blond hair, blue eyes, hairy, good build, passive & submissive seeks aggressive, manc., safe person in Queens and/or L.I. to enjoy outdoors, the arts, life, swimming for fun. Friendship and/or possible relationship. Serious only. Box 8266LF

BON: DAD IS CALLING

Your 40 year old, 6', blue-eyed Irish construction Dad needs your worship/submission. Nuzzle your face in Daddy's hairy, sweaty crotch while Daddy's handsome German-looking, uncut lover uses your pretty boy ass. Safe, sans. Send photo/phone. Box 8234LF

HOLESOME

Good-looking bottom, 30, 5-8, 175, seeks aggressive Tops into rough sex. WS, VA, bondage, rape fantasies, safe sex. Abuse, stretch, gag my holes wide to dominating use. Tie/hold me down, piss on my face, force hung cock down my throat. Rough-fuck my tight ass. Photo/sex. NY area. Box 6427LF

TOILET PIG AVAILABLE

to service Master or hot bodybuilder. Hood me, shave me, fuck me, sit on my face. Sit Toilet train me and use me for all your needs. Feed me from a rim seat and keep me in diapers. Can be mutual with right man. 6 ft. 40 yrs. 190 lbs. Western NY area. 8246LF

SPANNING BOTTOM

Seeks a guy who gives serious ass whippings with belt/paddle/etc. Enjoy various forms of cock play such as plathole stretching, catheters and rod spankings. Can also be top and am a discreet WM, 34, 5-8, 160. Buffalo area. Box 8238LF

SHIT PIG SEEKS SHIT PIG

WM, 36, 265, seeks sum size, tall for hot daddy JOGS, FFA/P who likes to suck warm shit from assholes, swallow, belch & pig out SM gear res. Im. NO HIV+, thins, jewelry, retard, fat, perfume, alcohol, smokes, youths, hepatitis or spicy. Age 32+. ONLY Box 8210LF

SMART ASS LEVI KID BRO

wanted by WM, 6-3, 37, 200, br/bk, clean shaven. L.I. stud into wrestling, street fights. SM BD hot & rough no-holds-barred times. You are under 30 clean shaven, into same: 501s, boots, ball work, tops/bottoms, 3 ways, smoke, etc. Jocks, punks, BBs a plus. A.G. 7000 Blvd East #1SA, Guttenberg, NJ 07093. 8274LF

BODY WORSHIPER/SLAVE

on call for your pleasure. BBs, uncut, WS are pluses. Mike: (212) WJWU218 before 12 EST or write Box 8177

NEW FRIENDS

WM, 35, 6'1", 185, handsome, masculine, works out, sincere. Career-oriented business professional but hot & creative; humorous, probing & supportive. Geek/simpler, very tall guy for explosive action, intense friendship, and/or caring, long-term relationship. Call Drew at (212) 675-7352, 8 pm to midnight. 8258LF

MUSCLE BOY/POWERLIFTER WTD

by NYC hairy Dad with good build, 46, 6-6, 180, br/bk. Son must have big powerful legs, live in, be into bodybuilding or powerlifting, need endless pec-nipple work, CBT and guidance. Photo/phone to Box 4717LF

LEATHER BEX

Gym young 40s, 140-5-6' works out hot & warm hearted. Befo leather sex. Let's expand our fantasies & perhaps develop a friendship. No alcohol, drugs. Mid Hudson area. Photo. Box 8185

MACHO SLUT

seeks other hot man for fantasy, hot sex & more. My interests include medical exams, rape, kidnap, forced sex, WS & partial to total emasculation. Have hot, wet mouth, tight pussy ass & big tits. Special preference for black minority groups. Bulte F4, 498A Hudson, NYC 10014. 8337LF

BIG PIG

WM, 5-10, 200 lbs, needs to service a hot, raunchy man. After my collar is on will lick and service his boots, feet, raunchy arms, pits, balls and ass. Into receiving golden showers. Also verbal abuse, tit & ball work,

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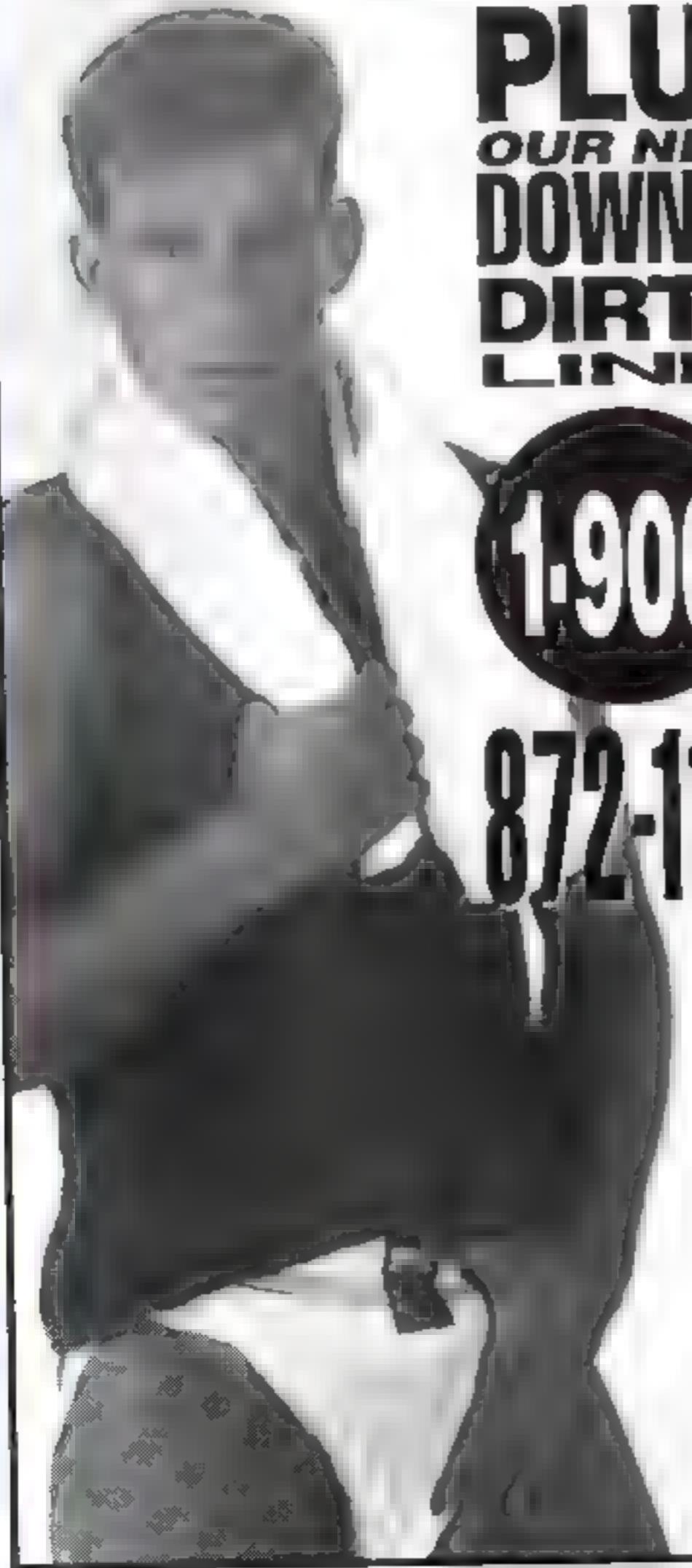
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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

Sir, please send orders & photo if you can. Box 6130LF

PUNISHMENT SLAVE

Good-looking Italian needs correction and will service tough, spine White, Black, Hispanic men in work clothes, uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber, 3-piece suits, leather, gut punch, catheters, enemas, cock & ball, verbal, safe sex, can be top. No phonies. Tel: 1-718-SM-80-406. Occupant, P.O. Box 150-634, Brooklyn, NY 11215 or Box 6687LF

TITS/TATS/BONDAGE

NYC. WM, 38, 5'7, 155, longer seeks heavily tattooed, pierced top w/ bear gut, huge tits to train me in SM/BD. Tattoos, permanent piercings, tit enlargement as you see fit. Use my mouth as fuckhole and urinal. Ass-fucking w/ condoms. No FF, scat. Lifetime relationship wanted. Photophone exchanged. Box 8048LF

LONG ISLAND LEATHER BOY

Hot, good-looking, WM, 28, 5'8", 155, blond, blue eyes, bottom, looking for hot top leatherman to teach me the ropes. Italiano is plus. Help needed in titwork, bondage and submission. Write with phone & photo to Box, P.O. Box 1423, W Babylon, NY 11704

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

Western NY GWM, 25, 6' 175, needs to be disciplined by Master 25 - 40 who will use belly abuse, spank, dominate, humiliate, piss & spit on me while dressed in black leather. Also into licking your boots & feet. Let me serve you, Sir! Subsane only. Box 6311LF

BEEFY BODYBUILDER WANTED

by very hot Top, 6', 185 lbs. Andy, P.O. Box 20004, London Terrace Station, New York, NY 10011. Photo/phone answered first and fast. 7889LF

EXPAND MY LIMITS

NYC area bottom looking for Top/Master to serve. Sir, teach me to be your boy. Into BD, TT, CBT, VA, shaving, kidnapping, long & short term sessions. I'm 28, 160, 6', blond. Sir, I'm waiting. Help me to fantasize. Please call and set for Bob (718) 237-1797 til 10:30 or write 175 5th Ave, New York, NY 10010. 7946LF

YUPPIE NOVICE BOTTOM

Clean-cut GWM, 30, 5-9, PHO, seeks yuppie top, 30-40 years old. Turn ons: Handcuffs, black hair, hairy bodies, sucking, fucking (safe). Upper East-siders, penny loafers. Turn offs: Skinny guys, beards, actor/model/word processor types. Letter w/ photo, phone. Serious tops only please. Box 7824LF

ORAL SLAVE (5) WANTED

By GWM, 6-1, 170, 43, HIV+, shaved, glasses, dominant. You are in-shape, HIV+, submissive. We are masculine, handsome, sane, intelligent, financially self-supporting, smoke, drink beer, no drugs. Love the city. Into exploring safe leather sex from different perspectives. Letter, photo (return) and phone to Box 7805LF

FF TOP NEEDED

GWM, 33, bottom. Bi/Bi, hairy seeks experienced FF Top for long, intense sessions. Always grateful for privilege of servicing you and submitting to your needs, including rough. Especially like big guys with big hands. Hoping to find position as long term slaveboy. NYC area. Box 8075

BLACK MASTER WANTED

Hot, white, English slave, 43, 165, 5-11, healthy, in-shape & hung 8 1/2" is hungry to serve dominant Black Master any age. Slave is into BD, CBT, TT, WS, rough and my asshole is ready for my Black Master to whip, fuck & fist. I'm ready to travel for abuse & total service. Sir! Please send orders to: Richard, Suite K52, 496A Hudson St., New York, NY 10014, 6052LF

SERVICE REAL MEN

Need to service big hairy men w/ big hairy cock. BD, WS, FF, SM, CBT, dildos. Central NY. Photo/phone. Box 8370

LONELY CAL LEATHER FOX 27

Hardworking, HIV+, wants to move to NYC area in 1991 needs place to stay 1st month or so. Into BB. Let's work out long & hard in tight black leather till we explode all over our hard bodies. Monogamous. Let's work hard to build a strong, healthy love! Box 8361LF

HOT SPANNING NEEDED IN NYC

Mid-April by top, masculine, experienced guy for ex-football jock with fat, supple ass. Write Boxholder, P.O. Box 232 Ellicott Station, Buffalo, NY 14205.

LEATHER TOP SEEKS BOTTOM

Hot leather stud seeks trim, hairy bottom for butt fucking & cock sucking. I'm 48, 6'1", 170, hairy, hung, affectionate. No SM, pain, rough or kink. Just hot, safe sex. You should be 20 - 45 and trim. Hairy is plus. Send photo to P.O. Box 1011 NYC, 10011

PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB

CELL BLOCK 28, 28 Ninth Avenue, New York City, NY 10014 (downstairs). Meets every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday from 8PM-3AM. And Parties on 11/11/91 FREE CLOTHES CHECK and FREE SODA BAR. BYOB. For more info, stop by, write or phone (212) 733-3144.

WANTED: LATIN & BLACK PIGS

WM, 35, 6-10, 6 1/2" cut, seeks pigs for hot dirty sessions. Let me rim your tight hard ass then fan and shit down my throat. You must be under 30, slim, good-looking. Big dicks a plus. Mutual scenes OK. Jay, Box 8132LF

NORTH CAROLINA

GUNS EXTREME KINK LEATHER
Pig, 34, seeks top/bottom for outer limits. Extreme BD, SM, shit, danger. Any scene. Serious, HIV-, 5811 Creedmoor Rd., Suite 102, Raleigh, NC 27612

CIGAR SMOKING BIKER-DADDY

47, 6-1, trim WM, gray/brown hair and beard, looking for dildo and FF action. Smell my cigar and leather while I run out your ass a couple of sizes larger. Trainees welcome. Can switch if you think you can handle it. Cycle cruising with your butt plugged. NO drugs, aroma OK. You don't have to be a cigar smoker but you gotta like 'em. NC, SC, VA area. Some travel on weekends. Write with photo. Box 7042LF

OHIO

SEEKS TOTAL SLAVE

I'm going to take a special man/boy to serve this 36 year old, 6', 185, demanding, arrogant, mean master. You need to be in-shape, committed to total service and ownership, drug free, strong and able to take a lot and learn the rest. Measure up? Box 7835LF

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

ISO TT SAFE SEX BUDDY

Hairy, male, 38 man, 42, 5-10, 170, masculine, ISO same. Photo/phone. Let's do it now! Akron, Box 8348

SEEK YOUNG (18+) SLAVES

You must be eager to serve this handsome, 6', 175, dark haired master with prolonged bondage, CBT, TT, gags, blindfolds and more safe play. Send respectful application to SIR, P.O. 28341 Cincinnati, OH 45236. Those with photo answered first. Limits discussed. Box 7238LF

IN-SHAPE RECRUITS WANTED

by two tops for strict & safe training in hazing, military, prison, slavery scenes. Apply to PO Box 57 Daytonview, Dayton, OH 45406. Photo/phone gets quick reply. We also travel East coast. Box 8390LF

YOUR SCENE, YOUR WAY, SIR!

Trainable, masculine bottom/slave. 6-2, 170, 30s, trim, healthy, hung, sane is very eager to service and be used hard by a dominating, aggressive, demanding, physically & mentally controlling Master(s). Naturally submissive to Stud(s) who knows what he wants and takes it. NE Ohio, W PA. Please SIR, Box 7718LF

"NEWCOMERS" TO OHIO

GWMC - 25 and 40 - attractive tops, professionals, fun-loving, anti-bar, new to Columbus. Book singles, couples, groups or clubs for friendship and/or mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather, BD, TT, SM, photos, videos, etc.) Inexperienced OK. Introduction to Ron Zehel a plus. Your photo gets ours. PO Box 682, Dublin OH 43017 8894LF

SLAVE/BOTTOM NEEDS MASTER

Hot, horny GWM, 38, 5-11, 160, beard, green eyes, br/grey hair, 7" cut, Fr/a, Gr/p, asshole slave seeks hot, hung, masochistic tops, 30-50 for SM BD, WS, TT, CBT, FF, shaving, enemas. Black & uncut plus. Expand my limits whilst I worship you. Dayton/Cincy area. Box 5514LF

INTENSE

Me. 40, 5-10, 182, br/bk, dominant, sadistic Master, moustache, thinning hair, independent, masculine, hairy. You: gwm submissive, masochistic slave, younger, shorter, hot slim or hunkly body, bubble butt, masculine, blond, swimmer, student, jock BB, construction, farm or blue collar punk, but open to others. Dress: Leather, levi's uniforms, cowboy. Interests: SM, CBT, TT, bondage, discipline, hot wax, spanking, ass beating, whipping, flogging, electrocution, construction, spit, sweat. Tools: Whips, belts, paddles, straps, canes, cuffs, restraints, ropes, chains, gags, blindfolds, hoods, clamps, candles, generators, violet wands, cattle prods, rawhide, collars, brushes. Conditions: Drug-free, safe, sane, consensual, brutal, prolonged, intense. Respond: Sir, PO Box 0821 Cincinnati, OH 45201 Box 8275LF

VERSATILE FIGHT FANATIC

Intelligent sadomasochistic professional GWM, 38, 5-10, 175, needs chiseled to average masochist partners. Sane gut, rib, body punching, varied torture games under blindfolded, gagged restraint limits. Ultimate scene, ultimate trust, role reversal. Fight experiences, needs, shirtless photo, phone to PO Box 18830, Cincinnati OH 45219. 7538LF

BROTHERS IN LEATHER

Touching, nuzzling, playing, sensuous, tickling, massaging, sharing, caring, leather, warmth, honesty, communicating, mutually exchanging power/SM, building friendships

and more. I am a GWM, 36, 6-1, healthy, trim, bearded, prof., no smokes/drugs. Gary, PO Box 12850, Toledo, OH 43606 8228LF

JOCKS AND BODYBUILDERS

Muscular, GWM, 26, flat top, brown hair/eyes wants jocks, bodybuilders for intense gym workouts, friendship and travel. SM BD, TT, CBT, leather, spanking, rubber photography, top or bottom. Cincinnati area. Travel southwest. Safe sex only. Box 8075LF

OREGON

MATURE M/C LEATHERMAN

Harley-riding biker/master seeks safe sex relationship with bottom into ongoing leather experiences. No pain or far-out kink, just healthy leather sex, bootlicking fantasies. If young, you are mature and masculine. If my age, you are affectionate, intense in your dedication to the biker/leather lifestyle. Box 8764LF

TRIM SMOOTH 38

needs strict Dad D.I., 1 day - 6 weeks of endurance training, labor sweat workouts, exhibition, humiliation, ass whippings, TT, menthol enemas, cold showers, wool chafing shorts (locked on), but plugs. Sleep in tight burlap jock, rubber pants, wool blankets. JO only earned. Box 330 Applegate OR 97530. 7714LF

PENNSYLVANIA

BEARD LEATHER BOTTOM

Submissive, WM, 5' 175, br/blue, short hair, beard, 7" cut, ass, feet, etc. into hot, sweaty leatherseats, FF, WS, bondage, face fucking, ass play, CBT, TT, spanking, rubber, etc. Send letter and photo. Travel OH, PA mostly but can travel easily most parts of U.S. Box 7833LF

PITTSBURGH BOY

In search of Daddy Boy at 32, 5-7, 140, brn hair. Daddy is masculine, 25-45, sexually dominant (maybe rough), and still my friend. Relationship possible. Sense of humor important. Into leather, boots, bondage, cigar and cuddling too. Box 8378LF

WANTED, GWM SLAVE 18-35

Disatisfied with your Master's direction, your career, and now ready to give yourself totally - mind and body to your sadistic master, with full rights to shape his slave's new body, expand his mind and receive any service. You are a true masochist, ready to surrender your being to your master. You ass, balls, cock bits, mouth and even your breath. Master is well educated, GWM 48-6-0, 210 lbs, seeking a total relationship business, well being of mind and body, sex and play. Write a biographic sketch including education, career, family, friends, hobbies, desires and why you know you can give yourself completely to your master. All such letters will receive reply. Drummer Box 7681LF

Hairy Bear Daddies

This novice boy is searching for a strong & gentle daddy. You must enjoy taking your hand, paddle, leather belt to the boy's ass. Stretch my balls, work on my tip. Me: 5'11", 210, semi-muscular, brown eyes & hair, beard, moustache. Hairy, semi-muscle bear. Daddies write: Chubb, 124-B Emerald St. Hinsburg, PA 17110. 8245LF

ASS-EATING ADDICT

Goodlooking expert ass-eater, seeks Tops, bottoms for regular weekend action & possible evenings. Phases - shaved & stretched holes, uncut and live in Philadelphia area. Into armpits, WA, WS, FF. Race



MALE SCULPTURE

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not important. Serious minded answered
1st. Photo helpful. No scat. Relationship
possible for the right man. Box 8802LF

WANTED PHILLY HIGHWAY COP

WM. 27 student in South Jersey seeks
Philadelphia Highway Patrolmen and/or
local South Jersey leather cops from Man-
tua to Maplewood, Vineland to Atlantic
City. New Jersey State Troopers welcome I
get off on boots, gloves, leather and uniforms
If you are 23-45 and are interested
Sir please call Rudy at (609) 875-6414 or
write to Box 8332

WESTERN PA LEATHER DATE

Looking for serious catch-to-a catch action.
Cop-tough leather Nazi gear. Gearing up,
fucking around. One-on-one makeout/bee-
low sessions. Macho rubber. Beer/smoke,
N2/CB talk. I'm 40, 5-8, 180. In PA often,
booted. Jeff Howell, POB 272064 Concord,
CA 94527 Box 7384LF

SOUTH CAROLINA

DOMINANT HORNY TOP NEEDED

GWM 28-5-11 180, bottom healthy but
partially handicapped due to loss of foot
from cancer but am now healthy. HIV+ and
very horny. Am seeking hung tops, jocks,
military, truckers and bikers to service any
need they may have. I have 2 tight holes
that need filling and a wet tongue I'll use
anywhere you demand. Let me rim you and
drink all your juices while obeying your
orders. Enjoy BD, leather WS and have
toys, videos. If interested write with phone #
to: KM PO Box 8847, Columbia, SC
29280. 8328LF

TENNESSEE

SERIOUS SERVICE SOUGHT

Mature satanic Master seeks young mas-
ochistic slave for intense sessions several
times a week. Master is in 50s, hot, trim,

experienced and demands total control.
Slave must be real slut, under 35, trim &
committed to serious part time slavery.
Must live in Knoxville area. Absolute discretion.
Respond with letter, photo & phone to
Box 8103LF

MASTER

Looking for slaves or bottoms who are into
getting fucked, CBT, sucking, hot wax, get-
ting shaved, hoods. Bd fucking, dildos and
especially long assplay. Novice welcome.
Letter photo, and phone number to Mr.
Ron Apple, PO Box 180022, Nashville, TN,
37218. 8977LF

TEXAS

KINKY LEATHER BOOTMASTER

Sweaty, stinky Latino, 6-2 200, 47 seeks
slave(s). Cum to see or I'll cum to you.
Pigout on my 18" high engineer boots,
gloves, jeans. If your face is black with axle
grease, oil mud, asphalt, grime. Master will
administer chain bondage, whippings. CBT,
TT etc. Only letters with photo will get re-
sponse. Box 7153LF

HOUSTON SADIST

Looking for man, 25-45 to surrender his
body and perhaps share his life with me.
Explore and expand your limits in SM and
bondage with this experienced, bearded,
40 year old in my well-equipped playroom.
Novices considered. Photo, phone and let-
ter. Box 7817LF

HOT MEN WANTED

Beeumont area GWM 36-5-8 163 good
build, hung, HIV-, into SM, leather, wants to
meet other MEN for intense but safe
scenes. I'm mainly top, but will switch for
hot dominant studs. Looks unimportant;
brain, build, and attitude are. Letter with
photo and phone to Box 8269LF

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

WANT KINKY ELECTROLOGIST

To permanently remove hair from my long
throbbing cock, walnut sized nuts and extra
tight asshole. Houston area preferred; will
travel for service by very skilled artist.
Photo and phone to Box 8269LF

MASOCHIST/SLAVE/PIC

Sk, WM. 36-5-10, 170 needs to be owned &
to suffer for his Master. He needs bondage,
hair removal, flogging, whipping, permanent
marking, torture, etc. Sir, please train this
pig in total sex worship. M.K., P.O. Box
19401, Austin, TX 78780. 8324LF

MASTER SEEKS OLDER SLAVE

WM, 30, tall, G/A, seeks short, chubby, SM,
BD, CBT, TT. Morgan, Box 762152, Dallas,
TX 75276

SM FANTASY DADDY

50+ bearded leather Dad, hot, hung and
good looking wants muscular, good looking
boy for discipline, pleasure and fantasy.
Your Imagination the limit. Send fantasy,
photo and phone. Box 8310

VIRGINIA

POLICE OFFICER

WM cop 6-3, 185 mustache, with strong
interest in bondage, uniforms, orgasm control
etc. Seek WM 18-35 with similar interests.
Write with photo/phone to P.O. Box
495, Crozet, VA 22932-0495. 8095LF

UNCUT 9' DOMINANT DADDY

Bl white, married to answerer cont. 52 6'1"
180, seeks cock and cum eating, piss drink-
ing, ass eaters. Photo, SASE or no answer.
Randy, Box 7851 Richmond, VA 23231 or
leave message (804) 257-9590. No JO
calls. 8247LF

SERVICE FOR CIGAR SMOKERS

Hopless bottom (33, 5-10, 195, blond
bliss) seeks dominant, cigar smoking top to
service and obey. Most anything goes. Use
for your pleasure, Sir. Photo appreciated.
G.D. Edwards, 4014 MacArthur Ave. #H,
Richmond, VA 23227. 8281LF

BOTTOM SEEKS DOMINANT TOP

Submissive bottom apprentice slave
GWM 39-5-8, 145 looking for aggressive
Topman/Master to surrender to. I'm muscular,
masculine, salt & pepper/brown, HIV-.
Ideal Topman GWM 28-48, HIV- not 1st.
Please fuck my ass and throat with your
great cock, teach me new experiences and
expand my limits. Central Virginia. Box
7901LF

EX-MILITARY BOY SLAVE

Girl sincere, white, 25 ex-army, 5-6 145 3'
cut brown eyes, h-tight haircut, shaved
body. Sir needs total discipline, humili-
ation, domination to serve and service
masters in tri-state Hagerstown, MD/Char-
lestow, WVA, Leesburg, VA. Will submit
mind and body to Master's commands. Boy
obeys your orders, Sir! Box 7706LF

WASHINGTON

NORTHWEST BUDDY NEEDED

48, 5-11, 210, brown hair, thick moustache,
seeks companion for medical scenes into
humiliation, light SM and enemas are
pluses. Prefer photo/phone, old fashioned
hairy rolling sex OK too. G.B., Box 8128,
Spokane WA 99203. 7056LF

AS NASTY AS WE WANNA BE!!

31 year old white male, teddy bear type.
wants fun and kinky times with top-oriented
Master types. I am socially outgoing but
sexually shy & submissive. I seek BD, SM,

WS, Scat, shaving, wax. Located in SW
Wash. State. Nasty men, please write w/
photo & phone. Box 8332LF

S & M PLAY

GWM, 8'3", 190 in Olympia area, looking
for tops and/or bottoms into BD, CBT, TT,
SM leather sex in general, light to heavy -
safe and sane only. Age unimportant. Mil-
itary welcome, absolute discretion guaranteed.
Call 206-956-0850 or write with photo
& phone to Box 8272LF

2 HUNGRY SEATTLE BUTTS

Seek serious FF Assmaster. Bottom and
bottom/top couple WM 37 6' 185#; 40, 6'
170# with 2 smooth clean fit white receptive
assholes seeks safe/sane TDP/mutual
fetters who can fuck with their brains as well
as with their arms for prolonged butt-
stretching sessions. Smoke/poppers OK
Answer with photo and scene to R & B, Box
30174 Sea. WA 98103 or call (206) 782-
5448. 8034LF

WISCONSIN

SLAVES AND SUBMISSIVES

Let's explore your Drummer dreams. De-
gree of previous experience unimportant,
Box 8142LF

NOVICE BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

Masculine bondage bottom 38, WM, 6 ft,
160 lbs, into ropes, gloves, leather, hoods,
gags, leashes, restrictive bondage seeks sensi-
tive nonsmoking leather top for firm, care-
ful scenes. No pain. Straight acting,
younger, athletic a plus but all answered.
Limited travel possible. Possibly switch for
right person. Box 7581LF

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

Mid 30s, GWM, HIV+ wants & needs real
men in SM and bondage sessions. Wants
to experience real MEN. I have had some
experience but have never felt fulfilled at
experiencing a real slave's attitude. Prefer
men between 30 and 50. Black men appre-
ciated. Box 8235LF

INTERNATIONAL

MASTER/SLAVE WELCOMES

visitors You need to be all men to handle
what Master expect. Master 38, well-built,
mean. My men: 35, no limits, obedient.
Visiting "down Under"? Master and his
men/slave(s) welcome others(bottoms) who
know what they are about. No limits, dirty,
heavy action. Write PO Box 79, Westgate
NSW AUSTRALIA 2048.

TREAT ME ROUGH, MASTER!

Rape my throat & butt, pinch & pull my
always-erect nipples. See my masculine,
hairy body (38, HIV- and understand why
everyone assumes I'm a top if switch if
you're a firm smooth & capable). Traveling
Australia, Europe South & Central America
in 1991. Possible permanent relationship.
Doug, 408 South Bascom, Box 148, San
Jose, CA 95128 USA

BIG BUTCH BOTTOM

wants Top to show me the ropes in Amster-
dam, England and/or Northern Europe in
1990. Submissive cocksucker into balls,
bondage and imaginative men. May move
to Europe in 1991. Want to explore and be
part of the Leather community. Also Inter-
ested in buddies who can show me what the
bad Old World has to offer in addition to sex.
Mike Martin PO Box 27422, Philadelphia,
PA 19118.

CASTRATOR/TORTURER

Experienced, British-based sadist (29, 155,

DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

5-8) wants extreme masochists willing to surrender their nuns for extended scenes of sex, bondage & brutality. You: 18-35, good body & seriously into pain. All letters with photo answered. Box 8360LF

MELBOURNE AUSTRALIA

Guy, 27 yo, 5'3", slim build into fucking and other erotic pastimes wants to meet/correspond with others to age 40 with like interests. Outgoing and enjoy many things, erotic and otherwise. Interested? Contact: Box 8222

LEATHERMANES TOUR: EUROPE

Travel with us to Dungeons, Castles, Night events, May and September 1991. Info Travel Keys Tours 12, Box 162268, Sacramento, CA 95816.

MIDDLE EASTERN MASTER

Hairy, good-looking, successful master, ready to fulfill your wildest fantasies, into serious body & mind control, FF, CBT bondage, toys, WS. You are serious, non-smoker & ready to submit. Write to Box 8225

HUNG TOP INTO COCK WORSHIP

Hot leather Dad, 48, 6' 185, good body, will fall to knees to lick & deep throat big, hard dick attached to meat, in-shape boy or man. You: 20-45 & in shape. I'll suck you to climax then want your big load on my hairy chest. Travel anywhere for hot cock. Send photo. Hairy, leather a plus. Box 8236LF

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A & G Machinery will fabricate to specification any device of any material, like cages, restraints, gurneys, hoists. (415) 585-9364 in San Francisco.

FRENCH MASTER

30s, cruel and uncompromising, demand total obedience and submission within a framework of safety & health for heavy SM. Want to meet masculine slave, 18-30. Welcome overseas & Australian visitors. Let's correspond! (In French or English). Box 8181LF

ORIENTAL SLAVE WANTED

GWM, 40, 6-4, 230 lbs, HIV- wants totally submissive, smooth, slim, oriental to visit Europe. Must be into BD, TT, FF and dildos. Small cock preferred. I can also visit HK, Japan and USA. Write explicit letter with photo. Box 8167LF

SWISS TOP - RAUNCHY ASSSES

Muscular, dark-haired, bearded leatherman, early 30s, 5-11, 160, good shape, perfect health, HIV-, uncut, wants to meet similar, hairy, kinky men with no overweight for extensive display, S/m, optional FF, anal and mainly long, mutual, raunchy rimming sessions at the well-equipped place or when visiting USA & Canada regularly. Write with photo (as must) to Boris Rahn, Harder 58, Basle, Switzerland. 5048LF

YOUNG MILITARY/COP TOP

Young oriental, inexperienced, looking for young military, cop, top, swimmer, soccer, strict/no-nonsense trainer with swimmer or soccer build. Need top, straight, 21-35. Sir, please send letter with photo & brothers Sir. Discipline fantasy. Command to your new slave unworthy of your respect, brother Sir. Box 8152LF

TOILET MASTER AND TOILET

Safe sex variation needed by Leather Master (45) for asshole/hungry toilet (48) by mail exchange of soiled briefs with other Masters and their slaves. All Masters replying with photo and sample smear art-

wered. Slave: humbly applying w/photo will receive reply and smex. Regular correspondence, sniffing, licking and anal meals for our toilets. One off letter freaks don't apply. Box 8141LF

AMERICAN IN ENGLAND

Biker into leather, uniforms, BD. Can take what I dish out. All military, SPs especially welcome. Safe, sane, discreet. Travel to England, Germany, US. Peoples from all welcome. Here's your chance. Sit on your ass and we won't meet. If you're legit, write Box 8166LF

LEATHER GLOVES

Leather glove fanatic seeks correspondence with similar, worldwide. Our fetish interest is not common. What about forming a "Old Glove Brotherhood" KGB for short. Box 8150LF

RUBBER LEATHER PISSED SLAVE

English WM masculine 6 ft, 175, 32 needs top into leather, rubber, boots, piss, BD/CP sweat. Stretch my ass with dildos for eventual fucking while I tongue your dirty cock and ass, boots, rubber. You won't be sorry. Sir! Contacts in USA and Europe. Photo please. 23-30. Genuine. (International Postage Required) Box 7731LF

YOUNG MILITARY/COP TOP

Young oriental, inexperienced, looking for young military, cop, top, swimmer, soccer, strict/no-nonsense trainer with swimmer or soccer build. Need top, straight, 21-35. Sir, please send letter with photo & brothers Sir. Discipline fantasy. Command to your new slave unworthy of your respect, brother Sir. Box 8152LF

AUSTRALIA

BONDAGE AND SM DOWN UNDER
Bondage visitors to Melbourne, Australia for Mr. Drummer contest in May 1991, or anytime, contact MELBOND (Melb. bondage club). Major visitors event May 10. Personal visitors & locals into bondage, SM leather also welcome. Write Brian. Box 8256E

AUSTRIA

ACTION IN SALZBURG

When you come to enjoy the sights of Mozart-town don't miss the hot men. Check out this natural, 35 year old, leather/uniform fun-fab. Let's tour together! Box 8263

CANADA

BOY NEEDS MASTERS

Boy, 6-1, 180 lbs, 29, needs training by sane experienced Leather Top. Interests include TT, CBT, bondage, leather, etc. But will expand limits with the right man. Will answer all, photo a plus, will return. Toronto area preferred but some travel possible. Box 8978LF

SUBMISSIVE SEEKS

PERMANENT PARTNER I'm a good-looking, 38 year old, submissive bottom, 5-10, 175 lbs, professional, financially secure and well established, non-smoker. Seeking a good-looking topman to establish a permanent positive loving relationship with. Photo and phone please. am 'a catch' PO Box 4786 Vancouver, BC Canada V6B 4A4 7760LF

SM PLAYMATES

wanted by Toronto duo, 41 & 42, average build, looks, monogamous. SM-switchable, into bondage leather rope, hogtie and discipline, TT, CBT, ass-whacking, fakak, longjohns, hazing, shaving, JO, exhib, video, photos, art. Exchange visits and

experiences. Safe, sane, consensual only. Write Box 7829LF

BOOTED MEN

WM: good build into jackboots and other highly shined boots. Looking for men who thrive on boots like I do. Leather, uniform a must. BD, TT, CBT. Age, race unimportant attitude, desire are. Box 7712LF

BOTTOM

Clean shaven mustached piss trained bottom 41-5-6 160 lbs, good body, over age equipment, would like to hear from mature big muscular butches pro-military or police types a plus, who can advance my training. Can travel for my "medicine." Looking for top who knows what is required. Photo and phone preferred. Jerry B., Box 15882, Station F, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, K2C 3L4.

LEATHER/RUBBERMAN BIKER

GWM, 46, 5-7, 175, bearded, uncut & healthy, leather & rubber gear, wet suits, mud, CBT, dildos, shaving, water sports, JO & fucking. Seek top/bottom sex partners, pen friends and buddy bikers. Will respect/expend limits. Safe, sane, photo & expectations. Kidnap/rape me. Box 8044LF

ENGLAND

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LONDON Mature leather cunt, bearded silver fox in black leather, ex-weight lifter, still good shape, 5-9, 180 lbs., inseatable tits, hungry ass, deep throat, exists to serve muscle tops. Shaved head: huge biceps, pecs, cocks and hands (for fisting) are pluses. Box 7240LF

LONDON TOP

WM, in full leather & CHP boots I'm 29, 5-10, 170 and work out. Looking for body builders and fit guys into leather, levis, uniforms, CBT, FF, oral service. I travel throughout the U.S. and often to LA. & N.Y. Send photo & phone to Box 8144

GERMANY

MASOCHISTS SOUGHT

Non-leather bearded top (44-8-5, 216) looking for submissive masochists/bottoms, minimum 35 years, bearded. Must be into heavy torture (TT, CBT, deep assplay, catheters, needles). No dirty. All nationalities. Can host. Application w/photo. Box 7418

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SM COMPUTER

Bulletin board system kinky message base, private mail, matchmaker surveys and more. (818) 508-8798 modem only. System password is DRUMMER.

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DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

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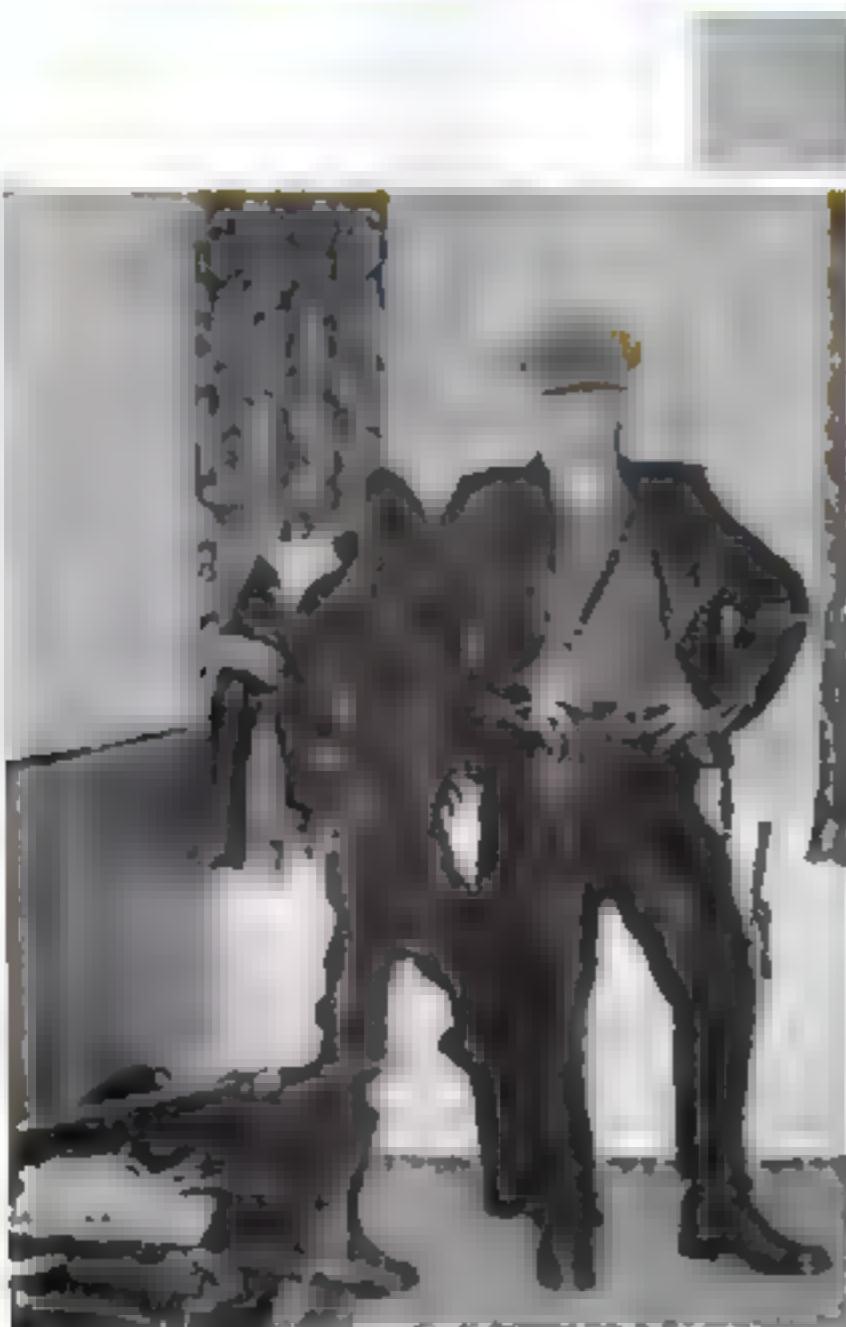
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TOUGH CUSTOMERS



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TC 147-01

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TC 14-02 ►

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Looking for same. They appear to be the active sort, n'est-ce pas?



TOUGH CUSTOMER SPECIAL PUBLICATION!

Drummer readers tell us that the Tough Customers pages are among their favorite features. And we get lots of pictures, all the time, more than we could ever fit into Drummer. Quite a problem, isn't it? Too many hot men sending in private pictures of themselves, hoping to hear from other Drummer readers. Our solution was a zzzing 84-page special publication with about five hundred Tough Customers in it, some of them reprinted from past TC pages, most of them new. That was *Drummer Tough Customers #1*. A magazine with contact information for hundreds of men looking to connect with other men. *Tough Customers #1* is available at some newsstands and bookstores (unfortunately, some of our distributors felt we had pushed the limits too far, and won't distribute the book) or you can order it directly from us. Desmodus Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. Send \$6.95 per copy, plus \$2.00 shipping and handling. Now, here comes *Drummer Tough Customers #2*. It's not too late, if you act right away, to get your picture and message into the second TC book. See the instructions at the top of this page, and get in on the action!

HOW TO BE A TOUGH CUSTOMER

BE A DRUMMERMAN! Leathermen ARE Drummer. These photos were contributed by *Drummer* readers—YOU should be on this page. Send us a black and white photo (color is acceptable but will not reproduce well) with your name and address *printed* on the back, along with a statement that you are of legal age, and your signature. If you wish, we will assign you a confidential TC Box Number—*This is a FREE classified ad with your picture in it!* Or, if you just want your picture in our pages and don't want any mail, just say so. We can't show penetration, and photos are not returnable.

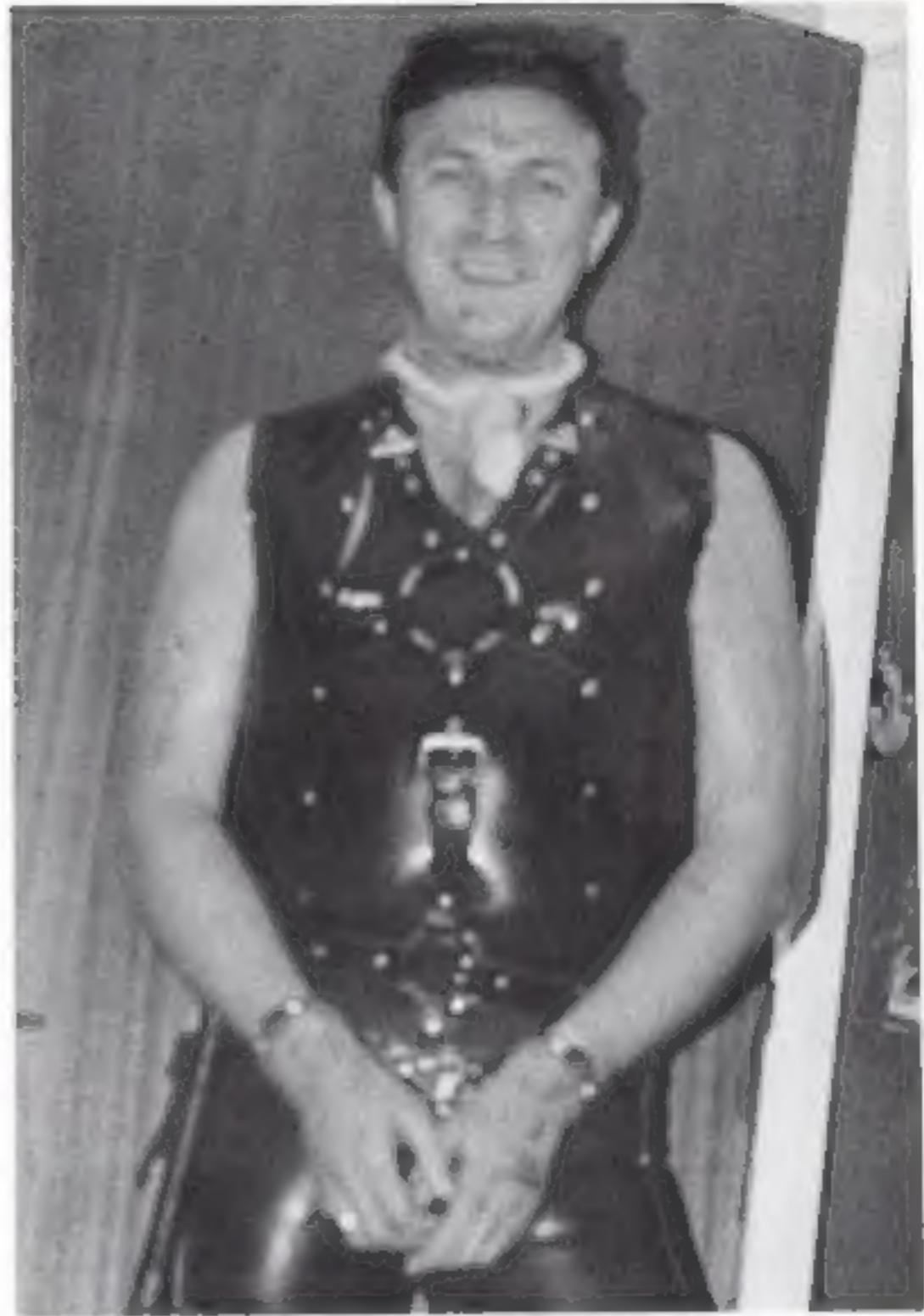
To Answer a TC ad: put your correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage, and write, *in pencil*, the TC number on the back flap. Put this inside another envelope along with a buck for handling, and mail to: Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, SF, CA, 94101-1314.



TC 147-03 ▶

BRITISH RUBBER SLAVE

33 years old into sleazy, raunchy sex—especially WS and ass play. Travels to U.S. and Europe several times a year.



TC 147-05

GERMAN SERVICE MAN

...rather, boy—born for obeying, serving and adoring cut and uncut masters. ▼



TC 147-04 ▲

SWISS MISTER

This TC says his rim seat is ready to go and so is he. How about you?





TC 147-07 ▲

He'll be flying in to visit the U.S. in July 1991. He has varied interests and seeks correspondence and other "diverse exchanges" with men aged 25-50.



SPANISH FLYER

TC-147-06 CHERRY DANISH?

Well, maybe not cherry. How about cheese?? Anyway, this 20 year old Dane likes young (20-35) full-leather tops. Send him photos for a reply. ▼



◀ TC 147-08

HUNGARY FOR MORE

This multi-lingual Hungarian wants correspondents from U.S. and Europe. His letter suggests an invitation to his flat near Budapest. Photo gets reply.

HOT NEW DRUMMER/ZEUS S/M VIDEO

USSM / TWO



Drummer and Zeus have done it again! The newest video in the U.S.S.M. series has lots of hot men and hot, authentic, SM action. This time Fred and Henry, the stars of U.S.S.M. ONE, are joined by two more hot bottoms who, with Henry, form a "Menage-a-Flog", tied together to offer their bare chests and backs to the attention of Fred's whips.

And what beautiful chests they are! Steve Landess is a young blond novice who receives his first flogging for this video. The two players he's tied to provide psychological, as well as physical support. The third bottom in this scene lends an international flavor to U.S.S.M. TWO. He's Clive Platman, who only two days prior to the taping of U.S.S.M. TWO was selected to be Mr. Drummer 1990-1991.

In the second segment, titled "Pin Pals," Steve is stripped and tied into a bondage chair and Clive joins in with Fledermaus in applying dozens of clothespins to his body and then manipulating them for maximum reaction.

Segment 3, "Electerotic," finds Clive spread-eagled on a St. Andrew's Cross as Fledermaus turns Mr. Drummer into a Drum and works Clive's tight pecs and spread thighs with his infamous blacksticks. Then they move on to cock and ball bondage, weights and electro shock to the Aussie's genitals and ass.

Three hot scenes, three hot muscular bottoms who know how to take it and love every minute of it. Real SM action for those discriminating viewers who demand the best. 70 minutes.

BBA 015 \$79.95 U.S.S.M. TWO

Also available: BBA 008 \$69.00 U.S.S.M. ONE

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